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Eclectic Magazine

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plete in 63 vols.

AMERICAN RAILWAYS AND BRITISH FARMERS.

BY J. STEPHEN JEANS.

A DISTINGUISHED American economist has declared that the railroads of the United States have been the "prime factor" in enabling the people of that country "to overcome the losses of the Civil War, in enabling the Government to resume specie payments, and in establishing prosperity on a solid basis."* He might have gone much further, and added that to the same potent agency have been due the serious depression that has prevailed in the commercial and industrial world generally, outside of the United States, the revolution that has taken place in the sources of the food supplies of European countries, the general cheapening of the cost of commodities throughout the world, and the remarkable depreciation that has been witnessed in the value of

land and the products of agriculture in our own and other countries. Finally, it is not, perhaps, too much to affirm that there is no source of danger threatening her industrial supremacy and her commercial prestige, from which our own country has so much to fear in the future.

As this has something of the appearance of a paradox, it is well that it should be more clearly demonstrated and better understood than it has hitherto been. The present time appears to be singularly ripe and opportune for such a demonstration. The traders of the United Kingdom have been much exercised during the last twelve months in reference to the future of their relations with the railway companies. An extremely costly and protracted Parliamentary inquiry into the existing statutory powers and the actual conditions of working of British railways has recently terminated. Both traders

* *The Railroad and the Farmer*, by E. Atkinson.

and railway companies are awaiting with impatience and apprehension the results of that inquiry, which will shortly be submitted to Parliament by the Board of Trade. Every class of the community is more or less interested in cheap transport, and naturally, therefore, the question of how American railways carry traffic so much more cheaply than English lines is one that is much more frequently put than satisfactorily answered. The conditions of the problem are, indeed, complex, and not a little obscure, as well as in some respects highly technical. The main facts are generally unquestionable, but their origin is not in all cases readily traced.

Broadly stated, the position of the railroads of the United States is simply this: The average rate charged and received per ton per mile for the transport of all descriptions of traffic has been reduced from 2.164 cents (1.082*d.*) in 1869, to .91 cent (.455*d.*) in 1888. This amounts to a reduction of .627*d.* per ton per mile, or nearly sixty per cent., and it means that if the traffic carried on the railroads of the United States in 1888 had paid the same average ton-mile rate as they did twenty years before, the people of that country would have been charged for the transportation of the products of their fields, factories, and mines about 192,000,000*l.* sterling more than they actually did pay in that year.*

It is necessary to halt for a moment, in order to appreciate what is meant by a saving of this amount. It is difficult, indeed, to lay hold of it without a conscious effort. The sum in question is more than twice as much as the whole public income for State purposes of the United Kingdom, and about one-fourth part of the national debt of Great Britain and Ireland. It is, again, more than six times the annual net earnings of the railway system of the United Kingdom, and, what is still more remarkable, it is rather more than the present aggregate gross income of the railways of the United States. If we seek comparisons in Continental countries, we

shall find that this amount is almost equal to the amount paid by France to Germany in the form of war indemnity.

Naturally enough, the first inquiry that these stupendous figures suggest is the question, Were not the rates of 1869 abnormally high? The second inquiry would probably be, How was the reduction of rates effected? And, most probably, the third subject upon which information would be desired, would be that of the results to the railway companies themselves.

If the remarkable fall of rates that has occurred on American railways had been a fall from an abnormally high level, the extent and the effects of the reduction would have been much less surprising than they actually are. But the rate of 1869 was not exceptionally high; on the contrary, it was considerably under the average ton-mile rate in England at the present time, and it was much under the average rate of ten years before in the United States. It has therefore been a fall from a relatively low level of rates, and it is from this point of view that the circumstance is chiefly important to the European railway world. It thereby demonstrates the fact that it is possible to give substantial abatements on rates already fairly low, with results that are proved to be beneficial alike to traders and to railway companies. This is a view of the case that English railways do not appear disposed to allow. Their policy has hitherto been to keep up rates to a point which they arbitrarily fix among themselves as being the amount that the traffic will bear. This point, in the estimation of English railway managers, is not the irreducible minimum so generally adopted on American lines, but the practicable maximum—practicable, that is, in view of retaining, or, at any rate, not immediately destroying, the traffic. What has been the course of the traffic on the two systems as a consequence? The comparison, or rather the contrast, is remarkable. On British railways the goods traffic receipts have only increased from 26½ millions in 1871 to 38½ millions in 1888, while on American railways, during the same period, the goods traffic receipts have advanced from 294½ to about 700 million dollars. To take a much shorter interval, it appears that while on American railways, between 1880 and 1888, the traffic has advanced

* The railroad traffic returns show that the movement of merchandise on the railways of the United States as a whole in 1888 amounted to 70,423 millions of ton-miles, on each one of which there was a reduction of .627*d.*, as compared with the average ton-mile rate of 1869, giving the sum stated above as the total amount of the reduction of transportation rates.

from 290½ to 589½ million tons, being an increase of over 100 per cent., the increase on British lines, in the same interval, has only been from 235½ million to 281½ million tons, or 19 per cent. The inference is clear and obvious. The low freight rates of the American railways have greatly stimulated traffic, while the high freight rates of British lines, if they have not hindered absolutely the development of traffic, have at any rate kept it from assuming the proportions that it otherwise probably would have attained, and, to that extent, have interfered with the general development and prosperity of the country.

The immediate impulse to the reduction of rates on American lines has doubtless been the competition for the traffic to be carried. American railway managers and directors do not carry on their business, any more than English, for other than purely business purposes. Benevolence, disinterestedness, and the general good of the community, apart from their own direct interests, were probably not in all their thoughts. The stimulus came, in the first place, from the competition of the canals for a large part of the heavy traffic, and more especially for the traffic in cereals passing from Chicago to New York. This traffic was being carried between these two points, a distance of about 1,000 miles, by lake and canal for fourteen cents per bushel, when the railways were charging twenty-nine cents. Naturally, under these circumstances, the competition of the railways was not entirely effective for a time. But between 1874 and 1881 the railway rate from Chicago and New York was reduced by one-half, having fallen to 14½ cents per bushel as against 8½ cents by lake and canal. The railway companies then found that they were making a strong impression on the traffic, not only by taking a large share from the canals, but also by developing new transport. The keen competition forced the railways to adhere to their low rates, the more so that in the meantime the New York State canals were exempted from toll, and it became necessary, therefore, to solve the problem of making low rates remunerative. This was done successfully by the introduction of different sources of economy that had not been attempted—probably because they were not

really necessary while high rates were the order of the day—up to that time.

There are many technical questions surrounding and underlying the achievements of American engineers and railway managers in the direction of cheapening the cost of transport, but we need not deal with them at any length. Suffice it to say that they first doubled, and then, in many cases, trebled the average load carried; they provided much larger wagons, whereby the proportion of the tare to the live or paying load was much reduced; they got a much larger duty out of their locomotives; and they largely cheapened the cost of the permanent way.

The question is often asked—and it is important that it should be correctly answered—Is it not possible, by similar reforms and alterations of system, to bring about similar results in the United Kingdom? This, however, is a matter that is rather aside from the scope of our present inquiry, although it may be a tempting and useful theme to take up. The position assumed by English railway experts is that the conditions of transport in the two countries are so essentially different, in reference to the traffic carried, the average distance traversed by trains, the methods of consignment, the conditions of the roadway and gradients, and other circumstances, that we could not apply in England the methods that have been successfully adopted with a view to economical transport in the United States. Others, again, are of opinion that, even if American methods could not be wholly applied in England, they could at least be adopted to a much greater extent than they have been, with highly advantageous results.

Letting alone for the present the *pros* and *cons* of this question, the problem that now demands consideration has a twofold aspect: the first, that of how the reductions of freight rates referred to have affected American railways; the second, that of how these same reductions have influenced the relations of the United States with the rest of the world.

On the first blush of it, it would certainly appear as if the withdrawal from the possible revenues of the railways of the United States of the enormous sum of nearly 200,000,000*l.* sterling per annum could hardly fail to be disastrous. It must not, however, be forgotten that the

sum in question would not have been nearly so large as that just quoted had these reductions not taken place. It has been the gradual cheapening of the cost of transport that has brought about the enormous traffic that is carried to-day on American railways. It is difficult to realize what the extent of that traffic really is. The American railways carried in 1888 a larger volume of traffic than all the railways of the continent of Europe taken together, and including Russia. They carried about six times the tonnage that was carried on the railways of France, about three times the tonnage that was carried on the railways of Germany, and fully ten times the traffic that was carried on the railways of Russia. They carried about ten tons per head of the population, as compared with only seven tons per head in the United Kingdom, four tons per head in Germany, and three tons per head in France. This enormous development of traffic has naturally benefited the community as a whole, even if the cheap rates at which it was carried have temporarily lowered the net receipts of the railways. That this latter result has occurred is not to be denied. The dividends paid have become more attenuated every year. In 1872 the average percentage of net earnings on capital expenditure was rather over five per cent.; in 1888 the return, similarly ascertained and expressed, was only about 3.1 per cent. But it is not a little remarkable that some of the leading railways, with the lowest rate of freight, have had the highest rates of dividend. The most important railway system, not in the United States alone, but in the whole world, is that known as the Pennsylvania Railway. This wonderful fabric, with some 4,000 miles of line, had in 1887 a gross income of 23,300,000*l.*, carried 113½ million tons of traffic, and over 74 millions of passengers. And yet the company were content with an average rate of 34*d.* per ton per mile, and an average profit of 10*d.* per ton per mile, which is approximately less than one-third the average freight rate charged in the United Kingdom, and less than one-fifth the average profit charged on British railways per ton per mile. Did the company in consequence go into liquidation? Not a bit of it. They paid a five per cent. dividend all round and carried 330,000*l.* to the credit of profit and loss. The ex-

perience of the Pennsylvania has been that of other companies, only "writ large." If the unremunerative and recently constructed lines in the West and South are eliminated, and if the group of States in which the traffic has been matured are alone considered, such as the Central and Eastern States, it will be found that the average net receipts from American railways are sufficient to pay quite as high dividends as are paid by the average of the railways of the United Kingdom. This fact is clear and sufficient proof that, in the United States at any rate, high railway charges are not necessarily a correlative of high prosperity, although that appears to be a not uncommon view of the case in the United Kingdom.

We are not concerned to enter into all the various elements that differentiate American from English railways, but one element stands out so pre-eminently head and shoulders above all the others that it will naturally be expected that it should not pass without some notice. The English railway system has cost much more money than the American, although whether there is sufficient justification for the difference is a doubtful point. The average capital expenditure on English lines has been about 50,000*l.* per mile; on American lines, notwithstanding a great deal of "watered" or fictitious outlay, the average capital expenditure has been rather under 12,500*l.* In other words, the English lines have cost about four times as much as the American. This means, of course, that whereas a net revenue of 625*l.* per mile will pay a five per cent. dividend on the railways of the United States, it requires a net income of 2,500*l.* to pay the same rate of interest on English railways; and the argument of the latter usually is that this fact alone is sufficient to explain, and must continue to create, the differences in the rates of freight already mentioned. Since, now, we have taken pains to make clear the most essential difference between English and American lines, it is only reasonable that we should endeavor to gratify the natural curiosity that is likely to be excited as to how these differences arise. Every one who has travelled in the United States must be aware that the American railways generally leave a good deal to be desired—more especially the pioneer lines, that are laid down in many cases without

much regard to ballasting or permanence of construction generally, and the equipment of which is usually far from perfect. This, however, is by no means the case in the older states. If, for example, we take the Middle group of states, which includes New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, it will be found that they have practically as dense a traffic as the railways of England and Wales, and a denser traffic than the railways of Great Britain. In 1888, the average tonnage of goods and mineral traffic carried in this group was about 10,500 tons per mile; or, put in another way, about 100,000 tons were carried one mile for every mile of railway open. This is quite as dense as the movement of traffic on British railways in the same year; but the average cost of the railways opened in the Middle group of states was only 18,400*l.* per mile, being a little more than one-third of the average cost of the railways of England and Wales. Their density of traffic, therefore, does not explain the difference of cost. Nor is that difference explained by the greater cost of land in our own country. It is a common mistake to suppose that American railways have cost nothing in the matter of land.* It is true that, in the earlier days of the system, land was often gifted to railway promoters in the United States; but of late years, in the Middle and Eastern States at least, it has almost invariably been paid for at full market value. The only available returns as to the general price paid show that in 1880 the railways of the United States as a whole had paid an average of 234*·*7*l.* per mile constructed for land alone, which means that in the more thickly populated and highly developed states the price must generally have run pretty high.

Next to land, the first expenditure incurred in the building of a railway is generally made up of the cost of the permanent way, the cost of labor involved in laying out the line, the cost of equipment, locomotives, wagons, and carriages, the cost of permanent erections, such as bridges, viaducts, and stations, and the cost of parliamentary and other expenses. In all of

these items except the last, the American railways are, or are generally supposed to be, at a disadvantage as compared with the railways of the United Kingdom. These items, as a rule, are mainly made up of the cost of labor; and the wages paid in the United States are now, and have all along been, much higher than the average rate of wages paid in the United Kingdom—so much so that probably in the latter country a sovereign would go as far as fourteen shillings would go in the former. In reference to steel rails, which are a very important element in the cost of permanent way, the difference is not now nearly so much as it has been, but over the last twenty years it has been quite as much as that supposed; and rolling stock will probably, on an average of years, have shown similar differences against American lines. All this makes the problem appear to be more difficult of solution.

The only way in which the actual facts could be correctly ascertained would be by having a return ordered of all the principal items of cost incurred in the construction of English lines, especially the items of parliamentary contests, stations, land, and works of art such as viaducts and bridges. The expenditure incurred on the latter has no doubt been much greater than that incurred on the railways of the United States, where the configuration of the ground is usually more favorable. Even so, however, the difference is much more against British lines than it should be.

One characteristic of the American railways that requires more careful study and imitation by our railway managers is the system of running more heavily loaded trains than are usual in this country. On the railways of the Middle and Eastern States, a train-load of 1,000 or 1,500 tons is by no means uncommon. In this country a train load of 400 tons is comparatively rare. The rolling stock on American lines is, moreover, as was pointed out by Mr. Hickman in the course of the recent inquiry before the Board of Trade, better adapted to the transport of heavy loads, having a much lighter weight, relatively to the amount of paying load carried, than English lines, so that the same tonnage would be more remunerative.²

* The expenditure incurred for land on the New York Central, a few years ago, was 3,200*l.* per mile of line worked. It is now likely to be more, and so also with other leading railways.

² In my book entitled *Railway Problems*, published in 1887, I pointed out that the standard capacity of the ordinary American

As a consequence of the adoption of these and other improvements in transport, the duty got out of the locomotives employed on the railways of the United States has greatly increased. In 1870, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, the average number of tons hauled one mile by each locomotive was only 2.1 millions, whereas in 1881 the average had increased to 5.1 millions, being an increase of 143 per cent. On the same system each locomotive in 1870 covered an average distance of 19,888 miles, whereas in 1881 the average had increased to 29,297 miles, being an advance of 47 per cent. This movement, instead of being attended by a large bill for repairs, has actually been attended by a reduced expenditure under that head. Per 100 miles run on the Pennsylvania Railway, the average cost of repairs per locomotive fell from 16½ dollars in 1865, and 9 dollars in 1870, to 6 dollars in 1881. If the same average fall of 10.4 dollars per 100 miles had occurred on the railways of the United States generally, the total extent of the economy realized on the 650 millions of train-miles run in 1888 would have been 67½ millions of dollars, as compared with the year 1865.*

Compared with the sources of economy of transport just referred to, what have the railways of the United Kingdom got to show? The mineral trains on English railways seldom exceed 300 tons net weight, and as the wagons employed are very often of greater weight than the load which they carry, the net or live load, instead of being 64½ per cent. of the whole, as in the case of the Pennsylvania box-cars already referred to, is likely to be more like 45 per cent. In other words, the English railways will be likely to carry well on to 20 per cent. more dead weight relatively to the paying load than the American lines. It is only fair to the English railways to say that they would have some difficulty in adopting the much larger vehicles used on American lines. All their arrangements—their turntables,

their tips, their engine-sheds, and other accessories—are constructed for wagons of much smaller size, and the rolling stock programme would have to be entirely revolutionized before the American type of truck could become the order of the day. Not only so, but the distance over which each ton of traffic is carried, or, as it is expressed in railway nomenclature, the "average length of lead," is much less in this country, and loads are much more broken up. It is also undoubtedly true that, on a number of leading lines, the gradients are much heavier than they are generally found to be on American lines, which more or less limits the average practicable load. But all this notwithstanding, the present English system is, beyond question, more wasteful and expensive than it need be.

It is much the same with English locomotive power. The average number of train-miles covered by each locomotive on the railways of the United Kingdom in 1888 was 18,500, but it has already been shown that on the Pennsylvania Railroad the average in a recent year was as high as 29,297 miles, which is 58 per cent. more, and the Pennsylvania, with the New York Central, and one or two other leading lines that have much the same sort of record, are the controlling factor in the situation.

We have seen, therefore, that, alike in construction and in working, the American railways have attained a degree of economy to which British railways are strangers, and hence it is that the one system can carry agricultural produce and other commodities at rates which, if they were equally at the command of English agriculturists and traders, would be likely to make a substantial difference in the existing economic situation, and to give the people of this country, in so far as they are affected by railway rates, much brighter hopes for the future.*

However interesting it might be to

goods-wagon, which was nine gross tons in 1876, was increased, about 1877, to twelve tons, and in 1879 to eighteen tons. A Pennsylvania box car, in 1870, had a paying load that was only 49 per cent. of the total, as against 64½ per cent. in 1881, owing to the larger sizes adopted.

* See *Railway Problems*, p. 326.

* In the recent discussions before the Board of Trade Commissioners I was anxious and attempted to get attention prominently directed to the differences that distinguish American from English railways, but the raising of this point did not appear to be acceptable to the tribunal. I still think that the matter is one that is well worthy the attention of the Board of Trade and of Parliament, although it might not come strictly within the terms of the reference.

follow this part of the subject further, it cannot be done without infringing upon the space to be devoted to the subsequent problems that it is necessary to consider—that is to say, the question of how far the revolution that has taken place in American transportation charges has affected the economic circumstances of that country; and the further question, of the effect that the same influence has produced, and is likely to produce in the future, on the economic circumstances of European countries.

It goes without saying that the more the trade of a country is developed, and the more extensive the interchange of commodities, either with different sections of the same country, or with foreign nations, the more prosperous the country is likely to be. Transportation means commerce, commerce means barter, and barter does not usually take place without profit to one side or the other, if not to both. It can hardly be necessary to prove so self-evident a proposition. There is one other proposition equally obvious. The more that the cost of a commodity is cheapened the greater will be the demand for it, especially if it is a commodity that is in every-day request, and this applies as much to transportation as to food or fuel. These general principles, as applicable to one country as to another, have underlain and controlled the recent commercial annals of the United States. Within fifteen years the quantity of traffic moved on the railroads of that country has increased from about 200 to 580 millions of tons; in other words, the railway traffic has nearly trebled. Manifestly this could not have happened without enormous gain to the general community, whatever may have been the immediate effect on the railways themselves. The extremely important part which the railways of the United States have played in developing the foreign trade of that country is a matter that has not been so fully understood as it should be. One or two figures may be quoted by way of making this position clear.

During the ten years ending with 1869, the annual value of the exports of agricultural produce from the United States, including cotton and provisions of all kinds, was only 358 millions of dollars. In the ten years ending 1889, however, the annual value of the exports of the

same agricultural products was not less than 671 millions of dollars; and if the general range of prices had been as high as in the ten years ending 1869, the value for the later period would probably have been fully 800 millions of dollars.* This latter figure is considerably more than the average annual gross income from the railways of the United States over the period to which it applies. It appears, therefore, that, in point of volume, the railway system has trebled the exports of agricultural products from the United States within so short an interval as that bridged over by the ten years that separate 1860–69 from 1880–89.

In the opening part of this paper stress was laid on the effect that had been produced on the commerce and industry of Europe by the cheapening of the cost of transportation in the United States. This again becomes self-evident if the figures be merely stated. The value of the American exports of breadstuffs to Europe increased from 24½ to 288 millions of dollars between 1860 and 1880; while the value of the exports of provisions increased from 16 to 156 millions of dollars during the same interval. These exports would not have taken place unless they had introduced a lower range of prices, and, as a matter of fact, as regards certain important articles they knocked down the previously existing prices by some 40 or 50 per cent. This meant the gradual reduction, and finally the almost complete extinction, of the profits of British farmers, who could only command 30s. for the wheat that they had formerly sold at 45s., 50s., and even 60s. per quarter. As with wheat, so with other agricultural produce. Prices were kept down continuously and steadily by the unlimited supplies that the United States were always ready to throw upon the market, and agriculture languished and declined more and more until it appeared as if it had suffered complete collapse. The evil has, of course, been partially met by introducing certain modifications in the arrangement of the crops. In Great Britain the area under corn crops has been largely

* Taking wheat as an example, it appears that the average market price of wheat per bushel was 1.36 dol. for the ten years ending 1869, and only .98 dol. for the ten years ending 1889, so that the average was nearly forty per cent. higher in the former period.

reduced, while the area under permanent pasture, orchards, and market gardens has been largely increased.

It seems, on the face of it, the most absurd and impossible thing in the world that the United States, with an average yield of only about twelve bushels to the acre, can send their wheat a distance of nearly 5,000 miles and compete successfully with English-grown wheat of which the yield is hardly ever less than double that figure. How is it done? Can it be done for long? If it is possible to continue it, can English wheat-growers do anything to mend their position? These are a few of the questions that the problem suggests.

In the first place, the question of distance has next to nothing to do with the matter. A bushel of wheat is carried from Chicago to Liverpool for about tenpence, including both railway and sea freights. The greater yield in the United Kingdom is only got by an elaborate and costly system of cropping and fertilizing, so that the American-grown wheat, without these items of expenditure to deal with, is not much, if any, more costly *in situ*, notwithstanding the inferior yield. Finally, the American wheat-grower is usually free of rent, owning, as he does, his own homestead, while the English agriculturist has to pay a rental varying from 15s. to 30s. per acre, and very heavy burdens besides.

The recent revolution in the growth of breadstuffs in other European countries may distinctly be traced to the facility with which they can be received from countries like the United States and Russia, which are specially adapted for their cultivation. In most of the older countries of Europe the area under wheat crops has been steadily diminishing for years past, owing to their inability to produce wheat successfully in competition with the countries named. In Belgium, France, Germany, Greece, Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, and Switzerland, as well as in the United Kingdom, the home-grown supplies of wheat have been diminishing and the importations of that cereal have been increasing. The agriculturists of Europe have been endeavoring to adapt themselves to the altered situation by the cultivation of other crops, and more especially by giving more attention to the raising of live stock. But even here they are

increasingly threatened with competition from the newer and less populous countries. The United States, for example, increased its exports of provisions, including beef, bacon, and ham, by no less than 406 per cent. during the eleven years between 1870 and 1881. It is true that since the latter year the value of the provisions exported from the United States has rather fallen off; but this is a fall of price rather than a fall of volume, and there is not much likelihood that the supply will further diminish in the near future.

Within the last few years there has been a reduction in the exports of breadstuffs from the United States, which appears to have inspired some hope in England. The quantities of wheat and wheat-flour shipped from American ports to different European countries in 1880 and 1889 were as under in bushels:

Country	WHEAT		WHEAT-FLOUR	
	1880	1889	1880	1889
	1=1,000	1=1,000	1=1,000	1=1,000
Belgium.....	13,478	1,836	49	47
France.....	43,801	7,655	10	—
Germany.....	1,222	—	12	19
United Kingdom.....	79,768	81,268	3,645	5,271
Portugal.....	2,196	1,996	5	22

Corn and Corn-Meal.

Country	CORN		CORN-MEAL	
	1880	1889	1880	1889
Belgium.....	2,471	4,709	—	—
France.....	8,573	6,564	—	—
Germany.....	7,589	4,608	—	—
United Kingdom.....	55,635	41,096	17	1

It is clear from these figures that there has been a material falling off within recent years in the quantities of wheat exported to different countries from the United States. This decline of exports is made still more apparent in the figures which follow, showing the volume of the exports, compared with the production of cereals, in the United States in 1880 and 1888:—

	Exports.	
	1880 1=1,000 bushels.	1888 1=1,000 bushels.
Wheat and wheat-flour.....	186,475	88,823
Corn and corn-meal.....	93,648	70,841

Production.	1888	1890
	1=1,000 bushels.	1=1,000 bushels.
Wheat and wheat-flour.....	498,549	415,868
Corn and corn-meal.....	1,717,434	1,987,790

Percentages of Total Production Exported.

Wheat and wheat-flour.....	37.4	21.3
Corn and corn-meal.....	5.4	3.5

Here it appears that the percentage exported of the quantity of wheat and wheat-flour produced in the United States fell from 37.4 to 21.3 during the ten years ending 1888. Put in another way, there has been a decline of 17 per cent. in the quantity produced and a decrease of 53 per cent. in the quantity exported during that period. This does not, however, mean that the people of the United States are themselves consuming more wheat relatively than formerly. The 15 million bushels more that they used at home in 1888 is, indeed, hardly equal to their relative increase of population.

The fact that increased importation of breadstuffs into the leading countries of Europe falls concurrently with a diminished production in, and a reduced exportation of such commodities from, the United States appears to indicate that the United States do not now hold the position that they formerly did in relation to the food supply of Europe. Whether that position is likely to become increasingly unimportant and indeterminate is a moot point, but it is by no means doubtful that the agriculturists of North America, acting in concert with the railway interest and the shipping trade of that country, as well as with a not unimportant section of the shippers of the United Kingdom, mean to do what they can, not only to keep the trade, but to monopolize it as far as lies in their power. There has been, as we have shown, a constant tendency toward the cheapening of production and of transport in that country. Whether that tendency can be carried much farther in practice is probably very doubtful, but it does not, in any case, stand alone. No country has the command of cheaper ocean transport than the United States, as the following return—compiled from the official publications relative to foreign commerce—of the average through freight on grain and provisions per 100 lbs., from Chicago to European ports by all rail to the seaboard, and thence by steamer, will sufficiently show:—

Port	Article	1880	1889	Decrease. Amount.
<i>Chicago to—</i>				
Liverpool.....	Grain.....	\$.492	\$.395	-.097
".....	Sacked flour.....	.542	.416	.126
".....	Provisions.....	.667	.554	.113
Glasgow.....	Sacked flour.....	.585	.442	.123
".....	Provisions.....	.673	.614	.059
Antwerp.....	Provisions.....	.738	.609	.129

Curiously, it appears that over the same period the exports to London have cost more for transport instead of less. This is not due to the dock charges being heavier than those of Liverpool, for a recent comparison shows that for a ton of wheat the total charges from the ship to the truck, including dock dues, are—

	s.	d.
For Liverpool.....	3	11
" London.....	3	3
" Glasgow.....	2	9

We are now face to face with the question, If the exports of breadstuffs from the United States have ceased to have the controlling influence that they once had, is that influence likely to be recovered; and if not, what other country has taken, or is likely to take, the ascendant and determining place in relation to British agricultural prospects?

Two matters must, on the face of them, largely affect the final settlement of this question, namely:—

1. The possibilities of future reductions in the cost of transport in the United States and on the ocean.

2. The extent to which virgin lands are still available for the production of wheat and corn crops in the United States.

There is, of course, the further question of how far other countries, such as Russia and India, may in the future improve their means for furnishing supplies of breadstuffs to outside consumers. It is also possible that countries not hitherto distinguished as wheat-growers may in the future come into the field, and take up a large share of the trade.

Although there must of necessity be a limit beyond which freight rates cannot be further reduced, even on American railways, it is by no means certain that such a limit has yet been reached. In 1870 the average freight rate on the eighteen principal railroads in the United States was a fraction over two cents per ton per mile. At that figure, which was

an enormous reduction on the average of ten years before, it was thought by many that finality had been attained, and that both railroads and freighters had just cause to "rest and be thankful." But in 1880 the same railroads had reduced their average ton-mile rate to 1.29 cent, or .64*d.*, and in spite of the fact that Europe looked on with wonder, and English railway managers with not a little incredulity, the average freight rate of the same lines in 1888 was only .92 cent or .46*d.* per ton per mile.

"How has it been done without ruin to the railroads?" is the question that the slower-moving minds of Europe are anxious to solve. That interrogatory opens up a large controversy that we shall not here attempt to answer or deal with further than we have already done. But that the railroads have not been ruined is proved incontestably by two facts—the first, that the gross earnings from freight traffic have increased between 1880 and 1889 from 467½ millions to 639½ millions of *dols.*; the second, that within the same period the quantity of traffic carried has more than doubled, and amounted in 1888, as already shown, to the enormous total of 589½ millions of tons.

It would, therefore, be rash to assume that "there shall be no more cakes and ale," in the form of further concessions, on the part of the American railroad companies. These vast corporations have made it their business to create freight where it did not already exist, and to carry freight at any price so long as it was to be carried. They have, in fact, applied with some variation the principle which is said to have been instilled into the mind of the Quaker's son—they have determined to get freight, honestly if they can, but at all events to get freight, and, so long as this continues to be their guiding consideration, who shall say what is the irreducible minimum of charge? Only within the last few months a project has been under discussion that aims at making a new Erie Canal, whereby vessels of large size may proceed direct from Chicago to New York, delivering wheat at the latter centre at a transport charge of not more than three cents per bushel. It is claimed that the cost of transport by the large steamers that now navigate the lakes between Chicago and Buffalo is only two cents per bushel for 800 miles, and that

the remainder of the distance to New York, some 400 miles, could, with an improved canal, be done for about 1 or 1½ cent more.

If this conclusion is correct, a quarter of wheat should be transported between Chicago and New York, a distance by water of close on 1,200 miles, for about one shilling. Let us now see how much it should, under the most favorable conceivable conditions, cost to transport this wheat across the Atlantic.

At a comparatively recent date a large quantity of wheat has been carried between New York and Europe for about 10*s.* per ton, or, roughly, 2*s.* per quarter. This means a rate of about .04*d.* per ton per mile. But as the daily expenses of a large steamer, even now, may be taken at only some sixpence per ton register, and as such a vessel can steam 200 to 250 miles per day, the actual cost of transport will probably not exceed 0.03*d.* per ton per mile. In some cases the cost of ocean transport has been reduced to a penny for forty miles of journey, including not only food, fuel, and wages, but interest and depreciation as well. At such a rate the Atlantic freight would not exceed 6*s.* 3*d.* per ton, or, say, 1*s.* 3*d.* to 1*s.* 4*d.* per quarter of wheat; and if this rate could be generally established, as with the improvements even still conceivable in ocean transport it may easily be, we may have the actual cost of carrying a quarter of wheat from Chicago to Liverpool reduced to 2*s.* 6*d.* per quarter as an average normal figure.

Another very important and relevant consideration is that the area of the United States has not yet been by any means fully taken up. The total area of that country, excluding Alaska, is 1,923 millions of acres, of which, however, in 1889, only 38 millions were under wheat, 78 millions under corn, 27½ millions under oats, and about 6½ millions under rye, barley, and buckwheat. Of all crops of cereals the total area in 1889 was 146½ million acres, or rather more than seven per cent. of the total area of the country, disregarding Alaska. Since 1873, however, the area under cereals has just about doubled, so that it is increasing much faster than the population of the country. Nor can it be said that the land is becoming less prolific than it was formerly, although, no doubt, in some of the older

states manures or fertilizers are more largely used. The maximum average yield per acre over the last ten years was 13.1 bushels in 1880; the minimum 10.1 bushels in the following year. The value of the yield has, however, been greatly reduced, mainly, of course, on account of lower prices. It was as much as 15.27 dols. in 1879, and as low as 8.98 dols. in 1889. It is in the matter of value that the greatest change has taken place, and it is this lowering of value that causes the dependency of English agriculture.

It seems, then, to be the "manifest destiny" of the United States to continue for many years to come to be the dominant factor in the agricultural, and perhaps, also, in the industrial situation of Europe, and more especially of the United Kingdom. The time when the United States will, like the older European countries, absorb for their own requirements the food supplies that they are capable of producing is evidently very remote. It is not easy to determine the point at which a population ceases to become self-supporting in reference to its food supplies. In Great Britain that point has, as everybody knows, long been passed, and at the present time practically one-half of all the food supplies of the country is received from abroad. The present population of the United Kingdom is about 38 millions, or an average of 314 to the square mile of area. If this average is divided by two, in order to represent the population actually fed from home-grown supplies, it would still be 84 per cent. in excess of the population of the United States per square mile of cultivable area. The density of population in the United States, excluding Alaska, is now only 31 to the square mile, as compared with 314 in the United Kingdom, so that in the latter country it is about ten times as much as in the former.

One thing appears to stand out with unquestionable prominence in any consideration of the future food supplies of the United Kingdom. They may be received from Russia, from India, from British North America, or from the United States; but the United States will long be the dominating source of supply, because they will be ready, at a price, to furnish unlimited supplies, and that price is certain to continue a relatively low one. The quantities received from this country and

that vary considerably, as between one year and another, and are likely to continue to do so. Thus, for example, we received in 1887 nearly twice as much wheat and wheat-flour from the United States as we did in 1888, whereas in the latter year we took from Russia about five times as much as we did in the former. But Russia can only be depended on to this extent in years when there has been a specially abundant harvest; whereas the United States can almost immediately put under the cultivation of a particular crop a practically unlimited area if it is shown to be worth while to do so. Australia and British India are probably too remote to be entitled to the same degree of dependence. At any rate, it is a notable fact that the supplies from these sources have within recent years been diminishing instead of increasing.

The United States had, at the end of 1888, a railway system of 154,000 miles, and in the previous seven years had added about 40,000 miles to the system. There are those who seem to suppose that the future cannot see the same rapid railway extensions as the past has witnessed, but this is by no means a foregone conclusion. It must not be forgotten that at the present time the United States have only one mile of railway to every twenty square miles of territory, excluding Alaska, whereas in the United Kingdom there is one mile of railway to every six miles of area. In order, therefore, to establish in the United States the same relation of railway mileage to geographical area as in this country, it would be necessary to extend the system to some 500,000 miles. Probably this extent of mileage will never be attained. It is hardly likely to be attained in any case within a measurable period of time. To begin with, the water area of the United States is larger than that of any other country. The American lake system alone covers some 135,000 square miles, or, roughly, 15,000 square miles more than the entire area of the United Kingdom. But this, after all, is but a small proportion of the total area of the country, which is generally fertile, and capable of a high degree of cultivation, so that there is still scope for large and profitable extensions of the means of transport.

There can be no more interesting subject for speculation than that of how far the experience of the past is likely to be

repeated in the future history of the United States. While it is not probable that the railway system of that country will within any measurable period be extended to half a million miles, it is important to remember that at the rate of progress witnessed during the last twenty years that mileage would be attained in sixty-three years from the present time. In other words, the mileage constructed between 1870 and 1889 was 108,341 miles, or 5,417 miles per annum, and sixty-three years of the same annual average would complete the 339,000 miles wanted to make up the round half-million.

Who shall say, however, that we may not in the next twenty years witness the same rate of annual development that we have, with wondering and admiring eyes, beheld in the last two decades? There is in this anticipation nothing in the least degree improbable. On the contrary, the impression that we may at least see an equally large development is encouraged by the fact that while the mileage constructed between 1830 and 1849 was only 7,342 miles, and between 1840 and 1869 was only 37,823 miles, the rate of increase in the twenty years ending 1889, as we have seen, was not less than 108,341 miles. Railway construction, in point of fact, has proceeded over the whole period in an accelerating ratio.

If, then, the American railway system should, in twenty years' time, reach the portentous figure of 269,000 miles, which

would be the result attained by the same annual mileage increase as in the past two decades, the traffic required to feed such a system must be greatly in excess of that which exists at present. The American railways carried in 1888 about 3,800 tons of goods and mineral traffic per mile of line operated. With the same average, the railway system of the United States should in 1909 carry 411½ million tons more than they did in 1888, or 1,001 million tons in all. This is exactly the volume of traffic carried on all the railways of Europe and the United States, collectively, in 1882. Should the traffic of American railways increase to anything like this extent, the competition for it, already extraordinarily keen, is likely to increase also, so that more considerable abatements of transportation rates may be looming in the not distant future. Meanwhile what is to be the outcome of the higher rates exacted in European countries, and especially in England, the highest of all? It must have been to some such contingency as this that Lytton looked forward when, in "The Coming Race," he speaks of having "touched but slightly, though indulgently, on the antiquated and decaying institutions of Europe, in order to expatiate on the present grandeur and prospective pre-eminence of that glorious American republic, in which Europe enviously seeks its model and tremblingly foresees its doom."—*Nineteenth Century*.

CARTHAGE.

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD A. FREEMAN, D.C.L.

THERE is no spot on which one more keenly feels the mischief that has come of cutting up the study of history into arbitrary fragments than on the site of Carthage. There is no spot which the Unity of History may more rightly claim as one of its choicest possessions. In the history of the neighboring land of Sicily the main charm lies in the fact that the same tale has to be told twice, that the same struggle has been fought twice. And so it is with the city which so long played a great and fearful part in the affairs of Sicily. Carthage has had a double life, a double history; and we do not take in what

Carthage has really been in the history of the world if we look at one of those lives only. It is pardonable if, standing on the site of Carthage, with the two lives of Carthage in our memory, we go on to dream that a third life may perhaps be still in store for her. It was at least a piece of news which might call up many thoughts when we read the other day that a successor of Cyprian had just dedicated his newly built metropolitan church on the height which is at once the Bozrah of Dido and the hill of Saint Lewis, the spot from which Gaiseric ruled the seas, the spot to which Heraclius dreamed of trans-

lating the dominion of the elder and the younger Rome. We fail to take in the greatness of the story of which we stand on the central scene, unless we call up all its associations, and not the earliest group only. Mighty men have trod the soil on which we stand, and not in one age only. If Hannibal set forth from the first Carthage to deal his heavy blows on the elder Rome, Belisarius came from the younger Rome to bring back the second Carthage to her dominion. If the first Carthage bowed to no foe till the elder Scipio had learned the arts of Hannibal, it was from the second Carthage that Heraclius went forth to practise those arts on a third continent. We feel the greatness of the site when we think of Phœnician Carthage ruling in Sardinia and Sicily and carrying her arms to the gates of Rome. But the feeling of its greatness comes home to us with a twofold strength when we think how, as soon as Carthage was again the seat of an independent power, that power at once sprang to well-nigh the position of the city in its elder days. Teutonic Carthage was but for a moment; but Teutonic Carthage too ruled in Sicily and Sardinia, and carried her arms not only to the gates of Rome, but within her walls. If the bull of Phalaris was carried as plunder to the first Carthage, the candlestick of Solomon was carried as plunder to the second. If one conqueror restored the bull to Agrigentum, another restored the candlestick to Jerusalem. The tale loses half its grandeur, it loses all its completeness, if we stop at the end of its first chapter. Let it be, no one will deny it, that Phœnician Carthage was greater than Roman Carthage. But that Roman Carthage, once planted on the same site, rose to no small measure of renewed greatness, is surely the best of witnesses to the greatness of Phœnician Carthage and to the wisdom of those who chose the site for its first planting.

I should certainly counsel the visitor to Carthage to carry with him Mr. R. B. Smith's not very bulky volume, "*Carthage and the Carthaginians*." He cannot carry his library with him, and I found to my cost that there is no means at Tunis of getting at any book, old or new. Mr. Smith's "*Carthage and the Carthaginians*" ranks a long way above his "*Mohammed and Mohammedanism*." It contains nothing so wonderful as the

passage which some will remember about Mohammed the Prophet and Mohammed the Conqueror. Mr. Smith's Carthaginian work is solid enough to have entitled him to become the prey of the pilferer. We cannot help sometimes smiling at Mr. Smith's enthusiasm for his subject; but we sympathize while we smile, as his enthusiasm stands us in really good stead. Only when we have to take him as our one comrade over so long a journey, it is a little disheartening that we have to part company with him so soon. Mr. Smith has stood, alongside of Polybios, as a spectator of the fall of Phœnician Carthage. He tells us how much the site has changed since the younger Scipio quoted the verses which foretold the fall of Ilios. He then adds:

"Nor has Man been less destructive than Nature. On the same or nearly the same spot have risen successively a Phœnician, a Roman, a Vandal, and a Byzantine capital. Each was destroyed in whole or in part by that which was to take its place, and each successive city found ample materials for its own rise in the ruins which it had itself occasioned."

This is a little dark; but it would seem as if Mr. Smith fancied that Gaiseric and Belisarius destroyed what they found as thoroughly as Scipio did, and that each built up a capital, Vandal or "Byzantine"—whatever that last name means—which was as thoroughly new as the "Roman capital" which the younger Cæsar certainly built up according to the plans of the elder. It is not likely that Mr. Smith seriously thinks that either Gaiseric or Belisarius did anything so foolish. It is just a flourish, a kind of flourish to which we are very well used. There are about a thousand years of the history of Europe during which a large class of writers think that anything may be said; before and after greater care is needful. One must take some care about Hannibal; one must, I fancy, take some care about Charles the Fifth; but Gaiseric, Belisarius, and Heraclius are fair game; it is safe to say anything about them. Yet Mr. Hodgkin and Mr. Bury are among us; let us wish them life and strength to work a reform.

But, while we must not let the greatness of the first Carthage blind our eyes to the existence or to the greatness of the second, we must freely allow that the second Carthage is something, not only second in time, but in everything secondary to the

first. The charm of the second Carthage, of the acts that were done in it or by its masters, comes largely from the fact that the first Carthage and its acts went before them. It is not always so with the second state of a city. Megarian Byzantium has its own place in history; but its main interest is that it was the forerunner of Constantinople. Within the world of Carthage itself, Phœnician and Roman Panormos counts for something; but it counts for little beside the glories of Saracen and Norman Palermo. But the second Carthage lives in a manner by the life of the first. As a power, its greatest, indeed its only, day is its Vandal day. And the most striking thing about the Vandal day of Carthage is that it so wonderfully recalls its Phœnician day. It is the purely Christian associations only that stand on a real level with the associations of the oldest time. Cyprian would be the same if Hamilkar and Hannibal had never trod the ground of the Bozrah before him. Gaiseric hardly would be.

The old Phœnician Carthage holds a place in the history of the world which is all her own. Phœnicia stands alone among nations; and Carthage stands alone among Phœnician commonwealths. That last is a word to be noticed. In a glance across the historic nations it strikes us at once that the Phœnicians are the only people beyond the bounds of Europe who rank as the political peers of the European nations. Aristotle, to whom the name of Rome was barely known, whose thoughts had been in no wise drawn to the polity of Rome, thought the constitution of Carthage worthy of attentive study, and he gives it the tribute of no small praise. Polybios, with his wider range of vision, makes the constitutions of Sparta, of Rome, and of Carthage the subject of an elaborate comparison. One is tempted to think that the Phœnicians, settled within the Western world, within the bounds of Europe itself or of that Africa which is truly a part of Europe, had drunk in something of the spirit of the West, and had almost parted company with the barbaric kingdoms of Asia. We seem to see the change taking place by degrees. The Hamilkar and the Hannibal of the fifth century B.C., the defeated of Himera and the destroyer of Himera, are still essentially barbarians. Their general-

ship does not go beyond a blind trust, successful or unsuccessful, in the physical force of huge multitudes. Massacre and human sacrifice are as familiar to them as to any Eastern despot. The Hamilkar and the Hannibal of the third century B.C. are essentially Europeans. And they are, we need hardly say, Europeans who stand alongside of, or above, the greatest names in Greek and Italian story. It was a mere outward sign that Carthage should adopt the coinage and others of the arts of Greece. The Carthage of the House of Barak had become essentially European in greater points. Its statesmen, its generals, not only the two immeasurably great ones, but a whole generation of them, distinctly surpass those of Rome. A few great men doubtless did much to raise the whole people; but the fact that those great men could arise and could find scope for their energies in the Carthaginian commonwealth shows that the ground was at least ready for them. Doubtless Hannibal soared above Carthage; doubtless Carthage soared above other Phœnician cities. And these two truths imply as their groundwork that Phœnicia, as a whole, soared above all other barbarian nations. The fact that there was a Carthage, that there was a Gades, a Hippo, an Utica, and a Panormos, is enough. If Carthage rose to the first place as the ruling city, the cities of the old Phœnicia had already done something greater. They were the first colonizing cities. They gave the Greek the model of an intelligent system of distant settlements, as distinguished from a simple Wandering of the Nations. And they knew, what later nations have been so slow to learn, the way to avoid the need of Wars of Independence, to bind colony and metropolis together from the first hour of their common being. Carthage in her greatness still revered Tyre in her fall, because Carthage from the moment of her birth had been the child of Tyre and not her subject.

In truth, the mere fact that in speaking of the old Phœnicia we have to speak of cities marks of itself the wide gap between Phœnicia and any other barbarian land. No doubt the westward movement did much to quicken the civic and political life in the Western colonies of Phœnicia. It was in the West, as if by virtue of geographical position, that the orderly constitution of *Shophetim*, Senate, and Peo-

ple, grew up, which Aristotle and Polybios honored with their study, the constitution of which it could be said that its working had never been disturbed by a revolution or a tyranny. The old Phœnicia undoubtedly had kings, and their authority was sometimes tempered by revolutions. Still the old Phœnicia was a system of cities, and the king of a city can never be the same uncontrolled despot as the king of a vast realm. When Tyre and Sidon had sunk to vassalage, their kings still held the first place in the councils of Xerxes. It was to them that the Great King turned for ships and seamen to cope with the ships and seamen of Greece. It was among their people alone that he could find men with wit enough to do his works of engineering. Yes, before Carthage was, before Gades was, the men of Canaan in their old seats had made the beginnings of history. It is with a strange feeling that we look back to those first glimpses of the world, when the clouds were just beginning to lift themselves from the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, and when those immemorial cities, ancient in the days of our first recorded facts, were already entering on the path of "ships, colonies, and commerce." If the full development of the race was to be wrought on the soil of Spain and Sicily and Africa, it was in the old land of the palm, on the narrow strip of flat land between Lebanon and the Great Sea, that the race first showed its power.

It is an essential part of the history of Carthage that she was, as her name implies, the New City, very far from the oldest, seemingly one of the youngest, of the colonies that Sidon and Tyre and Arvad sent to the West. Gades on the Ocean, farthest of all from the old home, was held to be the oldest of all. Tharshish, the land of gold, was the main object of Phœnician enterprise; the settlements in Africa and Sicily arose as stages on the road. Specially must it be borne in mind that the Phœnician colonies in Sicily—Solous—Sela—on her rock, Motya on her island in her sheltered harbor, Panormos in her Golden Shell, on her tongue of land between the two branches of her *All-haven*—all these were no colonies of Carthage, but sister cities, most likely elder sisters, whom she brought step by step under her dominion. It is thus as the ruling city, the city supreme over a

vast and scattered dominion alike over her kinsfolk and over strangers, that Carthage holds her place in history. It was her calling, a calling which no other city of her own stock undertook before her, which no city of any other stock carried out on the same scale or with the same success. No dominion ever lasted so long on so seemingly weak a foundation. For the foundation of the power of a ruling city must ever be weak; it must be weak in proportion as it most fully carries out the idea of the ruling city. Carthage in the end yielded to Rome. We may say that she yielded to Rome, because Rome, carrying out the idea of the ruling city less perfectly than Carthage, had sources of strength which Carthage had not. Rome was a ruling city; but each step by which her rule advanced took away something of her character as a ruling city. For at each step she admitted some new circle of allies or subjects to her franchise. That is, she raised them from the ranks of the ruled to the ranks of the rulers. But each step in the process made the Roman state less of a city and more of a nation. Aristotle, if he had looked at Rome as he did look at Carthage, might have set her down as being, like Babylon, though from quite another reason, *ἔθνος μᾶλλον ἢ πόλις*. This the position of Rome, as an inland city, whose territory grew by the addition of adjoining lands, allowed her to do. And therein lay her strength. Rome could fight her wars by the swords of citizens, and of colonists and allies to whom the hope of future citizenship was held out. When Rome and Carthage first met as enemies, the Roman, master of Italy, might walk from one end of his dominion to the other. For a long part of his journey, his walk would lie among men speaking his own language. At no stage of it would it bring him among men of a speech, a culture, a life, wholly alien to his own.

Carthage, on the other hand, was the ruling city in a sense the opposite to all this. She was a city which could never grow into a nation, because she was herself from the beginning a settlement of a distant nation on a foreign shore. She was the greatest of many Phœnician cities in Africa; but she could not stand to them as Rome did to the Latin cities around her. Rome was the head of a continuous Latium; Carthage could not be the head of a continuous Phœnicia.

For Utica and the Hippos were settlements on a foreign shore no less than herself. The Latin was in his own land; the Phœnician was in the land of the native African. It is the most speaking of all facts that, long after the Carthaginian power had begun, after Carthage had won no small dominion over distant towns and islands, she still paid rent to an African prince for the soil of her own city. The fact has been disputed; but why? It rests on as good authority as most other facts in Carthaginian history; it is in no way contradicted; it is in no way unlikely. To a city wholly seafaring, which began with trade and from trade went on to dominion, the dominion of the mainland on whose shore she stood was of far less moment than the dominion of such points and islands, far and near, as lay well placed for the purposes of her commerce and her ambition. A continuous dominion in Africa seems to have been the latest form of Carthaginian power; and, when it came, it was mere dominion over a subject barbarian land, broken here and there by a Phœnician town that was dependent rather than subject. There was nothing around her that Carthage could take to herself and make part of her own being, as Rome could do with the towns of Latium, as Athens in her earliest day could do with the towns of Attica.

But it is this very isolation, this incapacity for enlarging herself as she enlarged her dominion, which made Carthage the very model of the ruling city. She stood alone. She was lady and mistress over her scattered dominions, commanding the resources of lands and towns, far and near, in every relation of subjection and dependence; but she stood aloof from all, incorporating none into her own body. She waged her wars by the hands of strangers. She commanded the services of subjects and dependents; she bought the services of the stoutest barbarians of the Western world. Her own citizens were but the guiding spirits of her armies; they never formed their substance and kernel. It was only in moments of special danger, on her own soil or on the neighboring soil of Sicily, that the Sacred Band went forth to jeopard their lives for the Carthaginian state. In a Roman army, an army of citizens and kindred allies, every life was precious. A Carthaginian army might win a crowning victory, it might undergo

a crushing defeat, with the loss of no lives but such as the gold of Carthage could soon replace. Here lay her strength and her weakness. A Punic general could risk his soldiers as even a tyrant could not risk Greek citizens; but the state of Carthage lived ever in fear of her hireling soldiers. The great mutiny of the mercenaries after the first war with Rome was but the most frightful of several. It is a ghastly but characteristic tale that Ostèdes, the Isle of Bones, the modern Ustica, took its name from a mutinous detachment of a Punic army who were left there to perish. A Roman army fought for Rome; a Punic army never fought for Carthage. The Numidian, the Spaniard, the Gaul, the Campanian, fought in his lower mood for the hire of his arm and his sword; in his highest mood, he fought, not for Carthage, but for Hamilkar or for Hannibal.

All this at once distinguishes Carthage from those ruling cities, Rome the chief of all, which commanded a continuous dominion. That is almost the same as saying that her only parallels, if she has parallels, must be sought for among seafaring powers only. The life by sea was the very life of Carthage. When the Romans before the last siege made it a condition of peace that Carthage should be forsaken and some point ten miles from the sea occupied instead, every Carthaginian felt it as a sentence of death. Athens could not be great without her fleet; but she could live without it. She had for a moment a scattered dominion somewhat of the same kind as the dominion of Carthage; but it was only for a moment. No other city of old Greece, no other city of her own Phœnician stock, comes near enough to her to admit even of contrast. The mediæval world supplies nearer parallels. Among cities of our own race, as we are tempted to call Bern the Teutonic Rome, so are we tempted to call Lübeck the Teutonic Carthage. But neither Lübeck nor any of her Hanseatic sisters fully reproduce the old Phœnician model. They are mighty on the sea, mighty for trade, mighty for warfare; but their special character was to be mighty in both ways, to strike terror and to bear rule, without forming anything which could be called territorial dominion. Far nearer to Carthage are the later seafaring cities of her own Mediterranean waters, Genoa in

some measure, Venice in a higher. Venice indeed is the nearest reproduction of Carthage that the world has seen. She too united trade and dominion; she ruled from her islands, as Carthage ruled from her peninsula, over possessions scattered far and wide, fortresses, cities, islands, kingdoms, over all of which she exercised lordship, but none of whom did she or could she incorporate into her own commonwealth. More perfect in her position than Carthage, she never paid rent for the soil of her Rialto as Carthage did for the soil of her Bozrah. But the two ruling cities agree in this, that dominion on the adjoining or neighboring mainland was the latest form of dominion for which they sought.

One fears to carry on the thought further. But, now that the world has grown, now that great kingdoms and commonwealths have taken the place of single cities, now that the Ocean with its continents has taken the place of the Mediterranean with its islands and peninsulas, it may be that later times supply parallels to the dominion of Carthage on a greater scale than that of Venice. It may be that they supply one special parallel of special interest to ourselves. In every such comparison we shall find the differences which come of altered scale and circumstances; but in every power which has held a scattered dominion over lands parted by the seas we may see a nearer or more distant parallel to Carthage, as in every power which has slowly and steadily advanced to a continuous dominion by land we may see a nearer or more distant parallel to Rome. The thought of Carthage is called up both by analogy and in ways more direct when, in one of the subject lands of Carthage, we see a power grow up which holds under its dominion a large part of her other subject lands. The thought comes more keenly still when that power is for awhile clothed with the majesty of Rome, and in that character goes forth to wage victorious war in Africa and for a moment to make Carthage itself part of its possessions. When a Spanish King who is also Roman Emperor, who is also King of Sicily and Sardinia, goes forth on the old errand of Agathoklès, Scipio, and Belisarius, when he sets forth to war from Caralis and comes back to triumph at Panormos, we seem to see the old forces of Phœnician Carthage turned

against her on her own soil. Charles of Austria, Charles of Burgundy, first Charles of Castile and Aragon, fifth Charles of Germany and Rome, setting up the banners of half Europe upon the walls of conquered Tunis, seems, as it were, to gather up the whole tale of Rome and Carthage in his single person. And when we go on to remember that the Roman Augustus, the Spanish and Sicilian King, was lord, not only of the inner sea, but of the Ocean, that he bore himself as monarch of its continents and islands, monarch of the Eastern and the Western Indies, ruler in every quarter of the globe, master of a dominion on which the sun never set, we may think that the conqueror of Tunis had not only, in a figure, subdued Carthage in her older world of the inner sea, but had called up a dominion like her own in the newer and wider world of Ocean.* And his dominion has passed away from the older and narrower as well as from the newer and wider world all but as utterly as the dominion of Carthage herself. Of an European power that took in Sicily and Friesland not a shred is left outside the Spanish peninsula and its islands. A few islands east and west stand as survivals of dominion in Asia and America, memorials of the proud style of King of the Indies. A fortress on the coast of Africa, holding one of the pillars of Héraklès, is before all things a reminder that the grasp of the pillar which stands on Spanish ground, and with it the keeping of the mouth of the inner sea of Phœnician and Greek, of Venetian and Genoese, has passed into the hands of an island kingdom in the Ocean. It is in fact in the power which has thus so strangely established itself on Spanish ground that we seem to see the nearest parallel to Carthage in the modern world. England indeed, as well as Spain, has played, and still plays, a direct part within the old dominion of Carthage. Gibraltar, Malta, Minorea so often taken and lost in the last century, Sicily, so remarkable a scene of English influence in the early days

* I remember being much struck with the first page of a book which I saw at New York—I saw only the first page under a glass case, and I forgot to carry off the name. A Latin panegyrist of Charles the Fifth magnifies him for having won for himself a new Empire in America equal to his old Empire in Europe. Here is the same general idea carried out in another direction.

of the present century, all bring us within the actual range of Carthaginian power. Malta and Gozo indeed, richer than any other spots in Phœnician antiquities, keeping, not indeed the tongue of the Phœnician, but the kindred tongue of the Saracen conquerors of Sicily, seem to stand as a special memorial of the two ages of Semitic dominion in the Mediterranean. Cyprus again brings us, if not within the immediate range of Carthage, yet within the general range of Phœnicia; and the English bombardment of Algiers, if less striking in itself, not touching the immediate land of Carthage, was a worthier work in the world's history than the Spanish conquest of Tunis. But, just as in the case of Spain, the more instructive side of the comparison between England and Carthage lies outside the old Carthaginian world. England indeed, with her settlements and possessions, her colonies dependent and independent, all over the world of Ocean, is truly a living representative on a vaster scale of the Phœnician city with her possessions and settlements scattered over the Western Mediterranean. The Empire of India, held by an European island, calls up the thought of the dominion in Spain once held by an African city. And in some points the dominion of England seems to come nearer to that of Carthage than the dominion of Spain ever did, while in other points the course of English settlement rather carries us back to the older Phœnician days before Carthage was. One point is that the spread of Carthaginian and of English power, as being in each case the advance of a people, have more in common with each other than either has with the advance of Spain under her despotic kings. But the higher side of English colonization has more in common with the earlier days of Phœnician settlement than it has with the Carthaginian dominion. The old Phœnician settlements grew up in Spain, in Africa, in Sicily, just as English settlements grew up in America, Australia, and New Zealand. In both cases men went forth to find new homes for an old folk and to make the life of the old folk grow up in the new home. But the settlements and conquests of Carthage had all a view to trade or dominion. She conquered, she planted, but with a view only to her own power. It was no part of her policy to encourage the growth of new seats of the

common stock, formally or practically independent of the one great city. It was rather her object to bring the other Phœnician cities, her sisters, some certainly her elder sisters, into as great a measure of subjection or dependence on herself as she could compass. In her struggle with Rome her Phœnician sisters turned against her. She had done nothing to make herself loved either at distant Gades or at neighboring Utica.

To this last form of dominion or supremacy, the rule of one commonwealth over other equal or older commonwealths of the same stock, the relations of the modern world supply no exact parallel.* But both England and Spain have at different times dealt, if not with sister states, yet with daughter states, too much after the manner of Carthage. The result all the world knows. One hope at least there is, that this peculiar form of national folly is not likely ever to be repeated. We cannot foretell what is to be. How long a barbaric empire may be kept, to whom it may pass if it fails to be kept, are matters at which it is dangerous even to guess. We have had, like Carthage, our War of the Mercenaries, with the difference that we have not had it at our own gates. As for the nearer question of our own flesh and blood in distant lands, the tie between the mother-land and its still dependent settlements may abide or it may be peacefully snapped. There is at least no fear of a new Bunker Hill, a new Saratoga, or a new Yorktown, between men of English blood and speech.

Among all the great powers of the past, Phœnician Carthage seems to stand alone, in being simply a memory, it having had no direct effect on the later history of the world. It needs no effort to point out the endless ways in which Rome and Athens have influenced mankind for all time. Their impress is not only undying, but it is visible at the first glance. We see at once that the world that now is

* It must be remembered that in saying this we are speaking of a very modern world indeed. The relation of ruling and subject cities and lands was in full force in Switzerland till 1798, and traces of it lasted till 1830. I suppose that the *condominium* of Hamburg and Lübeck, over the district of Vierlande, has hardly lived through 1866; but it was in being in 1865. Middlesex perhaps did not know that it was a subject district to London; but it was till the very last changes.

could not have been what it is, if Rome or Athens had never been. The law of Rome, the tongue and the thoughts of Greece, are essential parts of the civilization of modern Europe. But to Carthage, as far as we can see, we owe nothing. Directly we certainly owe nothing; indirectly Carthage has changed the history of the world in whatever proportion the history of Rome must have been other than what it actually was if Carthage had never been. To Carthage as Carthage, to the great seafaring power of the Western Mediterranean, we owe absolutely nothing. Carthage has had no effect on the speech, the law, the religion, the art, the general culture, of modern Europe. There is no such thing as a Carthaginian book. What would we not give for a record of the campaigns of Hamilkar and Hannibal in their own tongue? And we feel this the more keenly when we remember that all this, so true of Carthage as Carthage, is eminently untrue of the Semitic folk as a whole, that is only very partially true of the particular Phœnician folk. "The letters Cadmus gave" were a boon of the kinsfolk of Carthage, though no boon of Carthage herself. And if we have no Carthaginian books, if we can hardly say that we have any Phœnician books, yet in the tongue of Carthage and Phœnicia, in the tongue common to Solomon and Hiram, we have books indeed. It is truly wonderful how, while other Semitic races, the Hebrew and the Arab, have influenced the world on a scale equal to that of Greece and Rome, the Phœnician has given us his one gift and has vanished, and that that form of the Phœnician which played the most brilliant part in the world's history has vanished without giving us any gift at all. The Saracen who swept away the younger Carthage from the earth has been our master in some things. The Phœnician who founded the elder Carthage has been our master in nothing, save in the warnings, many and grave, which the history of his scattered dominion may give to us into whose hands a dominion of the like sort has fallen.

It is then a disappointment, and yet we feel that there is a certain fitness in the disappointment, when we stand on the site of Carthage, and feel how completely even the younger Carthage has become a mem-

ory and nothing more. Above all, if we come from any of the great Sicilian sites, from Syracuse or Girgenti or Selinunto, Carthage does indeed seem barren. Cities which alongside the might of Carthage were but dust in the balance, Segesta and Tyndaris and Taormina, have more to show than the queenly mistress of the Western Seas. There is, as a matter of fact, a good deal to be seen at Carthage besides the actual site. There is something above the ground; there is a great deal that has been brought to light below the ground, and more diggings may be expected to reveal endless stores. But almost everything has to be looked for; there is nothing that at once forces itself on the eye as a living witness of what has been. There is no great building, perfect or in ruins, nothing like the Pillars of the Giants at Selinunto, nothing like the still standing temples of Pæstum and Girgenti. There is no long extent of wall to be tracked out, like the primeval walls of Ferentino or of Cefalù, like the finished walls of Dionysios at Syracuse and at Tyndaris.* And there is the further thought that, if there were such things, they could be memorials only of the city which the younger Cæsar set up, not of the city which the younger Scipio overthrew. The Carthage of Hannibal, at all events, can be got at only by digging. The site, we at once feel, is well-suited for a great seafaring city; we see still better that it is so when we learn the changes which have happened in the proportions of land and water. But it is not one of the sites which at once strikes the eye. It is not one of those which make us say that, if great things did not happen on the spot, they ought to have happened. Among the Sicilian sites, it would best go with Himera, Selinunto, and Kamarina, towns on hills of moderate height above the sea. Carthage sat on no such proud seat as Girgenti *la Magnifica* on the hill of Atabyrian Zeus, as Cefalù and Taormina on their mountain-sides, with their castles soaring yet again above them. Carthage does not proclaim its seafaring life like Syracuse again shut up within her island, or like the peninsula where Naxos once stood. Her own allies and subjects, Phœnician and otherwise, put her to

* I should, perhaps, rather say *Cephalædium*, as Norman *Cefalù* is down below.

shame. It is not in Africa, but in the isles of Malta and Gozo, that we find the abiding monuments of Phœnician religion. And compare Africa with Sicily, with that corner of Sicily which Carthage made her own when she sat as head alike over her own elder sisters and over the older people of the land. Solunto—Sela—sits on her rock as the guardian of the most cherished preserve of Canaan against the Sikel and the Greek. Trapani floats on the waves, with Eryx, mount and town, though no longer temple, soaring above them. Segesta, nestling among her inland hills, with her temple and her theatre, looks out on the distant sea. Palermo, though her twofold haven is choked up, still holds the centre of her Golden Shell, with her arc of mountains fencing her in, and the rock on which Hamilkar held his camp still guarding her. Motya on her island, with the circle of islands, high and low, around her, teaches us better than any other spot, how truly the life of the Phœnician was a life in and on the waters. Destroyed and never built again, she is still girded with her Phœnician wall and looks up to the more cunningly wrought Phœnician wall on Eryx. All these sites, in themselves far more taking, far more impressive, than that of Carthage, looked up to Carthage as their ruling city. It is only on the spot where Carthage was not only a ruler but strictly a founder, in her last and most stubborn stronghold of Lilybaion, that, on a site far less impressive than that of Carthage, we have, as at Carthage, as far at least as objects above ground are concerned, to search with curious eyes for the witnesses of the past. Yet there too the mighty ditch of Marsala, the ditch which Polybios stood and wondered at, the ditch which, hewn in its breadth through the hard rock, puts to shame our easier northern cuttings at Arques and at Old Sarum, stands, wherever modern improvements do not wholly choke it up, as a witness of Carthaginian power and skill such as Carthage itself has not to show.

Yet the site of Carthage, though disappointing both in itself and in its lack of historic remains, is not to be despised. It distinctly grows on the visitor. The hills are not very high; but they are hills. And we better understand matters as we come to take in, what does not strike us at the first glance, how thoroughly peninsula the site is. As we approach—at least

as we approach directly from Europe—other objects are likely to strike the eye rather than the site of Carthage. The mountains to the south of the lake of Tunis with their bold outlines, the singular appearances of the lake, with the rim of land fencing it from the outer bay, and the throat—*La Goletta*—by which we pass from one to the other, the sight of Tunis itself, White Tunis, at the finish of the lake to the west—not to speak of the strange sights and sounds which greet the traveller who sets foot in Africa for the first time—all these things seize on the mind far more strongly than the not displeasing but not exciting piece of coast scenery which marks where Carthage stood. And nowhere does the traveller, at his first approach, on his first landing, find it harder to take in where he is. It is not very hard to get wrong in the points of the compass. There is a certain temptation to fancy that Tunis lies south of Carthage instead of west. There is nothing whatever to suggest that the low hill immediately behind Tunis is in fact an isthmus parting the lake of Tunis from another lake beyond it. And there is least of all to suggest the existence of another lake somewhat to the north of the lake of Tunis, parted from the northern sea by another strip of land, perhaps a little thicker than that which parts the lake of Tunis from the eastern sea. The group of lakes is clear enough as soon as any rising ground is reached; but in the journey from the outer sea to Tunis by great steamer, small steamer, and railway, there is nothing to suggest any such save the lake of Tunis itself. But what is now the lake to the north, the lake known as *Sokra*, had a most important bearing on the position of Carthage. The rim of land which parts it from the sea is of later growth; in the great days of Carthage the lake was an inlet of the sea. The city thus stood on a distinct peninsula, with water on three sides. On the three hills within this peninsula stood Carthage and its surroundings, its suburbs and its nekropolis. It is hard to believe that the city proper ever spread over so great a space. The wall of Dionysios was, for military reasons, carried round the whole hill of Syracuse; but no one thinks that the whole of the vast surface of Epipolai was ever as thickly peopled as Achradina and the Island.

Of those hills one specially concerns the muser on the long story of Carthage. The *Bozrah* of Dido, the royal seat of Gaieric, the official dwelling of the proconsuls of Rome, is now the hill of Saint Lewis. It was already crowned with his chapel when France was a foreign power; since the practical supremacy of France has in some sort restored Africa to the Latin world, it has been further crowned with the metropolitan church of the primate of Algiers and Carthage. Another church and monastery crown another spur of the *Bozrah*. The central hill is crowned by a village, that of Sidi-bou-Said, which, at the time of Mr. R. B. Smith's visit, was inhabited only by Mahometan saints, and which does not seem to have been much disturbed since. But from another point of the same hill the palace of the Cardinal-Archbishop looks down on the country palace of the Bey, the nominal prince of the land. He has withdrawn from his capital to lead the quieter life of those Carthaginian country gentlemen whose rich gardens and fields Agathoklès and Regulus so pitilessly harried. Farthest of all, in the north of the peninsula, parted by a wider valley than we have yet crossed, rises the city of the dead, *Djebel Khawi*, the Catacomb Hill of the maps. These three hills, and the low ground at their feet, make up the site of Carthage.

The main centre of interest is the *Bozrah*, the hill of Saint Lewis. I imagine that I may without fear give it that name. Nobody, I believe, now doubts either that this is the akropolis of Carthage or that its true name is the same as that of the city of Edom renowned in the minstrelsy of Isaiah. The Greek name *Byrsa* is one of the many attempts to give a foreign name an appearance of meaning in one's own language. The name once given, the familiar legend, common to Carthage with a crowd of spots in all quarters of the globe, naturally followed. I will not stop to argue whether Elissa was, as the latest Phœnician learning teaches us, a goddess degraded into a queen; I am still less called on to disprove the tale that she cut an ox's hide into strips, like the Normans at Hastings and the English at Calcutta. Anyhow we may take her familiar name as that of the eponymous heroine of hill and city. As an akropolis, the *Bozrah* is but a lowly one; but it served the purposes alike of

the elder and the younger Carthage. And it serves the purposes of the traveller as his point from which to look out on the hills, the lakes, the plain, the sea, the rim of land parting lake and sea, the distant mountains, and Tunis glistening in its whiteness, on the site in short of Carthage and her surroundings. We ought perhaps to rejoice at finding the city of Cyprian in some sort won back to Christianity and to *Latinitas*. But the modern buildings jar on the feelings. With all honor to the Cardinal's zeal, in this and in other matters, it would need a more successful work than his to reconcile us to the presence on such a spot of any buildings of the last three centuries. A contemporary memorial of Saint Lewis, a trophy of the Emperor Charles, would be a part of the history of the place. Even the chapel of Louis Philippe's day, when Frenchmen were strangers and pilgrims, seems less artificial, less out of place, than the metropolitan church reared where as yet no city has sprung up again. The thought of the holy King of France may perhaps stir our crusading feelings. How many Christian churches were overthrown to supply the mosques of Tunis and Kairwan with columns! It is among them that Carthage really lives. The great mosque of Tunis won for Christendom like the mosques of Cordova and Seville would be a worthier trophy than this easy display of the victory of Europe on the forsaken *Bozrah* of Dido.

Be this as it may, from the *Bozrah* we begin to understand Carthage. And one thing strikes us above all. With the sea on three sides of her, Carthage still needed artificial havens. Her sisters had no such need at Panormos and Motya. But here we look down on the double haven, just as it is described by Strabo and Appian. There is the outer haven, the merchant-haven; and there is the inner haven, the *Kothôn*, the basin, the haven of the war ships, with the island in the middle, where once the admiral of Carthage had his official dwelling. It is whispered that they have been filled up and opened again, and not opened to their full size. Let it be so: if not of the right size, they are at least of the right shape and in the right place. If they are not the things themselves, they are at least very good models and memorials; and, in such a case, it is perhaps best to ask no

questions. These artificial havens, whether Scipio and Belisarius looked on them as they stand or not, are the most speaking things in Carthage. They call up more fully than anything else the memory of what Carthage twice was. There we really see the past. There,

"In the still deep water,
Sheltered from waves and blasts,
Bristles the dusky forest
Of Byrsa's thousand masts."

It is hard to call up the walls ; it is hard to call up the temples ; but the havens are there, and it is no great feat of imagination to fill them with the navy of Asdrubal sailing forth or with the navy of Belisarius sailing in.

The havens then force themselves on the eye ; other objects at Carthage, save the outlines of the hills and the waters, have to be looked for. The Bozrah is full of remains ; there are the diggings in its own hill-sides, and there are the precious collections in the museum. Dig near the surface, and you come to the Roman building which passed for the palace of the proconsul. Dig lower down, and you come to Phœnician tombs which tell us something of Carthaginian arts of construction. But there is nothing standing up, no castle like Euryalos, no house like Cefalh, no temple like Segesta. A fragment of the aqueduct does indeed stand up at some distance, a striking object on the road from the Goletta to Tunis. We can hardly apply the same words to the elaborate system of cisterns on each side, both those which have been lately turned again to modern use and those which still remain broken down and half covered up, the shelter of a few homeless Arabs. Besides these there is little indeed, save one precious memorial indeed of the younger Carthage which has been brought to light within these last years. This is a gigantic basilica with its attached buildings, of which nearly the whole foundations have been brought to light. I have carried away a ground-plan ; but I confess, even with the ground-plan, to be puzzled with the intricacy of its many colonnades and apses, at utter cross-purposes to one another. They must surely mark more than one change in design which may easily have happened during the eight hundred years' life of Roman Carthage, pagan and Christian. One point is marked as the baptistery. The thought flashed across

the mind : here was Heraclius baptized. But that rite must have been done in Asia.

I have not attempted any minute topographical account of Carthage. I had no call to make such an one. I visited Carthage and Africa on account of their relations to the history of Sicily. One must see the city from which the great fleet went out to Himera and to Syracuse, the city which sent forth the men who overthrew Selinons, and those who defended Eryx and the rock of Pellegrino. But I am not called on to examine Carthage in detail as I am called on to examine both Greek Akragas and Phœnician Lilybaion. As a piece of topography indeed, Tunis, which Agathoklès held, comes nearer to the historian of Sicily than Carthage which he never entered. There, Diodôrus before me, I could read and write the story on the spot. In truth you cannot make such an account of Carthage as you can of Syracuse or Akragas, for the simple reason that there are not the same materials to make it. Nor can the traveller who does not set up his dwelling-place in the land, get the same means for illustrating such materials as there are. I felt keenly the impossibility of getting a single illustrative book, Beulé or any other, either at Tunis or while things were still fresh in the memory at Palermo. I longed for something like the great *Topografia* of Syracuse, with its noble atlas, which had so well taught me my way over Achradina and Epipolai. And a little incident taught me that no great local help was to be looked for, at least not at the hands of the special servants of Saint Lewis. The first day that I was at Carthage, armed with a recommendation from the British Consulate, I and my companions were received on the hill of the saint by a Carmelite friar—I think they are Carmelites—who on that day showed himself both courteous and intelligent. We made an appointment to come again another day, when he would take us to some of the more distant objects. The day came ; after a visit to Susa and Kairwan, we came again to Carthage. But this time the religious man laughed in our faces, and asked how he could be expected to remember a promise of so old a standing as eight days. I did not expect that the doctrine of no faith with heretics would be so openly acted on in these days. I am sure Mr. Smith's Marabout, if that

is his right description, would have treated us better. And I certainly felt more kindly toward two casual Saracens who greeted me friendly as I was walking alone near the sacred village.

But there are after all some advantages in the lack of remains at Carthage and in the lack of means for studying the few that there are. We can still climb the Bozrah; we can still look down upon the Kothôn; we can still go down and walk round it and look back ages to the akropolis of Phœnician, Roman, and Vandal rule. We can walk to and fro at pleasure both along broad roads and along narrow paths among the sea-cliffs, ever taking in the outline of things from various points, now and then marking some special object suggesting thoughts. I shall not forget how, between the Kothôn and the merchant-haven, a small animal ran across my path, yellow and with the air of a rodent. It was the only free mammal I have ever seen either in Sicily or in Africa. I was not sorry that I did not meet any of the hyenas of which Mr. Smith speaks, and which may perhaps have vanished before the French occupation. But one would be glad to see signs of a higher animal life than that of lizards, *grilli*, and butterflies, pretty as they all are. Still less shall I forget a tower on the hill of Sidi-bou-Said, a tower overhanging the sea, a tower that was assuredly no work of Phœnician or Roman, but which may either have been placed there by the Saracen to keep out the Christian, or else may mark some short-lived occupation of Saracen ground by the Christian. But it is in some sort a gain to be relieved from the need, fascinating as the work is, of tracking out some fragment of wall or temple at every step. When one has not the time to spend both on the whole and on every detail which I have had at Syracuse and some

other places, it is a certain relief to be able to fix the mind altogether on the whole. So it is at Carthage. On the Bozrah we wish the modern buildings away; on the fellow hill the Arab village, which has come in the natural course of ages, seems quite in its place. But neither really interferes with our contemplation of the city of Hannibal and Gaiseric, its hills, its coasts, its havens, the lake and the rim that fences the lake, and which the Roman turned to his purpose in the last days of the Punic city. Up to that point the honest enthusiasm of Mr. Smith makes him a guide to whom we cannot but take kindly. We only wish to persuade him and his school that the history of Carthage, the interest and the instruction of that history, do not end when the wife of the last Asdrubal stood on the burning temple that crowned the Bozrah. What Roman and Christian Carthage was we may best learn among the endless columns of the mosque of Kairwan. Among them are a few which are the fellows of those that crown the columns of Saint Vital. Under the restored rule of the Roman Augustus, craftsmen were working in the same style in recovered Ravenna and in recovered Carthage. The wall of the great basilica which has been brought to light may well have glittered with the painted forms of Justinian and Theodora, sovereigns of the city won back from the Vandal no less than of the city won back from the Goth. And the same hand won back both of them. If we give Hannibal the first place among the leaders of warfare, if we hail him as the most loyal among the servants of commonwealths, a place not far behind him in his own craft must be given to the most loyal of the servants of princea. On the Bozrah, beside the Kothôn, if we think of Hannibal, we think of Belisarius too.—*Contemporary Review*.

A POMPEII FOR THE TWENTY-NINTH CENTURY.

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

WE live in an age of archaeological research; and there never was a time when so much industry and genius were given to restore for the men of to-day the exact life of our ancestors in the past. All ages, all races, all corners of the planet have

been ransacked to yield up their buried memorials of distant times. Rome, Pompeii, Athens, Asia Minor, Egypt, Assyria, India, Mexico, have rewarded the learned digger with priceless relics. The Rosetta stone, the Behistun rock, have revealed

entire epochs of civilization to our delighted eyes. We have a passion for *looking backward*—and it is one of our most worthy and most useful pursuits. There is one age, however, for which our archaeological zeal does nothing. We are absorbed in thinking about our ancestors; why do we not give a thought to our descendants? Should we not provide something for posterity? Let us, once in a way, take to *looking forward*; and, with all our archaeological experience and all the resources of science, deliberately prepare a Pompeii, a Karnak, a Hissarlik, for the students of the twenty-ninth century.

Every student of history knows that the vast superiority we possess to-day over the age of Shakespeare and Bacon in our accurate understanding of the past is due to the antiquarian research and the marvellous discoveries of the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. The unearthing of Pompeii, of the Forum, the Acropolis, of Budrum, the tombs along the Nile, and the palaces of Nineveh, the deciphering of the Egyptian hieroglyphs, of the arrow-head inscriptions, of the Etruscan tombs, of the Runic monuments, the recovery of the Institutes of Gaius by Niebuhr, the collection of the Vatican Manuscripts, the labors of such men as Niebuhr, Mommsen, Savigny, Canina, Lepsius, Brugsch, Layard, Thorpe, Stubbs, Freeman; the editing of the Calendar of State Papers—all that is represented by the British Museum, the Record Office, the Louvre, Boulak, and the libraries of Berlin and the Vatican—have enabled historians accurately to present to our minds the thoughts, the life, the very look of the past. After infinite labor and through cruel disappointments, we are beginning to feel the unbroken biography of the human race as a single and intelligible story.

And yet how incessant the labor by which these triumphs have been won! How heartrending the disappointments, how cruel the waste, how irreparable the loss! We, the heirs of time, stand, like Crusoe the morning after the wreck, mournfully surveying the destruction, and eagerly picking up the priceless fragments that chance and the elements have spared. The glorious ship was but a mass of splinters; his comrades lay tossing with the seaweed beneath the waves; the stores and tools, merchandise, food, arms, books, instruments and charts were swept

into the deep, while here and there he could pick out a gun, a saw, some damaged biscuit and a soaked Bible. It was his all. So we rescue now and then the torso of a Melian Aphrodite, a Vatican Testament, the Domesday Survey, a fresco from the Palatine or the tombs of the kings.

But, if we had the seventy plays of Æschylus, the hundred and more of Sophocles, the whole of Polybius, of Livius, of Tacitus, if we had Dante's entire writings in his own manuscript, if we had an authentic, perfect holograph Shakespeare, if we had intact one single statue of the great age, one absolutely genuine portrait of some ancient hero, poet, or thinker! If we could only imagine what the *Agamemnon* or the *Clouds* sounded like, as men sat and listened on the tiers of the Theatre of Dionysus! Whole lives have been spent in trying to restore for us the *Zeus* or the *Athene* of Pheidias, as they shone forth all ivory and gold; in recalling to life an Egyptian sacred procession, a Roman triumph, a mediæval army, a pilgrimage to Canterbury or Jerusalem. How cruelly chance has gone against us! Cursed was the fire that consumed the *Cnidian Aphrodite* of Praxiteles: abhorred be the sea which overwhelmed Michael Angelo's designs for the *Inferno*! If science had been able then to preserve for us but a tithe of the precious things which fire, water, air, the brutal ignorance of man, the blear-eyed stupidity of monks, the ambition of kings, the greed of traders, and the slow all-consuming dust of ages have destroyed! If some contemporary photograph could have presented for us the faces of Pericles, Socrates, Virgil, Alfred, Columbus, Shakespeare; or the Parthenon as it looked on the day of its dedication; or the Forum, when Julius triumphed over the Gauls! If some phonograph could repeat to us the very tones of Æschylus reading his *Prometheus*, or Virgil's as he recited the sixth *Æneid* to Augustus, or the very voice of Saint Bernard at the Council of Sens, or of Shakespeare as he played Hamlet! Or—oh that the invention of printing could have been antedated, and that we had exact copies of the entire works of Tyrtæus and Sappho, of Menander and Ennius, of Archimedes, Aristotle, and Pythagoras! If but one library, one cathedral, one castle, one

market place of the middle ages had been preserved for us untouched, unfaded, with all its surroundings perfect !

The proposal I make is this. Let the science and learning of the nineteenth century do for the twenty-ninth century what we would give millions sterling to buy, if the ninth century A.D., or the ninth century B.C., had been able and willing to do it for us. In other words, let us deliberately, with all the resources of modern science, and by utilizing all its wonderful instruments, prepare for future ages a sort of Pompeii or Boulak museum, or Vatican library, wherein the language, the literature, the science, the art, the life, the manners, the appearance of our own age and its best representatives may be treasured up as a sacred deposit for the instruction of our distant descendants. Let us no longer leave it to chance whether our knowledge and our life be preserved for them or not. Let us do all that forethought, experience, and science can do to perpetuate the best products and the noblest men of the present age. The thing is done in every royal and important family. Portraits are accumulated by each generation to give to its successors the living effigy of its ancestors. All published books are by law deposited in the British Museum. A complete series of all coins, seals, and medals is carefully preserved in more than one public institution. Coins form, perhaps, the most absolutely trustworthy and continuous series of monuments in the whole range of our materials for historic research ; for they alone are able to withstand the attacks of time. It is usual, when a public building is begun, to place, in a ceremonial manner, a series of coins, a few documents, and a copy of the *Times* newspaper under the first stone. That is indeed a futile and trivial mode of providing for the historic research of ages to come. But it contains the principle. And the present proposal is simply to do, on a truly national scale, and in a complete, systematic, and scientific mode, what on a local scale, and in a shamefaced, serio-comic style, and with much tomfoolery of the aldermanic sort, we do, up and down the country, a dozen times in every year.

The problem is this—to preserve for the next ten (or even twenty) centuries a small museum in which we may store a

careful selection of those products of to-day which we think will be most useful and instructive to our distant descendants. The conditions to be observed are these :

1. A place, as far as human foresight can tell, secure from any possible change, physical, social, industrial, or mechanical—so strong, so remote, so protected that nothing but great labor, scientific appliances, and public authority could ever again disturb it.

2. The construction in such a spot of a National Safe on a simple scale and at moderate cost, scientifically contrived to protect valuable things in deposit ; but such as to awaken no possible opposition from artistic, economical, political, or religious susceptibilities.

3. An arrangement so that each century, in its turn, might have access to its own safe, without disturbing the rest.

4. The placing therein a rational and fairly representative collection of the best works, memorials, and specimens of our own age.

5. The construction of such a museum within moderate limits and at a practicable cost.

6. The protection of the museum by some public sanction and national authority.

Let us examine each of these conditions in detail.

I. A strong room, which is to last ten centuries, must be placed far from any city, in a remote spot not liable to be wanted. If it were in the capital, or indeed anywhere near the haunts of man, some Sir Edward Watkin or J. S. Forbes of the future would be driving a railway through it, or make it, perhaps, the central Balloon Terminus of the Universe. Like St. Paul's, the Tower of London, or Westminster Abbey, it might be wanted by the enterprising engineer, or a syndicate about to found a new electric city or a continent in the air. I propose a spot, like Salisbury Plain, which it is difficult to imagine that even Sir Edward Watkin could ever persuade Parliament to give him, or that even in the twenty-ninth century could ever be included in the suburbs of London. Say Salisbury Plain, a spot beside Stonehenge : nay, it might be incorporated with Stonehenge itself, and thus link the centuries A.D. to those B.C.

II. No building of any kind would be safe : and none is wanted. A Pyramid

would serve the purpose ; but we have no Pharaohs and no Chosen People ; and though Pyramids may be built without straw, we cannot as yet build them without hands. Any building, however massive, may be destroyed. Fire, war, insurrection, greed, taste, caprice, and necessity have it down in the end. The Tower of Babel, Babylon itself, the Colosseum, and the Temple of Ephesus, have all gone the way of all brick and stone. Besides, a building would cost much money. It would provoke the communists, the contractors, and the art societies to destroy it, or convert it. Lord Grimthorpe would want to restore it. And he, William Morris, and Mr. Cavendish Bentinck would squirt vitriol at each other about it, and its destiny. No ! A building of any kind is quite out of the question, and none is wanted.

All that we want is a vaulted chamber. And this must be subterranean. It would practically occupy no space at all on the surface, or none that any man could ever want. A hundred pounds might buy the site, or we might utilize a disused mine or drive a gallery underneath Skiddaw or the Malvern Hills. Nothing is simpler than a few vaults—dug, say, underneath Stonehenge, cased twenty feet thick with the strongest known cement. A plain granite portal with a suitable inscription would be the sole architectural feature. When finished and filled, the museum would be solemnly closed up with twenty or thirty feet of cement, and a plain granite block between the granite piers would finally bar the entrance. There would be neither doors, keys, nor locks. Nothing but a gang of navvies, working for weeks under a staff of engineers, could ever open it again. It would need no guarding, no insurance, and no outlay. Fire, destruction, contractors, even an earthquake, could not touch it. So long as this island keeps its head above the German Ocean, so long the National Safe would exist.

III. The National Safe might consist of a gallery with a series of subterranean vaults, like the catacombs at Rome, or the chambers under the Pyramids. The scheme might be carried to any extent ; but for simplicity we may limit our views to the next ten centuries, and provide ten vaults, each thirty or forty feet square, with perhaps a double or treble space for the tenth. Each vault would contain a

careful collection of products, works, inscriptions, pictures, books, instruments, and the like, of the nineteenth century. Each vault might be opened officially by some public authority and with legislative sanction only, on the last year of each century. As the collection would be in duplicate, each vault containing practically the same objects, there would be no inducement to anticipate the ages by opening any vault before the appointed time. Each century, having opened its own vault, might make its own deposit, seal it up, and finally close the general entrance in the same way, or as its own improved scientific knowledge might suggest. The tenth vault might hold a special and fuller collection, as being the more distant and liable to decay.

IV. As to the mode of preservation the present writer would rather make no suggestions. It is a problem for engineers, physicists, mechanicians, opticians, photographers, architects, and specialists of various kinds. It might call out a body of ingenious suggestions ; and the problem appeals to great numbers of experts. How can we preserve untouched for a thousand years books, pictures, records, portraits, models, instruments, coins, medals, specimens, and products of various kinds ? We may assume that, as an outside casing, some form of cement, to some thickness yet to be determined, would be an almost absolute protection from fire, water, plunder, and even a restoration committee. Inscriptions cut upon lava and cased with glass might be trusted to see out the life of the planet. Let experts tell us how to protect books. A few precious poems or the like might be printed on vellum or composition, and secured in hermetically-sealed glass cases. Photographs on stone, similarly protected and with all light excluded, might remain for centuries. A few choice paintings, if needful on panel, or on porcelain or ivory, might be sealed up in air-tight boxes. If experts could suggest a mode of protecting photographs from decay, or of transferring a photographic picture to some indestructible substance, it is clear that we might preserve for the twenty-ninth century photographic portraits of our great men, views of our public buildings, of our daily life, of many a historic incident. What would Lord Rosebery or the Duke of Westminster bid at Christie's for a

permanent photograph on porcelain of Augustus at supper with Virgil, Horace, and Ovid round him, or of Alfred sitting in council at Winchester, or of Edward the First in his first Parliament, or the signing of Magna Charta, or the battle of Agincourt, or even Elizabeth listening to a play of Shakespeare! And why should not the phonograph be tried also? The Laureate would recite the *Princess*, and his chosen bits from *In Memoriam*, into a phonographic box, which it would be the business of Mr. Edison to protect for a thousand years. A copy of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* would give the twenty-ninth century an adequate idea of our present knowledge and opinions. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery and Professor Huxley, might live again by photograph, phonograph, and preserved speeches and writings. A copy of *Hansard*, of the *Times*, of the *Graphic*, of *Bradshaw*, of Whitaker's *Almanack*, of the *Nineteenth Century*, a set of Ordnance maps, the British Museum *Catalogue*, the catalogues of the Art galleries, would teach the twenty-ninth century more about the nineteenth than a thousand scholars have been able to teach us about the ninth. If one had but a Whitaker's *Almanack* for the year 1 A.D., or for the year 1,000, or 1,300, or even 1,600! Models of a locomotive, of an ironclad first-rate, of the Forth Bridge, of the House of Commons, might be thrown in, along with a dressed model representing Mr. Irving in Hamlet, and a fine lady dressed for a drawing-room. There is no limit to the exact and interesting information which we might store up for the use of our posterity, if science will only show us how to preserve photographic pictures indefinitely, and how to protect from decay, books, drawings, paintings, instruments, and specimens.

A wide field would be open to our physicists and inventors to discover processes by which things in daily use could be protected against decay and the action of the elements. Whether any metal, or some form of porcelain, or a composition be the better material, we need not decide. It might be worth while to place specimens of various materials together, so as to give posterity the means of judging which material, under exactly the same conditions, ultimately proves the most durable. But, having found a suitable

material, or a suitable casing, the most delicate and fragile of our ordinary surroundings might be preserved for our most distant descendants. Portraits by hand and by photographic process of our foremost statesmen, poets, thinkers, and men of mark, copies of our most important books, catalogues, plans, maps, views, dictionaries, and the like, would be of surpassing interest a thousand years hence. If the phonograph could be protected from decay, the twenty-ninth century might listen to a speech by Mr. Gladstone, a poem by the Laureate, a song by Madame Patti, and a sonata by M. Joachim. Sets of the Ordnance maps, plans, geographical atlases, post-office directories, catalogues of public libraries, and dictionaries of various kinds would be useful to distant ages. Let us reflect on the unique value to the historian of the rare official documents which have survived—the Domesday Survey, the Great Charter, the English Chronicle, meagre and accidental as these notices too often are. Of what extreme value to the historian of the twenty-ninth century would be the possession of a complete official record of England in the nineteenth century!

There are a few things to which attention might be specially directed, as being such as are liable to disappear altogether, or such as are certain to undergo continual change. Such are plans of great cities and great public buildings, maps of the country, marine and geological charts, pictures and descriptions of the actual fauna and flora. Special care might be given to preserve for distant ages some exact record of the animals and plants which there is too much reason to fear will have disappeared from the planet long before many centuries have passed. It is a melancholy reflection that our descendants will never see a most beautiful, useful, and unique substance—which we so carelessly abuse and waste—ivory. The elephant, the last of the great mammoth tribe, which savage fools kill for "sport," and foolish savages kill for gain, can hardly last another century on this planet. In the twenty-ninth century the elephant will be a memory far more distant than the mammoth. And with the elephant will disappear no doubt the seal, the whale, and all the marine mammals, whose habits and forms expose them

to the reckless cupidity of man. By the twenty-ninth century we may fear that all the larger wild mammals will have disappeared—certainly the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, with all rare African beasts; no doubt also, the lion, the tiger, the bear, the buffalo, and their congeners.

Of course the wolf, the fox, the chamois, the antelope, the wild boar, the kangaroo, and the like, are doomed to early extinction before the march of civilization and the vile thirst for "sport." We ought not to leave to our descendants the task of piecing together their scattered bones, as we have had to do for the Megatherium and the Dinornis. Of all the fauna which we may reasonably expect to be "extinct" a thousand years hence, we ought to leave our posterity an exact and full record.

In the same way, we ought to leave them a record of the actual state of this planet and our island. When we reflect on the enormous value to us of the travels of Herodotus, of the paintings on Egyptian monuments, of the engraved plan of the Forum, of the Bayeux tapestry, of the Hereford *Mappa Mundi*, and of a few rude sketches in illuminated manuscripts, we may estimate what it would be to our descendants to have full, accurate, and contemporary maps and plans of England as it stands to-day. London in the twenty-ninth century may be as desolate as *Birs Nimroud* or Egyptian Thebes. What a boon will it be to the New Zealand globe-trotter of 2890, as he sits on the last broken arch of London Bridge to which his electric balloon is moored, and takes his luncheon of ambrosia and manna, to have by his side, as he tries to trace the mound which covers St. Paul's and the Abbey, an electro photographic reprint of the Ordnance plan of 1890! And if to this plan of the ancient city he could add authentic views of London, as it appeared in the dim light of hoar antiquity, how well-informed, to the ninth power of a German professor, would be our young friend from the Antipodes! A use might even be thus found for the admirable studies of Cockneyism at home on which Mr. Frith and Mr. Logsdail have bestowed such unrewarded labor.

It may be said that these things will take care of themselves, and that all which is useful will survive. A few great books

no doubt will survive a thousand years and more. But there will be infinite interest a thousand years hence in the ordinary books of information which are very likely to perish. Our curious young New Zealander of 2890 would no doubt much prefer a Whitaker's *Almanack* or a Bradshaw's *Railway Guide* of 1890 to all the works of Mr. Froude or Robert Browning. Which would we rather have to-day—the epics of Lucius Varius, or a complete gazetteer, or post-office directory, of Rome under Augustus? These things should not be left to chance.

V. And now comes the question:—How is this to be paid for, and how is it to be done? A question not so difficult as it seems. In a normal state of society, one would say that it was the business of the State or the Church. But there is no State and no Church nowadays; these are obsolete legal formulas. If Mr. Balfour proposed it, Mr. Healy would foam at him with indignant patriotism. And if Mr. Gladstone proposed it, Mr. Balfour or Lord Randolph would mock at him, as the children mocked at Elisha the Prophet, saying, "Go up, thou bald head!" And if the Archbishop of Canterbury proposed it, the Dissenters would rise up as one man. And if Mr. Spurgeon suggested it, Churchmen would see in it a fresh attack on their beloved Establishment. So State and Church are alike out of the question: both are reduced to a condition of dead-lock.

It must be done by voluntary effort and by free gift, if at all. Perhaps, if Mr. Goschen saw that the Treasury were not asked for a penny, he would consent to giving the movement some simple legislative authority, or the sanction of a Royal Commission. The outlay in money would be very moderate, for neither costly building nor valuable site is needed. All that is absolutely wanted is a small catacomb somewhere in a remote waste, such as Salisbury Plain, not more expensive to make than a few vaults in a cemetery. The objects stored would not be intrinsically of much market value; or, if they were, they might be looked for as free gifts. The difficulty of the committee of selection would be to refuse, to reject, to exclude. Artists, authors, inventors, and producers of all kinds would be only too eager to deposit works which would be destined to so distant and certain an im-

mortality. A Greek or Roman temple was cram full of votive offerings of great beauty, inscribed with the names of donor and artist, which century after century remained to delight and instruct posterity. We gaze to-day with profound pathos on the simple words—ΚΑΑΑΙΑΣ ΑΝΕΘΗΚΕΝ ΠΥΡΡΟΣ ΕΠΟΙΗΕΝ — *Callias dedicated this: Pyrrhus made it.* What, if the temple of Delphi, or the *Cella* of the Parthenon, or the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, had been, with all their contents, sunk in the earth and hermetically sealed until our day! With what wonder and joy should we proceed to open and survey the sacred treasure-chamber! And what artist or patron of art would not long to inscribe his name on the offerings which would one day be the object of such interest!

If Sir Frederick Leighton would dedicate thus his *Psyche*, Sir J. Millais his *Chill October*, Mr. Watts his *Portrait of Mr. Gladstone*, the Laureate present his *Poems* printed on vellum, Mr. Ruskin offer the manuscript original of the *Modern Painters* with his own sketches for his published works, if Mr. Gladstone would give his correspondence, if Lord Rothschild would offer a collection of historical curios, and some other collectors would supply cases of autograph writings and letters, a series of contemporary portraits and the like, posterity would have an archaeological "find" such as never before occurred in history. Permission to inscribe the name of author or donor would be enough to cause the committee of selection to be inundated with offers and overwhelmed with gifts.

For this reason it would be necessary to clothe the committee of selection with a national character and some legislative sanction. A Royal Commission of men representing Art, Science, Literature, Industry, and Statistics, could easily manage an undertaking far simpler than a Great Exhibition. Let us have a rest from Great Exhibitions for a year or two: and try to organize a posthumous Exhibition for the benefit of posterity. As to funds, since we cannot effect a *post obit* for the amount, or draw a check on the twenty-ninth century, a simple contrivance will suffice. It will be reasonable that the portal of the National Safe should contain a statement of its origin and purpose: and such statement would naturally include

the names of those who assist it. A statement with a list of all who share in the work might fairly be inscribed both within and without the chamber.

VI. All that is needed further by way of legislative sanction would be a short Act, which perhaps would not be blocked either by Dr. Tanner or Sir George Campbell, to the effect that the National Safe was to be held as incorporated with the British Museum, held in trust for the nation by the trustees of the Museum, and protected from wanton injury by the law for the time being applying to the protection of works of art and interest in the national collections. From its own enormous strength, the National Safe would not be liable to accidental or mischievous destruction. And as it would contain nothing of market value, it would never be exposed to plunder, even during war or insurrection. Access to it in any case would be physically difficult: a matter of prolonged engineering labor. But to prevent the premature examination of its contents, out of mere curiosity and impatience, the Act should provide that it could only be opened by formal national authority, and by Act of Parliament *ad hoc*, or such supreme legislative Act as may hereafter replace our Acts of Parliament of to-day.

If, with means so simple, and without any call on the public purse, so useful an end can be obtained, there seems to be no reasonable objection to making the attempt. Its enormous value and interest to our distant descendants is obvious. That posterity has done nothing for us is a claptrap objection which we need not stop to notice. Nothing could be more useful than to think about posterity's interests more seriously than we do, to leave fewer things to chance, and to husband and store the perishable things of this earth. The lesson of history is continually reminding us of the cruel and wanton destruction wrought by generation after generation, each in brutal indifference to its successor. Forests, plantations, animal races, mines, and a thousand useful things are being consumed or driven from the face of the earth. A few centuries more and the human race will have exhausted gold, silver, coal, ivory, fur, whalebone, and perhaps oak and mahogany. Substitutes of course will be found; but catskins are not so nice as sable, aluminium is not so beautiful as gold, and

a vegetable compound is a poor makeshift for ivory. It is fearful to think of all the waste and destruction that each age has wrought on the products of the last. The ruin of the Acropolis and the Forum in sheer wantonness; the burning of the Alexandrian Museum; the loss of priceless works of human genius; the statues of Praxiteles and Scopas burnt to make mortar; Greek dramas and Roman institutes erased to write over them patristic homilies; temples destroyed by Vandals, by Catholics, by Saracens, or Norman adventurers; mediæval cathedrals gutted by Anabaptists, Independents, and Protestant zealots generally. And what Protestant bigotry has spared, in our own day is "restored" away by Puginesque committees and Lord Grimthorpe's learning. *Quod non fecerunt Barbari, fecere Barberini.* Let us turn over a new leaf, and lay by out of our abundance a trifle for the use of posterity.

A friend tells me that all this is but a fresh example of the self-consciousness of the nineteenth century. I would rather

say of its "historical-mindedness," as the jargon has it. It is the duty of an age to be self-conscious, and to reflect how its acts and its thoughts will appear in the eyes of a distant posterity. It is mere affectation to deny that our doings and our lives will be as interesting to the men of the twenty-ninth century as the doings and the lives of the ninth century are to us. It may well be that our descendants may smile at the simplicity, the ignorance, and the faults of their ancestors, and may hold very cheaply indeed much that we pride our age on to-day. It will be a useful lesson to them to know what it was that we thought most precious or most worthy to preserve. And for us it cannot but be good to ask ourselves what, after all, of our present age will be thought a thousand years hence to have been worth preserving, what of all our eager struggling and our feverish industry will, after the lapse of ten centuries, be still judged to have added something to the progress of mankind. — *Nineteenth Century.*

THE ARGENTINE FILIBUSTERERS.

BY W. R. LAWSON.

THE Argentine Republic is a peculiarly constituted country. It has also come through a good deal of rough experience in the eighty years in which it has claimed to be a nation. A nation in reality it has never yet become. The fourteen provinces which form the Argentine Confederation have never been so thoroughly welded together as to possess a national sentiment dominating, and at the same time soothing provincial jealousies. In the rare intervals of peace and harmony they have enjoyed since they started on an independent career in 1810, provincialism has always been more or less rampant. The feud between Buenos Ayres and the inland provinces has hardly had time to cool after one civil war, before another plunged them afresh in gall and bitterness. Not till the last thirty years did the country have any real rest from guerilla fighting. The Gauchos were a continual scourge to it, and Gaucho generals were its rulers and barriers combined. There were always a few too many of

them. Rosas might have been an endurable tyrant, if Lavalle, Estrada, and Urquiza had given him an occasional breathing spell. As it was, he had seldom a moment's peace. When a rising had been crushed at Cordoba, a pronunciamiento was reported in Corrientes, and ere Corrientes had been pacified, somebody else had broken loose at Tucuman. A Buenos Ayres Governor of those days was an Ishmaelite, indeed, and if his hand was not literally against every man, there were hands in abundance against him.

It was fondly hoped that the Gaucho era of Argentine politics had closed forever in 1861, on the battle-field of Pavon. Then the politicians and the financiers all broke out into hymns of peace. There was to be no more fighting in this South American Eden. Pronunciamientos and all other forms of evil shape were to go out of fashion. Moral force was to rule, and fighting was to be a thing of the past. The Buenos Ayres revolt of 1880 somewhat disturbed that halcyon theory, but it

quickly revived again, and once more the Argentines and their friends agreed that civil strife had become an anachronism. But again rude facts have upset golden dreams. Buenos Ayres, the rich, the brilliant, and the wealthy capital of the River Plate, has indulged in another sharp frenzy of insurrection. Its citizens, goaded by misrule and spoliation, have tried with but partial success to throw off the yoke of a filibustering gang imposed on them by the provinces. The streets have flowed with blood, and public buildings have been cannonaded by national ironclads. A President more detested than Rosas ever was, has been hunted out of the city to steal back again under the protection of provincial bayonets. At one time it seemed as if Buenos Ayres had been beaten by the Provincials as completely as she was ten years ago, and by the same men too. General Roca, who forced her back into the Confederation in 1880, organized also the victory, such as it is, of 1890. It was evidently through his influence that the insurgents laid down their arms, and sacrificed their cause within an hour or two after its apparent triumph. The revolt has great political, and still greater financial significance. It casts a cloud on the future of the Argentine Republic, which no ordinary ray of sunshine will be able to break through. There may be a silver lining to it somewhere, in fact, sanguine eyes already begin to see a little bit of silver; but shadows like these are not to be dispelled in a day or a week.

The political mischief might not be serious if it were not of such old standing. In itself, the feud between Buenos Ayres and the inland provinces is not vital. It turns on no great and uncompromisable question of principle such as separated the Northern and Southern States before their life and death struggle for mastery. It is a thing of sentiment and political prestige quite as much as of real interest. The Buenos Ayreans suffer in their *amour propre* rather than in their pockets or their persons, but all the same, it is hard on them to have to endure a half alien régime, which they know they could soon throw off if they had a fair chance. Were the constitution of the Republic honestly enforced for only a year or two, the supremacy of the Cordovese gang would be at an end. A clean

ballot-box and a fair quota of representatives in Congress would secure for Buenos Ayres all she wants without the firing of another shot. Her complaint is that for the past ten years she has been filibustered by Cordoba, Santa Fé, and Tucuman, out of her proper place in the Confederation. Her voice was stifled, her industry was crushed by taxes in the levying of which she had only a secondary voice, and her good name was dragged in the dirt by a corrupt administration over which she had little or no control. This argument she is able to drive home to foreign bondholders, and other sympathetic observers by pointing out that after she lost her due share of weight in the Republic, the national finances drifted into utter confusion, the currency lost seventy per cent. of its normal value in gold, and jobbing honey-combed the public service from the ex-President himself to the meanest of his menials. Buenos Ayres when supreme may have had her faults, but the many and varied sins of the Cordoba Gang make them look like virtues in comparison.

Having stated the fundamental issue of the case—the chief province of the Confederation against the secondary provinces—let us indicate rapidly how it arose out of the past history of the country. From the birth of their independence the Argentines have erred in aiming too high and hampering themselves with too large a programme. "The United States of South America" was the first title they adopted, and it revealed even at that early day a wide range of unfulfilled aspiration. They were, at the first suitable opportunity, to absorb Uruguay and Paraguay into the Confederation. Twice they went to war with Brazil to prevent her forestalling them in Uruguay, and it was the second of these wars which finally broke the power of the dictator Rosas. Bolivia and Patagonia were reserved for later consumption, and the possibility was not overlooked that Brazil might not always be able to keep a firm hand on Matto Grosso, and her other back provinces, which, in point of time, are twice as far from Rio de Janeiro as from Buenos Ayres. "The United States of South America" would have been a grand country if the Argentine ideal of eighty years ago had not encountered quite so many unexpected difficulties at the outset. When the Confederation got into its teens

it drew in its horns a little, and submitted to the limited and reduced title of "United States of the River Plate." So it was styled for the first time in the Treaty of Commerce with Great Britain, negotiated by Sir Woodbine Parish, in 1825.

But this smaller programme was still beyond Argentine strength, and terrible waste of blood and treasure has been made in unsuccessful attempts to carry it out. It was one of the grand ideas which have been the bane of Argentine politics, and the main source of its troubles. The people took to making history when their proper business was to grow wool and raise wheat. In 1823, when they had just effected their first loan in England for the purpose, as they doubtless honestly meant at the time, of promoting public works and immigration, they went to war with Brazil over the Banda Oriental, and the money which was to have built a great harbor at Ensenada, got wasted in powder and shot at Montevideo. After beating the Brazilians the Confederation had not strength enough left to hold itself together. It broke up into five provinces, each of which was captured by a dictator of its own. General Dorrego got Buenos Ayres, Lopez took Santa Fé, Ibarra hoisted his banner in Santiago, Bustos, with the help of the priests, snatched Cordoba, and Quiroja, afterward a zealous lieutenant of Rosas, had to be content with Rioja, though he aimed at higher things. In this division of governorships one important guerilla chief had been overlooked, and he resented the slight. General Lavalle, on returning with his victorious Gauchos from Brazil, wanted in city phrase "to know where he came in." Nothing having been reserved for him, he proceeded to help himself after the custom of the country and the age. He pounced on Dorrego, the Governor of Buenos Ayres, at Navarro, and shot him.

But when Lavalle fancied that he had thus secured the reversion to the chief province, he found that he had another rival, and a tougher one, to deal with. There came down on him from Guardia Monte a commander of Rural Militia, Rosas by name. Being one of the principal *estancieros*, or Shepherd Kings, in his own district, he was well provided with the sinews of war. At the first onset Lavalle was defeated, and though

the battle of Puente Marquez was not in itself a very important affair, it gave an evil turn to the development of Argentina. The Republic fell a prey to guerilla politics of the most rancorous and quarrelsome sort. Every province, and even every town, was divided into factions. Most of them simply took the name of their local chief, but more general catchwords were also in use. The Reds, or Progressistas, were fond of posing as *Unitarios*, while they dubbed their opponents *Federals*. Buenos Ayres was federal, because it wished to keep a free hand in regard to its unruly neighbors. The typical *Unitario* of those days was General Paz, a Cordovan. He objected to Bustos, the Ultramontane Governor of his native State, and turned him out, whereupon Quiroja, who was in league with Rosas, swept down on him from Rioja. They had two short campaigns, the first in 1829, when Quiroja was sent home with a flea in his ear, and the second in 1830, when the champion of Rioja was again unfortunate. The victories of Tablada and Oncativo made Paz a hero in the Andine region. His next move would in all likelihood have been on Buenos Ayres, had not the always inopportune Rosas forestalled him, as he had done Lavalle the year before. In 1829 Rosas got himself elected to the Governorship of Buenos Ayres, and his first enterprise was to settle accounts with Paz. His ally Quiroja up in the northwest was put in a position to attack Paz vigorously. The fighting began at Rio Cuarto, spread to Mendoza, and then to Tucuman. Paz had the worst of it every time, and not for several years was he able to show fight again.

Meanwhile Rosas, in 1833, started on his celebrated expedition against the Indians in the south of Buenos Ayres. He drove them south across the Rio Negro, and thus far threw the pampas open for settlement. The prestige of his Indian campaign enabled him two years later (1835) to proclaim himself Dictator, a precedent which was partly followed forty years later by General Roca, when he made an Indian campaign a stepping-stone to the Presidency. But rivals were still superabundant, and every now and then Rosas had to be fighting for his own hand somewhere or other. In 1839 he was compelled to march against General

Estrada in Corrientes, and what might have been a dangerous rising was nipped in the bud at Pajo Larga. In 1841 Lavalle popped up again, this time in the northwest. Being captured as well as defeated, Rosas had him shot in cold blood.

In 1845 another stormy spirit of revolt reappeared. The *Unitarios* had transferred their headquarters across the river to Montevideo, where General Paz, their leader, was now hatching desperate designs against Rosas. The Dictator laid siege to the Uruguayan capital, a task he was destined never to finish, though he worked hard at it for about eight years. All the while, anarchy reigned in the provinces, save in Entre Ríos, which had fallen into the hands of a local tyrant, Urquiza, who seems to have been above the average of guerilla chiefs. He entered into an alliance with Brazil, offensive and defensive, against Rosas. They carried the war into the enemy's country, and had advanced within striking distance of Buenos Ayres before Rosas could raise the siege of Montevideo, and recall his army to defend his own capital. One sharp engagement decided the war. At Caseros, in the neighborhood of Buenos Ayres, Rosas was completely routed.

Here Rosas vanishes from Argentine history to make room for his victor, Urquiza, the champion of Entre Ríos. This broke up for a time the Confederation. The up-river provinces formed a new Confederation for themselves with a separate capital at Paraná. For the next nine years there were two Brentfords with a king, or at least a Congress, in each. It was only a question of time when they should again come to loggerheads. Buenos Ayres, thinking she had secured a match for Urquiza in her Minister of War, General Mitré, challenged the inevitable combat in 1859 and was worsted by Urquiza at Cepeda. Buenos Ayres was forced back into the Confederation and had to sit behind Entre Ríos, but only for a short time. Mitré made another attempt in 1861 and with better success. The veteran Urquiza was routed at Pavón, and the centre of gravity moved down the river again to Buenos Ayres. The Confederation was restored under its proper head, and in 1862 Mitré was elected President. From Pavón dates the existence of Argentina as a nation. It had till then been a group of provinces living in

hot water with each other. Mitré consolidated them and created among them a balance of power which rendered it possible for a Federal Government to maintain itself apart from and independent of the provinces.

Had the balance of power been allowed to remain undisturbed, the era of a civil war would have been over on the River Plate, as the politicians and financiers once more proclaimed it to be. But the provincial spirit was still far from being dead, and there was as little love as ever lost between Córdoba and Buenos Ayres. Any bold soldier who could play his cards well might revive the moribund *Unitarios* and find a pliant tool in them. Such a soldier was Julio Roca, now Minister of the Interior, a man trained in frontier war as Rosas had been, and as well suited to his time as Rosas was. Roca is a born ruler, firm, resolute, and ambitious. He is also a statesman in his way, though of a not very noble school, his model being Macchiavelli. From his boyhood he has sat at the feet of the master of Italian statecraft, and in actual life has found or made some fine opportunities of turning his maxims to account. Having married into a distinguished Cordovese family—that of Dean Funes—he became Cordovese in politics and in policy. Then he took another leaf out of the book of Rosas in suggesting and carrying out very successfully an expedition against the Indians. He cleared them out of the southern parts, both of Buenos Ayres and Córdoba, and so strengthened the frontier against them that they have never since been able to give serious trouble to settlers. When the old, old quarrel broke out again between Buenos Ayres and the inland provinces, Roca, like another General Monk, could turn either scale by throwing his sword into it. He preferred the *Unitarios*, as the Provincials still called themselves, though rather to disguise than to indicate their object. Afterward they adopted the even more self-satirical title of "Nationals."

In 1880 Buenos Ayres, having been seized with one of its periodical fits of restiveness, the Provincials from Córdoba and Tucumán swooped down on it as they were about to do again the other day, if Buenos Ayres had not at the psychological moment run short of cartridges. Roca, in his pet character of General Monk,

marched into the city and speedily quieted it. Then he had himself elected President, and in the following year (1881) Buenos Ayres was reduced to the rank of an ordinary province by having its capital taken from it, and appropriated by the nation. That was a thoroughly Macchiavellian stroke, in which the calculating genius of Roca is to be clearly seen. By forcing the Buenos Ayreans to form a new capital for the province, he removed the most active of their leaders from the city, and secured free scope there for himself. Such of them as did not or could not migrate to La Plata were gradually driven out of politics. Morally, Buenos Ayres became a conquered city. It had been filibustered by the Cordoba and Tucuman carpet-baggers, who introduced into it quite a new kind of politics and finance.

Cordovese carpet-baggers, now known as "Celmanites," are a race by themselves, who have improved on the worst examples offered them either in Australia or the United States. They not only endorse the Tammany Hall maxim that to the victors belong the spoils, but they go a long step further, and hold that the victors should take as much spoil as they can lay their hands on. It is acknowledged all over the world that a man should live by his trade, and their trade is politics. They make no secret of it, and have not a vestige of false shame about it. Politics to them means office, salaries, opportunities. They devote their lives to the public service, and the public should show proper gratitude to them. If it curries favor with them by making them presents—good; if it wants some special favor, and is willing to pay an adequate price—good again; if it can be drawn into a grand speculation in which the big prizes drop into official pockets, and most of the blanks into other pockets, what harm? If it be willing to have its credit exploited by raising loans, granting concessions, setting up free banks, and revelling all round in borrowed money, why should the poor politician not embrace the chance to fill his pockets? Such are the political ethics of Cordoba, as they were speedily practised on Buenos Ayres after its capture by the Cordovese carpet-baggers.

And now who are the carpet-baggers? It would be unfair to Roca to call him

one, though he opened the door for them and carefully refrained from turning them out until the other day, when new arrangements could be made to suit himself. He has not only shown great forbearance to them, but he stands in close personal relations to some of them. Juarez Celman, the arch jobber and concession-monger, is his brother-in-law. It was Roca who at the close of his presidential term in 1886 brought down Celman from Cordoba, and put him in as a presidential warming pan. The idea was that the warming pan having filled itself with doubloons should return to Cordoba, and leave the stage open again for General Monk, but that part of the confidential programme went awry. Celman got so intoxicated with the delights of rolling in money that he became deaf to the prudent counsels of his brother-in-law. Once firmly seated on the beggar's horse, he rode ahead to—the usual destination. It was a lively change for him from a law clerk's desk in Cordoba to the Plaza Victoria, and he enjoyed it. His early career was so very obscure that even his townsmen give different accounts of it. According to some he began life as a boy in the Municipal Office, but I learn from a local history of the province that he owed his start to a lawyer, Señor Del Viso, who employed him first as clerk and then as secretary. Del Viso having been elected Governor, both of them abandoned law for politics, and Celman became his friend's Prime Minister.

The local chronicler already referred to says proudly of this administration that "it was composed for the most part of young men and Progressistas, with ideas new and advanced, and keen initiators of liberal reform." One of their reforms was civil marriage, which they carried in the teeth of the strongest and most bigoted priesthood in the River Plate. So astutely did Celman work his premiership that he became the next Governor of Cordoba, and brought a crowd of his friends into the inner circle. His half-brother, Marcos Juarez, he made *Jefe Política*, or Prefect of Police, a usual stepping-stone to the Governorship, which Don Marcos enjoyed till the other day to the great amusement of his fellow-citizens. A smart young brother-in-law became Intendente, or Mayor of the city, and he is booked for the next Governor—so nicely do the

carpet-baggers arrange all those family affairs in advance. Another henchman, Dr. Carcano, has since become notorious in Buenos Ayres as his Black Pope, or go-between. The delicate duty of a Black Pope is to conduct certain private and personal negotiations which frequently run parallel with the official ones. In the too frank phraseology of Washington lobbyists he "fixes up the steal," says how much is wanted for A., how much for B., how much for C., and so on down to Z., assuming he stops there, which is by no means certain.

Evidently Roca had not a high opinion of his relative's intellect, or he would not have chosen him for a warming pan, but in that he was not singular. Englishmen who knew Celman in Cordoba describe him as a creature without brains, but of unlimited self-assurance, and a low kind of cleverness. He had played his cards well as a politician, and every step he rose was well secured by the new allies he was always gathering round him. He filled every official vacancy with relatives or friends who became his touts and electioneers. Carcano, his Black Pope, he made Postmaster-General at Buenos Ayres, and editor of the new presidential organ, *La Argentina*. Every man in the ring has gorged himself with presents, pickings, commissions, and plunder under all kinds of names. The site of Celman's private house in Buenos Ayres is well known to have been given to him as a mark of gratitude for favors to come. It is full of pictures and statuary, which he had not the trouble either of selecting or paying for. From his windows he could look north, east, west, and south on public works which in some shape had paid toll to him or other members of the gang. It was almost impossible to get an audience of him on business without being blackmailed from the street-door upward.

In the salad days of the Celman régime, when paper dollars were flying about in handfuls, an itching palm might have been painted over the door of every Ministry as an official symbol. An eminent contractor in Buenos Ayres said once: "When I want to see a Minister it costs me on an average six or seven hundred dollars. At the door I must slip two dollars into the porter's hands, or his Excellency is not likely to be in. Then I get to the secretary's clerk, and a fifty dollar

note must be dropped among his papers, or his Excellency is sure to be engaged three or four deep. That passes me on to the secretary, whose valuable time is worth a hundred dollars a minute. He thinks he is doing me a great favor when he lets me off for five hundred dollars. At last I get to the great man himself, and how he receives me depends entirely on the progress of affairs between his Black Pope and me. If the official percentages are being satisfactorily arranged he is chatty and pleasant as can be—promises anything I like to ask, and meaning all the time to do very little. But if the private negotiations are hanging fire, it has a visibly depressing influence on the official ones also."

There are still some Arcadian souls who will not believe that Argentine jobbing is so brazen-faced as it is called. Doubtless many untrue stories are told about it, and the modicum of truth in others may be much exaggerated. I would fain avoid giving countenance to mere gossip, and therefore limit my illustrations to what good authority can be given for. The Northern Central Railway job, for instance, was carried out with such unblushing coolness that nearly every step of it can be traced. A political railway had been built from Cordoba to Tucuman, a nigger railway, good only to quarter politicians on as managers, station-masters, and engine-drivers. The Argentine Government could not work it, could hardly keep the engines on the rails even, and it had to be sold. Tenders were invited by public advertisement, and a day and hour were appointed for opening them at the Ministry of Public Works in presence of the tenderers. Three tenderers were represented on the occasion, and three tenders were duly opened. A. offered fifteen million one hundred thousand dollars, B. fifteen million dollars, and C. fourteen million nine hundred dollars. The Minister of Public Works declared A. to be the purchaser, and the preparation of the contracts was at once begun. President Celman was at this time out of Buenos Ayres—in Cordoba, I believe—and a fortnight afterward a telegram was received by the successful tenderer stating that by mistake one of the tenders had been overlooked. The original tenderers were invited to meet again at the Ministry of Public Works and see it opened. They

did so, when the Minister entered into a rambling explanation about a tender having been sent by mistake to his private house and lost itself somehow in his letter-box. It had now been recovered, and on being opened it turned out to be a second tender from C. for fifteen million two hundred thousand dollars, which was duly accepted, and A. calmly put on one side, though the contracts with him had actually been drafted!

The letter box story was a very transparent mask for something peculiar that had taken place in the interval between the first and second meetings at the Ministry of Public Works, but where this carpet-bagging came in was not at first quite clear. There could be very little steal in a simple act of sale and purchase. It had, however, a sequel in which the cloven hoof betrayed itself. The purchaser on taking possession found the railway in a sorry state. There was hardly a rail on it fit for anything else than corkscrews, and the sleepers would have made poor fire-wood. The road had in short to be rebuilt, and the Government guaranteed interest on several millions of dollars for that purpose. There is nothing that the carpet-bagger and filibusterer likes so well as to have his finger in a little loan. Anything may be put down under the elastic head of "commission or floating expenses." How this particular loan was officially greased is no doubt recorded in the archives of the Argentine secret service. What appears on the surface is that the Northern Central Railway, instead of realizing fifteen million one hundred thousand dollars for the Treasury, as it would have done under A.'s tender, produced, after allowing for the new capital, only twelve or thirteen million dollars.

Loan-mongering of various sorts was an important and lucrative branch of the filibustering business of Celman and Company. In loan contracts a very liberal margin is generally left for commissions and etceteras. Four per cent. on the "firm" price is not unusual, and if the contractor were reproached with extravagance he might shrug his shoulders and say significantly: "My dear fellow, you don't suppose that we get it all, do you?" Then the contractor has to get his profit, which, if he is abnormally merciful, may be another five per cent. In Argentine usury that is mild. I have copies of the

official contracts of one small loan where the difference between the contractor's price and the issue price was *fifteen per cent.* Of course, only "very eminent firms" get big whacks like these, and in the final adjustment of accounts Celman and Company would not be forgotten.

Juarez Celman, the lawyer's clerk of ten years ago and the reputed forty million dollar man of to-day, must have done some conjuring with his presidential salary of thirty-six thousand dollars a year if he had no subsidiary sources of income. His sudden wealth is of itself *prima facie* proof that he had. It is confirmed by the strange coincidence of all his political friends and confederates having also leaped from poverty to affluence in their first few years of office. His Black Pope Carcano, who, by the way, lost his Postmaster-Generalship in the recent lightening of the pirate ship, produced from his Cordovese carpet-bag one of the many princely mansions in the vicinity of Palermo where the late revolution broke out. Public opinion in Buenos Ayres may do them injustice, but it is firmly convinced that Celman and Carcano had a finger, and not a little one either, in all the loans brought out under their auspices, as well as in the important concessions which they induced a servile legislature to vote by the dozen. According to popular repute every man of the gang had his price, and "Carcano's tariff" became a byword among concession hunters. All kinds of favors, large or small, were thankfully received by them. They could open their mouths one day to the extent of a million or a million and a half dollars, and next day they would playfully swallow a two or three hundred dollar pill. In one notorious case, a million and a half dollars was publicly mentioned as the cost of "carrying through" a concession. Turkish officials, who have hitherto been the champion artists in backsheesh, leave off where Argentine blackmailers begin. The price of a drainage scheme at Buenos Ayres would buy a whole cabinet of pashas at Galata.

When Argentina is said to be a very rich country, I readily admit that it is—in concessions and other political spoil. Talk yourself hoarse about the fertility of the pampas, their bottomless beds of black loam and the splendid crops they can produce, but do not forget that the two best

paying trades in the country have for years past been politics and finance; exploiting the Treasury with one hand, and European capitalists with the other. The money which has been made and lost over there since President Celman came into office, in 1886, runs into millions sterling. A true inventory of it would be thrown aside as incredible, or more indulgent readers might refer to it with a sneer to Baron Munchausen. But without attempting an exact estimate, simply look at the scope which the filibusterers have had for their operations. When the Cordoba régime began with General Roca's presidency, in 1880, the public debt, internal and external, was under eighty-seven million dollars. When he handed over the reins to his brother-in-law Celman, in 1886, it had grown to fully a hundred and seventeen million dollars, and the Ministry of Finance was costing fourteen and three quarter million dollars a year. President Celman in his second message to Congress (May, 1888) stated the amount of the debt at forty-seven million dollars Internal, and ninety-two millions External—total a hundred and thirty-nine millions, or twenty-two millions increase in a couple of years. In his last message (May, 1890) he had to report a further increase to two hundred and eighty-one and a half million dollars—namely, a hundred and eighty-eight millions Internal, and ninety-three and a half millions External. The rapidity with which the carpet-baggers have run up the public debt is a disgrace they cannot get away from. It rests on no vague hearsay or mere suspicion, but is fixed on them by their official records, from which the following figures are taken:

ARGENTINE NATIONAL DEBT, 1890-90.

March 31.	INTERNAL.	EXTERNAL.	TOTAL.	PER CENT. INCREASE.
1880.....	\$	\$	\$...
1886.....			86,318,000	25
1888.....			117,000,000	35
1889.....	47,100,000	92,427,000	139,527,000	20
1890.....	187,946,000	93,688,000	281,634,000	120
Excess of 1890 over 1880			\$195,316,000	227

National debts have a habit of growing fast, but not many of them more than treble themselves in a decennium as that of the Argentine Republic has done under the Cordoba régime. The carpet-baggers, who till lately terrorized Buenos Ayres, not only spent lavishly as most young Governments do, but they discovered en-

tirely new and original methods of mortgaging the future. They went in for banking reform forsooth! One of the many political errors of the Argentine Republic has been an inveterate weakness for State banking. The first bank in Buenos Ayres—it was a modest and useful institution, started by English merchants to relieve them from exorbitant rates of discount—the politicians would have a hand in. They brought it of course to grief, and it was soon a mere distributor of Government greenbacks. After the fall of Rosas (1852), it was resuscitated as the Provincial Bank of Buenos Ayres, and up to the beginning of the Cordoba régime it got along very well, though still mainly in the greenback business. A second State bank, the National, was started in 1872, and after that came a flood of provincial banks, all run as a branch of provincial politics. They lent money to their friends with a light heart and on lighter security. But that did not do so much harm after all, seeing the borrowers took it in paper, and the only difficulty was to print the paper fast enough. Paper money is a strange and apparently incurable mania among Argentines, especially up the country. They are absolutely free from European prejudices in favor of metallic money. Gold they have come to regard as a thing of evil not to be touched or countenanced in any shape. When foreigners talk to them of their absurdly inflated paper values, they reply: "Oh, no, it is not the paper values that are too high; it is the gold. Gold premiums are outrageous evils and must collapse one day." They play off paper against gold—a very one-sided and foredoomed contest for any country to enter into, above all for a young country whose exports do not cover more than two-thirds of its imports, and less than half of its total foreign liabilities.

The carpet baggers are Argentine to the backbone in their hereditary partiality for paper money. "More paper" was ever their shibboleth until foreign capitalists at the eleventh hour put a veto on it. The so-called Argentine boom which preceded, and in fact produced the present collapse, was a thing of paper mainly. Substantial progress there was, doubtless, in various directions, but the higher flights of speculation were made on paper wings. The pinions of the Argentine Dædalus were

greenbacks, and they had an advantage over their classic originals, in so far as they could be indefinitely renewed and multiplied. This new Dædalus broke his fall by collecting a pile of paper wings underneath him. To our unsympathetic eyes "Nacionales" may be mere rag money, but he prefers them to either gold or silver. The whole problem of State banking in the Argentine is to get notes enough. Secure that, and everything else may be trusted to take care of itself. The Celmanites bravely did their share of note manufacturing. They have given to the four millions of Argentines nearly the same quantity of paper currency as the thirty-six million inhabitants of the United Kingdom require to have in circulation. The United Kingdom is satisfied with forty millions sterling. The Argentine Republic has, in its various issues legal and illegal, about two hundred million dollars, and still it cries for more. In the past three years its note circulation has nearly trebled, and yet grave responsible politicians, like the now President Pellegrini, affirm that it is still inadequate to the wants of the country. Of course, it will always be when the value of the paper dollar falls faster than the number of them is increased.

In 1886, when Celman took office, gold was nearly at par, which in popular language means that the paper money of the day was only at a slight discount measured in gold. The note circulation was then about eighty million dollars, and for two or three years of Roca's Administration (1880-86) it had been actually convertible—you could get gold for bank-notes in Buenos Ayres. Under these conditions the Argentine paper dollar was practically worth its face value—four shillings. But that was not good enough for Celman and Company. They had called into existence a ravenous brood of State banks. All the loafers, beef-eaters, and Orpheus C. Kerrs were in a hurry to borrow, but there was no money to lend them. The eighty million dollar notes in circulation only sufficed for legitimate trade, and more could not be printed under the existing law. Finance Minister Pachec solved the dilemma, with a little bit of sleight-of-hand, entirely to Argentine taste. He patched up a free banking law professedly on United States lines, but with much more of Cordoba than of

Washington in it. The supply of notes was to be doubled, not all at once, but by degrees, starting with an addition of forty million dollars to the existing eighty millions. The new note was to be called a "Nacional"—the only provision of the law which has been strictly carried out—and for guarantee it was to have a special issue of Government bonds, four and a half per cents. payable in gold.

The next question was how were the banks to pay for these bonds? Gold they had none, and the bonds being repayable in gold the Government could hardly give them away for nothing—except, perhaps, to its special pet, the National Bank. *Vales*, or *IOU's*, are infinitely useful in Argentine banking, but even the carpet-baggers could not stretch financial charity so far as to base a note issue on them. Gold had to be got somehow, and Europe was the only source of supply. Wheels had to be set moving within wheels in order to reach the pocket of the European capitalist. The Provincial Banks being already of dubious solvency could raise nothing on their own credit, and their god-parents, the Provincial Governments, had to help them. Most of the Provincial Governments being only second or third rate debtors, the National Government had to endorse for them. It was a mixed security to lend on, but the British investor will jump headforemost into any kind of wasps' nest prepared for him by a "highly respectable house."

Thus the National Government, the Provincial Governments, the Provincial Banks, and the Provincial politicians had the supreme felicity of getting heroically in debt all together. The Provincial Governments sold bonds of their own in London, and with the proceeds bought bonds of the National Government in Buenos Ayres against which they issued notes. It would have saved trouble and expense if the two sets of carpet-baggers had simply swapped bonds and the British investor would have been well out of it. These, moreover, were the easiest cases; more difficult ones had also to be dealt with in other ingenious ways. Banks which could not borrow for themselves, or find a friend to borrow for them, had to get credit from the Treasury. They arranged to pay for their Government bonds by seven annual instalments, and meanwhile they were allowed to go ahead

issuing notes against them as if they had been fully paid. The two principal State banks—the National and the Provincial of Buenos Ayres—had to be most leniently treated of all. The proportion of the new issue they were entitled to was far beyond what they could pay for, even on the instalment principle. But some smart fellows set to work to discover neglected claims they had on the Government. The Provincial Bank had suffered damage through the nationalization of Buenos Ayres—so many million dollars compensation for that. It had lost heavily on its exchange operations in trying to maintain the convertibility of the old currency in 1884 and 1885—a few more millions for that. Thus artificial credits were made for the Provincial Bank as a set off against a considerable portion of its new issue, and the rest it undertook to provide for on the seven years' system.

The National Bank being the National Bank, and the nation being its principal shareholder, it could not, of course, be treated as a common debtor. The Government bonds it required to enlarge its issue on were simply handed over to it; but with a proviso that they should not carry interest. A sarcastic commentary on this transaction is furnished by the difference of opinion which has since arisen as to whether it was intended for a gift or a loan. The author of the Free Banking Law says now he meant it only for a loan; but his successor, Señor Varela, wrote it off as a gift. Where a sum of many million dollars is involved, misunderstandings of that sort are unfortunate. Of the one hundred and eighty-eight million dollars of Internal Debt with which the Republic is now saddled, one hundred and sixty million dollars arose out of the Free Banking Law of November, 1887, which may be more correctly designated a Free Currency Law. Its motto is "bank-notes for everybody;" or, "how to trade without gold and pay your debts without coating you anything." In sober earnest that is what the Argentines are coming to if they keep on their present tack. Once before they ran their currency down to the burlesque depth of three-halfpence in the dollar, and it needed nearly nine hundred million dollars of paper to buy bread and jerked beef for two millions of people. Innocent strangers landing at Buenos Ayres in the

sixties, or even well into the seventies, were horrified at hotel bills, which charged them a hundred dollars per day for a room, and twenty or thirty dollars for every meal. If they went to the theatre they would have to fill all their pockets with notes to pay for a box, and even the pit came to twenty dollars plus twenty dollars entrance money. But those dollars had a bark much worse than their bite. They had come down in the world, till their sterling equivalent of four shillings could buy two dozen of them.

That is the sort of currency which Celman and Company were anxious to get back to. They had the note reduced more than once to fifteenpence sterling—all owing, they said, to the iniquitous gold premium, which was manipulated by foreign speculators in the Buenos Ayres Bolsa. But it might be that an increase in the note supply from eighty million dollars to over two hundred millions in less than three years had also some influence on their decline in value. It is this currency muddle which demands attention first, foremost, and all the way along, both from the Argentines themselves and from their creditors. Until it is realized in the full breadth of its wide reaching demoralization, there can be no permanent relief to the country. Other evils and difficulties lie on the surface; this one goes to the root of the whole commercial, financial, and political system. With money so bad and fraudulent as the Argentines revel in, no country can have profitable or useful intercourse with the rest of the world; it can have no standard of value fit to trust from day to day; its public revenue and expenditure must be always in disorder, and stable Government of the rudest kind becomes well-nigh impracticable. With the best intentions, and the most honorable sentiments, people cannot be sure of meeting their foreign engagements punctually with bank-notes which may every now and then drop to sixty or seventy per cent. discount.

So far as personal character and reputation go, the new President Pellegrini is the man for the emergency. He is highly cultivated without being a theorist or a doctrinaire. He is a good tactician without having ever soiled his fingers with jobbing or concession-mongering. For an Argentine politician, he has an exceptionally wide experience of the world. Lon-

don is as familiar to him as Buenos Ayres, and he is at home also in the City. There is English common sense about him, thanks no doubt to the strain of English blood in his veins. Tradition gives him credit for being nearly related to our own ideal tribune, John Bright, and, though the relationship may not be quite so close as is said, it must have had some wholesome influence on his moral constitution and his training. The one reproach ever heard against Pellegrini during the Celman scandals, was that he should have got into such a *galere*, and being in, should have remained. He certainly ran a risk of touching pitch and being defiled, but the event has proved him to be a far-seeing man. Knowing as he must have done what Celman was, and how the thieves' carnival must end, he waited apparently for his opportunity. Now he has got it and in a perfectly constitutional way. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the other party-leaders in Buenos Ayres, no one can deny that Pellegrini stood at his post all through the crisis. He gave his rivals a fair chance, and even his opponents he treated honorably. Now, in his turn he is entitled to a fair field, though there is more than one reason to doubt if he will get it. His partnership with Roca may not bode well. Of course it must be paid for either in meal or in malt. The Argentine Macchiavelli never gives himself away, or does anything for nothing. Pellegrini will have had to take him on his own terms, however stiff, and most likely it is the next reversion of the presidentship.

But, whether under Roca or Pellegrini, the Republic will be much safer than it was under Celman. An attempt at least will now be made to deal with the ruinous abuses which are festering in the body politic. It cannot be expected to have a sudden or rapid success. The evils that Argentina is suffering from have penetrated deep into the commerce, the finance, and the whole economy of the country. Take the currency question alone, and ask yourself what one man can be expected to do in a few weeks or months toward healing a sore which has been running for over sixty years! The patient has yet to be convinced that it is a sore and not a mere outbreak of over-exuberant health. At every new pinch there will be babbling lunatics in Congress and

in the local press clamoring for more rag-money. Before Mr. Pellegrini was sworn in the presidential chair, he heard the old, old cry raised—a new issue of a hundred millions. He will very probably have to yield to it, though his personal objection to such quack measures was voluntarily proclaimed and put on record only a few months ago. There can be no question just now, or for months hence, of a new foreign loan except it be to avert default on loans already out. Even the short-sighted optimism of Bishopsgate Street must by this time be nearly exhausted, and outside of the commission clique nobody in this country wants more Argentine securities. As a *pis aller* there may have to be more rag money to meet urgent necessities, but next dose should be the last.

If President Pellegrini is to live up to the expectations of his friends and the stern exigencies of the situation, he will at the earliest moment produce a statesmanlike scheme for giving the Republic a circulating medium which will be of some use in international exchange. The present one is fit only for Gauchos and political pickpockets. It has been created by loafers and jobbers to enable them to plunder the honest laborer. If it be continued, it will drive labor out of the country, and commerce after it. The close-fisted Italians and Basques who go out to the River Plate to work hard and take home all the money they can save in a few years, are not always going to let themselves be fooled as they have been lately with bank-notes which may be down twenty per cent. in value before they have had them half an hour in their pockets. When they used to put their savings in the banks that was worse. Every cent they could scrape together was lodged on deposit until the little pile grew big enough to be remitted home. On the day before the mail closed, men and women went in hundreds to the banks to get drafts on Italy or Spain. They knew from their receipts they had so many dollars to their credit, and they had it all reckoned out how many liras or pesetas of their own country they should get for it. But in the interval things may have happened which the poor souls had no suspicion of. Just the day before, the gold premium may have shot up thirty or forty points, sending their wretched paper dollars down

in the same proportion. When they made sure of getting a draft for a hundred lire, the teller might have to explain to them that the Italian equivalent of their dollars was now only eighty lire. They would first be dumbfounded, then indignant, then heartbroken. Often and often men, as well as women, would slink off into a corner of the bank office and have a good cry.

At last they became sullenly desperate, stopped putting their savings in bank, and stuffed the greasy notes in their belts. Millions of dollars of paper money are believed to have disappeared in that way, the hoarders still hoping against hope that it may come all right again. If nothing is done toward at least a partial atonement for the cruel robbery which has been perpetrated on these foreign laborers, no Argentine Government can ever hope to recover credit and confidence abroad. The Republic has in this matter violated the most elementary duty of a civilized State, and there can be little sympathy felt for its own troubles until it shows some disposition to repair the wrongs it has systematically inflicted on the innocent people who created for it the best part of its real wealth. In future, foreign labor and foreign trade should insist on the Argentines giving them honest money. If they will cheat with rag dollars, let them cheat each other. As a sequel to honest money, there will also have to be honest banking. Of that the Argentines have, as a rule, no more conception than a monkey has of the violin. They have played very extensively at free banking, with the result that most of their free banks are now a public nuisance. Some of them can no longer

disguise their insolvency, in fact they seem rather proud of it. Where not openly and confessedly insolvent, they are under grave suspicion. Even the condition of the National Bank is, according to Buenos Ayres telegrams, "a cause of anxiety." To-morrow we may hear the same thing of the Provincial Bank of Buenos Ayres, the oldest and once the most respected in the Republic. The minor provincial banks, which have been little else than bucket-shops, will have to be reformed out of existence. General Roca is understood to be of that opinion, and it is strongly held in Argentine circles in London. Action has, in fact, been already taken on it, for a Buenos Ayres telegram of August 20 states that the Governor of Cordoba (Marcos Juarez) has resigned, and the Provincial Bank of Cordoba has been closed. This may be the beginning of an honest attempt to rid the Republic of the bogus banking system. It was very much happier and better off when its business was done by a third of the number of banks it now has. A hundred million dollars of hard cash would be an infinitely safer currency for it than over two hundred million dollars of greenbacks; twelve strong well-managed banks would render it far better service in every way than sixty rotten ones. If the Argentines could screw themselves up to the self-denial of placing their banking system under the control of genuine instead of amateur bankers, then there would still be a hope for them; but without good money, good banks, and good finance generally, no other conceivable good thing that can happen will be of much benefit to them.—*Contemporary Review*.

A CENTURY OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

Two late events may be said to mark a new era in the history of female emancipation: in the United States, a territory in which woman suffrage is established has been admitted, with full State rights, into the Union; in London, after a very weak protest, two women have been allowed to sit in the County Council. These are facts, the significance of which those who disapprove of them most

heartily cannot deny. It is therefore especially appropriate that at this juncture a publisher should be found to announce a new edition of Mary Wollstonecraft's *Rights of Women* almost one hundred years after its first publication. Now that even the political future of her sex seems no mere Utopian dream, it is but just to remember the first woman who braved public opinion and lifted up her

voice to declare that woman had rights as well as man. Moreover, the book, though for long all but forgotten, is of the utmost interest, not only because it helps one to realize the social change a century has wrought, many of its most daring statements having become the common-places of to-day; but because of its relation to the intellectual movement of the age of which it was the product.

Mary Wollstonecraft's most famous work, owing to its style, has been a sealed volume to the present busy generation, which cannot spare time for the justest arguments when set forth with Johnsonian eloquence; its subject, from her own contemporaries who would have found no fault with her rhetoric, won for her such pleasant names as the "hyena in petticoats" and the "philosophizing serpent." But for all that, the book went quietly through two editions, it was translated into French and German, and its authoress became probably the most talked-about woman in London. The truth is that, startling as her doctrines seemed, the world intellectually was ready for them, as is shown by the fact that almost at the same time in France Condorcet and the Abbé Sièyes were officially making similar pleas for the abolition of female slavery; the position of woman was assuming popularity as a subject of discussion in the political clubs, while the heroines of the Café Foy, of the march upon Versailles, of the taking of the Bastille, were giving proof that women could to some purpose—evil as well as good—take active part in public affairs. Indeed, the *Rights of Women*, far from being mere "metaphysical jargon," as good Hannah More concluded from its "absurd" and "fantastic" title, was the work of one who had genius enough to foresee the real drift of the new philosophical and political creed, and courage enough to declare in unmistakable, if somewhat verbose, language, that truth about women which, once Rousseau's *Contrat Social* had revolutionized the standard of social relations, could not much longer remain concealed.

The doctrine of women's rights was but the legitimate conclusion of the reasoning legally authorized in England when Henry VIII., in pursuit of his own pleasure, abjured the authority of Rome. As soon as men had grasped the great truth of the Reformation, as soon as they had exercised

the right of private judgment, despite the endeavors of the reformers, immediately upon its concession, to deprive them of it, they began gradually, but surely, to loosen the chains which for hundreds of centuries had held them religious, political, and social captives. The Civil Wars and the Rebellion of 1688 were but natural consequences of Henry's revolt against Rome. The divine right of Kings was not slow to go the way of the infallible right of Popes, for temporal fetters are even easier to throw off than spiritual shackles. When Oliver Cromwell and William of Orange had demonstrated that sovereigns are dependent upon the people, philosophy was prepared to justify this dependency, and a Locke was ready to teach "the sacred rights of insurrection," and to insist upon the responsibility of all officials to the community. The new utilitarian doctrine that good and evil are nothing but pleasure and pain, or that which occasions pleasure and pain to us, was bound to give a new interpretation to the relations existing between the governed and the governors. Men began to claim the right of private judgment as citizens which they had already obtained as Christians. But, as Mr. Leslie Stephens has so ably pointed out, the prosperity of England during the first half of the eighteenth century produced such complete contentment that there was little cause to seek for a still fuller definition of these rights. Discontent is the true stimulus to all progress, and English wealth and comfort were stumbling-blocks to the English democratic and radical movement. However, a new impulse to social and political speculation came, strangely enough, from France, where the Pope had still complete power over the souls of the faithful, the King complete possession of their bodies. Men were supposed to believe only the truths preached by the Church, to obey only the commands issued by the sovereign. But the Reformation, though nominally a failure in France, had necessarily exerted a tremendous influence over French thought; and French philosophers, simply because of the spiritual and temporal tyranny which weighed on them in their own country, were bolder than their fellow-thinkers who dwelt in a freer land. To them, the English constitution seemed the very model of perfect government, and to it Montesquieu turned when he

sought his ideal of political liberty, when he endeavored to demonstrate that law-makers should remember the needs of the people as well as the pleasure of the King. In England, where the constitution of the country did not seem quite so perfect as in France, his work gave to current thought that democratic tendency which was to be confirmed by Rousseau's revolutionary theory that "man is born free;" and he is everywhere in chains. For to the new social philosopher it was not sufficient that the interests of the people should be occasionally remembered by Parliaments and statesmen; freedom would not truly have been secured until human liberty, human equality, was made the end of all government. Natural, and not simply religious and political, rights were what men should claim for themselves. Rousseau exhorted them to remember a fact that they had striven for long centuries to ignore: *i. e.*, that they were not solely subjects of their hereditary ruler, not solely citizens of the country in which they happened to be born, but primarily, and above all things, human beings.

It is true that his doctrine of the abstract rights of human beings was never very popular in England, but it had its followers—its Godwins and Paines—and, most certainly, its effect upon philosophical and political reasoning. Moreover, the new turn of affairs in the American colonies gave the democratic problem a more vital importance to all Englishmen. Theories of political liberty had been realized by the constitutions of many of the different colonies, notably that of Pennsylvania. But so long as all were nominally subject to England their freedom at home was cheerfully overlooked. But when they joined the open revolt, when they rebelled against the mother country, when they formed for themselves a new government based upon the purest democratic principles, their practical application of the doctrine of political liberty attracted the attention of all England—indeed, of all Europe. The result, then, of Rousseau's revolutionary social creed and of the American rebellion was that never, since the days of Oliver Cromwell, had Englishmen been so preoccupied with the problem of human freedom as in the second half of the eighteenth century; and it is to this second half that Mary

Wollstonecraft's life belongs. She was born in 1759.

But, while the Democrats of the seventeenth century were concerned altogether with the political answer to the question, the new champions of human liberty, who belonged to the school of Rousseau, were seeking to reduce it to its first principles, and to find its solution by determining what were man's rights as a human being. This gave it an entirely new aspect in more ways than one, but even Rousseau had failed to understand that his arguments, pushed to their logical conclusion, must revolutionize not only all human, but all sexual, relations. Though he went beyond the Anarchists in his hatred of the social slavery to which man had so long been reduced, he was content to maintain that woman was made for the pleasure of man. And yet, while there was nothing inconsistent in Montesquien's belief that woman is but a charming child, in Diderot's that she is but a courtesan, in Voltaire's that she is not worth theorizing about, Rousseau's feminine ideal was in direct contradiction to his conception of humanity. He could not have denied that women, too, are human beings; according to his own teachings, therefore, they must have certain human rights, whatever may be their sexual functions. He might remain, consciously or unconsciously, blind to this inevitable deduction from the premises of the *Contrat Social*, but it was impossible that the eyes of his followers should likewise continue forever closed. That the woman question had hitherto been reserved for discussion in Utopia is not to be wondered at, since in the actual state it had not yet been conceded that all men have social and political rights, while it had never occurred to legislators that woman was anything but a negative quantity; it would have seemed as sensible to pretend that children and animals had rights. Even in the Church, where they might be supposed to be the equals of men, George Fox alone had offered them spiritual equality. But now that the abstract rights of human beings were to be considered, it was inevitable that the fact that human beings are male and female should be recognized in its full meaning, and that the distinction established by custom between men and women should be found illogical and arbitrary.

It is curious that Rousseau, who objected so strenuously to all shams and conventionalities that he urged for man a return to a state of nature, should not have seen that the sacrifice of reality to appearances must be as bad for women. No one, save the insignificant Dr. Fordyce and Dr. Gregorys of the eighteenth century, has ever set up so odious an ideal of womanhood as he did in his *Sophia*; it seems but a just retaliation that he who would have shamefully subjected woman—mentally, morally, and physically—to man, should be indirectly the cause of the first declaration of her rights. It was his demand for the natural freedom of all human beings that inspired Mary Wollstonecraft to write her *Vindication*, that inspired the French pioneers to espouse the cause of female emancipation. Condorcet's paper on Woman Suffrage appeared a year before Mary Wollstonecraft's book, and as this was the work of six weeks, and as her knowledge of the French language was only less than her interest in French affairs, it is very improbable that she had read his statement of the case; but, nevertheless, she owed her principal inspiration to the *Contrat Social*.

It is interesting and significant to compare the Englishwoman's treatment of the subject, in an England where there was no extreme of royal tyranny to hurry men to the other extreme of anarchy, with that of the French philosopher in a France where men, in the first enthusiasm of successful rebellion against their tyrants, were endeavoring to do the impossible and pull down old systems and build up new ones at the same time. Both Mary Wollstonecraft and Condorcet were animated to an unusual degree by the love of humanity. But in England the people had still to be aroused to a full realization of their natural rights as human beings: in France they were already preparing to establish these by political means. It was thus inevitable that the woman without power in the State should aim chiefly at demonstrating that the old sexual ideals were false, while the statesman, called upon to assist in framing a new constitution, should dwell upon the political disabilities of woman.

The chief end of Mary Wollstonecraft's book, therefore, was to awaken mankind to the knowledge that women are human beings, and to insist that they should be

given the chance to assert their human rights, and that their sex should become a secondary consideration. It is so long since men have honestly believed that the sole duty of a woman is to please and be useful to them and to render their lives easy and agreeable, as Rousseau taught, that many may wonder that Mary Wollstonecraft gave so much space to the refutation of silly arguments. But that which seems the apotheosis of silliness to us was serious enough in her day. Even from the pulpit, preachers bade women pray because of the new graces and attractions piety gave to creatures whose only object in life was to be charming in the eyes of men. Health and strength, knowledge and freedom, were all to be sacrificed for the sake of the superior sex, supposed to look upon weakness, ignorance, and deference as the highest feminine qualities; while the emptiness of woman's life under the old order of things is nowhere better expressed than in Wilberforce's naive rejoicing over the condition of unmarried women, once they were allowed to devote themselves to works of charity; "for really," he exclaims, "there seemed to be nothing useful in which they could be naturally busy, but now they may always find an object in attending to the poor!" Mary Wollstonecraft knew but too well, from her own experience, all the indignities which woman was forced to suffer because of the artificial conception of her sexual status, and all the pettiness and egoism to which her training had degraded her. She had lived in a home made unbearable to wife and children alike by the brutality of the husband and father, who must still be looked up to as a superior being; she had helped her sister in her flight from an unworthy husband; she had been governess in a family where the mother had cultivated feminine sensibility until her dogs had grown dearer to her than her children; and she had further learned how almost impossible it was for those of her sex who were forced to support themselves to find honest work to do. When she herself had come up to London to actually live by her literary work, had she not seemed the first of a "new genus"?

Lowered by her subjection to man, woman was given no chance to escape from it. Trained solely to serve his ends, she was allowed no other duty in life

Were she left alone and penniless, then she became in truth and indeed an outcast; if her husband were a brute or a villain, she was without redress; if she fulfilled the ideal set up for her, she was no better than a coquette or a harlot, for whom there was no use or place once her youth was spent. It was against these indignities that Mary Wollstonecraft rebelled with all the strength of a nature, at once sensitive and independent, impetuous and proud. In this connection it will not be amiss to quote from a forgotten paper by George Eliot, in the *Leader* of October 13th, 1855, in which she makes a comparison between Mary Wollstonecraft and Margaret Fuller. "In both writers," she says, "we discern, under the brave bearing of a strong and truthful nature, the beating of a true woman's heart, which teaches them not to undervalue the smallest office of domestic care or kindness. But Margaret Fuller, with all her passionate sensibility, is more of the literary woman, who would not have been satisfied without intellectual production; Mary Wollstonecraft, we imagine, wrote not at all for writing's sake, but for the pressure of other motives." Her unrestrained vehemence makes one feel how much of herself she put into her work. Again and again, in words that are forcible despite their pompousness, she denounces the social system that refuses to see in woman anything but her sex, she exposes the rottenness of virtue based upon ignorance, she proves the immorality of an education that is devoted to perfecting girls in the art of pleasing. Women are human beings as well as men; let them be treated as such—this is the beginning and end of the *Vindication*. That she had considered woman's political claims and believed in their legitimacy is more than likely. In her *Dedication* to Talleyrand she reminds him that the framers of the new French constitution would be tyrants like their predecessors if they did not allow women to participate in it; and, further on, she writes quite frankly: "I really think that women ought to have representatives instead of being arbitrarily governed without having any direct share allowed them in the deliberations of the Government." But it was not to the Sophias, not to the Lady Kingboroughs, with whom England was filled, that the power could be entrusted.

Women must be developed from their stage of puppetdom into true women before their political needs could be inquired into. And so also with their industrial pursuits. She did, indeed, urge their proper education at length and with some warmth, for if women were not educated she felt that they would stop the progress of knowledge, that they could never become the equals of men.

As George Eliot, in the paper to which I have referred, puts it, there is "no medium between the old plan of corporal discipline and that thorough education of women which will make them rational beings in the highest sense of the word." And Mary Wollstonecraft also pointed out certain professions, such as that of medicine, for which women were eminently adapted. But her plea for their education, her suggestions for their possible pursuits, were only incidental as it were. To her, the most important thing of all was to convince women of their sacred rights as human beings, to convince man of the evil wrought by the degradation of women into mere creatures of sex.

Condorcet, whose love for humanity was so great that, as he wrote jestingly to Voltaire, he had always held Gargantua in aversion because of his eating the six pilgrims in his salad, had also discovered the flaw in Rousseau's reasoning, and had seen clearly that if it were in their capacity as human beings that men had rights, then women could consistently advance the same claims. But these arguments he used solely to establish woman suffrage in the new and regenerated France. The habit or custom, he declared, which had made men accept the violation of their natural rights as a matter of course, is altogether the reason why woman was deprived of all participation in political or social law-making. To show that this deprivation is not an act of tyranny it would be necessary to prove that the natural rights of women are not absolutely the same as those of men, or that they are not capable of exercising them. His argument here is not unlike that of Soerates in the Republic. The rights of man are born solely of the fact that he is a reasonable being, susceptible of acquiring moral ideas and reasoning upon them. And so woman, having these same qualities, has necessarily the same rights. Either no one individual of the human species has any real

rights, or all have the same; and he who votes against the right of another, of whatever religion, color, or sex, has from thenceforward abjured his own. That man is intellectually woman's superior can never be believed until both receive the same education; and after all, he asks, are political rights reserved only for men of intellect or genius? The shortcomings of the sex are due to their prolonged slavery. It is therefore unjust to allege as a reason for continuing to deprive them of their rights, a weakness which is solely the result of this deprivation. If such reasoning be accepted, all free government must come to an end. And as for the plea that they are needed in another sphere, where they can be more truly useful, is it not in the name of utility that Africans are condemned to slavery; was it not in the name of utility that the Bastille was filled with prisoners? It will always be a small number who can actively serve in affairs of state. By giving women their rights there is as little danger of taking them from their household as of taking the peasant from the plough or the artisan from his workshop when their political independence is insured. And by this political change domestic morals will be improved. Condorcet, like another Socrates, challenges the world to show him any natural difference between man and woman. That his challenge was not answered to his satisfaction is shown by his return to the subject when writing in his hiding-place in Mlle. Vernel's garret, after he had felt but too well the evil effects of man's sudden possession of his natural rights. Few of the modern champions of female emancipation have stated the case as fairly and thoroughly as Condorcet; I know of not one, save Mr. Karl Pearson, who has been so logical.

Indeed, the only difference between Mary Wollstonecraft's manner of treating the subject and Condorcet's was not to be attributed solely to their point of view. It was due to their methods quite as well. Condorcet's style was not very much better than Mary's, though a critical Godwin would not have found in it the faults of grammar and construction which displeased him in the *Vindication*. But if Mary's style was pompous, Condorcet's was heavy and declamatory, too much after the fashion of his day. In this respect there is, comparatively speaking, but

little choice to be made. Condorcet, however, was a scholar and philosopher, a member of the Academy, and a statesman—he was nothing if not logical and scholarly. Mary Wollstonecraft, on the other hand, was a woman without education, save that which she had given herself, without experience in the study or the council chamber. She, in her work, relied upon impulse, and was wholly without plan or system. Instinct had led her to see the truth to which Condorcet's eyes had been opened by reason. And where he argued from a strong sense of abstract right, she wrote from a stronger knowledge of concrete suffering. He was the man, she the woman of the eighteenth century; and perhaps there could be no better proof of the justice of her demand for woman's education than the faults in her own work. Had she to her own sad experience joined such an education as Condorcet had received, her book would probably have had twice its power, twice its influence.

But however that may have been, certain it is that, though the world intellectually was prepared for the teachings of English and French advocates of woman's rights, practically it was far from ready to receive them. The time had not yet come for even men, with all their aspirations as human beings, to rejoice in their natural rights. They could throw off the old royal yoke, but a social and political growth that required years and centuries to perfect it, could not be suddenly brought about even by royal executions and reigns of terror. Poor man still waits for the happy day when he may return to the much vaunted state of nature. Woman's fate in the France where Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality had been declared was even sadder. From the beginning Condorcet, though he had an ally in the Abbé Sieyès, had had for opponents such men as Mirabeau, who protested against everything that savored of female liberty; Danton, who could see in women only caterers to his sensuality; and Robespierre, whose scheme of human emancipation omitted one-half of the human species. Hardly had woman been assured that her political claims were as sound as man's, hardly had she commenced to exercise her rights as *citoyenne* or *tricoteuse*, than she was bidden officially to return to the domestic hearth which she

had had no business to leave. The Convention decided that women could not be granted political privileges, or allowed to form political clubs, or take any part in the government of the country. "Remember your sex, let morals be respected," Chaumette, who had once inscribed upon their banner, "Elles ont balayé les tyrans devant elles," now told those who came into the courts or to the bar of the Assembly. Since when, he virtuously asked, is it decent to see women abandoning the pious care of the household? Woman's despotism is that of love, and consequently that of nature! Here was the true definition of her natural rights—a melancholy sequel to Condorcet's brave arguments but three years before. Little hope was there for women in the France of the Empire, or, for many a day, in the France of the Republic.

And in England, Mary Wollstonecraft's name for long years was covered with infamy and contempt. The picture of her given in Chalmers's *Dictionary* was popularly accepted, and the immorality of her doctrines, as well as the unwomanliness of her conduct, taken for granted. Women remained the puppets she had found them; they still clung to their one recognized right—that of pleasing.

But almost imperceptibly the change for the better began, and now that a hundred years have passed since the world was first startled by the new discovery that women have rights, many of these have been irrevocably secured. The gradual emancipation of women which the last fifty years have witnessed, shows very clearly that of its two pioneers of the last century, the woman who relied upon her instinct better understood the exigencies of the case, than the man who was wholly ruled by reason. Condorcet insisted upon the immediate accomplishment of the great end of the new movement; Mary Wollstonecraft would have urged rather the adoption, one by one, of the means which must eventually lead to it. The consequence is that to-day, when the political sphere in which Condorcet would have placed women has only just been opened to them, all the new privileges which Mary Wollstonecraft demanded have already been granted. Though unfortunately too many women still remain the social puppets and shopping dolls Mr. Pearson has called them, the ideal of womanhood is certainly different from

that of the eighteenth century. It is impossible to imagine a Rousseau to-day being seriously listened to if he preached that woman was made for man's pleasure. The change of feeling in this respect was very strikingly emphasized when, about eighteen months ago, Ibsen's *Nora* was played in London; for all the soulful discussion to which the performance gave rise, the disinterested spectator could not but feel that, while the moral might be all very revolutionary and edifying in Scandinavian countries, in England it was decidedly behind the times, for the English or American *Nora* who continued to live in her Doll's house would have but herself to thank. When the whole country was but yesterday ringing with the late triumphs of women students at Cambridge, it would be useless to do more than point out that Mary Wollstonecraft's theory of female education has been realized beyond her most ardent hopes. True, her suggestion for the co-education of the sexes has not been carried out, but something very like it already exists at the Universities, where women are allowed to come up for the examinations, and the Public School System in the United States virtually meets her views on national education. Woman's economic position, though it is not yet what the most radical reformers would have it, could not fail to satisfy Mary Wollstonecraft's ideal of womanly independence. That her instinct was not at fault when she recommended the pursuit of medicine for women, the success of women doctors to-day proves beyond dispute.

And so it is that doctrines, which in the eighteenth century were held to be subversive of all morality, are now thought to be its very basis. If practically there is nothing more to be learned from Mary Wollstonecraft's *Vindication of the Rights of Women*, since all its theories have become facts, the new edition so soon to appear will have served its purpose, if it remind women of the old state of slavery from which they have so recently been freed—the social and domestic slavery which is always so much more unbearable than the most unjust political disabilities. Men, as well as women, cannot but be thankful that the old sexual relations, once justified by custom and idealized by poets and philosophers, have been done away with, let it be hoped forever.—*Fortnightly Review*.

10TH NOVEMBER, 1882: AN EPISODE IN THE LAND LEAGUE MOVEMENT.

"A mother is a mother still—the holient thing alive."

"So ye'll have nothin' to say to me, Mary! Well, I've nothin' more to say to ye now, except a long good by. For I'll not shtay in this counthry to be made a fool of by ye any longer. Shtandin' up for every set in the dance-house wid me one night, maybe, and turnin' yer back on me the next. Walkin' the whole road to Maas wid me on a Sunda', and scarce lookin' at me to bid me the time o' day on Monda'. But I'll shtand it no longer. So now take me or lave me as ye like. I'll sail be the very next steamer for America, and I hope ye'll thrate the next boy that comes coortin' ye better nor ye did me. Anyway, I'll not be here to see it. So good by to ye now."

And Thady Connor turned on his heel and walked quickly away, leaving Mary Reilly standing alone in the lane looking after him.

"Ah, thin, go to America, and me blessin' go wid ye," she cried after him. "A small loss ye'd be to any one if ye never came back, a sore-timpered, cranky— Och, Thady, Thady! is it really gone ye are? Oh, wirra, wirra! what'll I do at all, at all?" And Mary, hiding her face in her apron, burst into a violent fit of crying. But it did not last long; she soon wiped her eyes, and, with head erect and firm tread, walked back to her own cottage.

It was a still evening about the middle of October. There was a frosty feeling in the air, and a mist was beginning to rise in the low ground. When Mary reached her own door, she paused a minute to look round before she went in.

A pretty scene it was in the waning light of the autumn evening, and a wild scene, too, in parts. The Reillys' cottage stood on the edge of a cutaway bog, which, with its piled-up stacks of turf and deep holes reflecting the setting sun, looked bleak and wild enough. It was surrounded on three sides by a wood of fir and larch-trees, which bounded the view there, though far away behind the woods rose some hills, called by the natives "mountains." At the back of the cottage a rich pasture-land, diversified with oat-fields and other crops, stretched

as far as the eye could see, ending in the woods belonging to the "big house," about two miles distant.

Various cottages or hovels were dotted about here and there, all of the same type as Mary Reilly's, and they did not add to the civilized appearance of the scene. Low thatched cottages, most of them black and dirty, with the thatch in bad repair—all with the "dunkle," [a heap of filthy refuse, in front of the house. No attempt at beautifying their homes had been made in any one instance. Where there was a garden there was nothing to be seen in it but a few cabbages—not a flower anywhere. In all the hovels the doors stood open to let out the thick volume of turf-smoke with which the house was filled.

Such as it was it was Mary's home, and she loved it dearly. She looked all round now with a softened expression in her eyes; they filled with tears, which she brushed impatiently away with her hand, and entered the house. Accustomed all her life to the smoky atmosphere, she had no difficulty in seeing the inmates. A turf-fire burned on the ground, and seated very close to it, on a sack of chaff, was a small, brown, dried-up old woman, with a red handkerchief tied round her head, smoking a short pipe. This was Mary's grandmother. Her mother, a fine-looking, middle-aged woman, stood at the other side of the fire, stirring up a mess of pig's food in a large iron pot, which had a strong but not savory smell.

It was from her mother Mary had inherited her tall stature, masses of jet-black hair, and fine features. Her father and brother were of quite another and very inferior type—middle-sized, with reddish complexions and flat features. They had a long net between them, which they seemed to be mending.

"Och, father," said Mary, when she saw what they were doing, "shure ye're not goin' out to-night."

"And why not?" said her father. "It'll be a fine dark night, and we ought to get a good haul of rabbits in the long wood."

"Well, I think ye might as well lave them alone. Ye'll be caught some night, and then ye'll be sorry."

"Hould yer tongue, and mind your

own business," said her brother, sharply; and Mary sat down to her knitting with a dissatisfied expression of countenance. She knew that her mother agreed with her in her heart in her dislike of poaching, though she did not dare to say so; while the old woman—her father's mother—aided and abetted the men, to the best of her power, in every lawless measure.

These were bad times, the autumn of 1882, and poaching and discontent were likely to go to extremes undreamt of by Mary a few years ago. This she knew well.

The night passed quietly, the Reillys returned unmolested with their spoil of rabbits, and the next evening about sundown saw Mary strolling on again toward the field of oats, where she knew Thady Connor was working.

He soon appeared in the lane with his reaping-hook in his hand. He started, and seemed surprised to see Mary, and would have passed her by without speaking, but she placed herself in his way in the narrow lane, and said:

"Good-evenin' to ye, Thady. Did ye take yer ticket for America yet?"

"I hadn't the time to-day," he replied, shortly; "but never fear, I'll take it soon enough, and ye'll be quit of me for good and all."

"Thady," as he tried to pass her, "I've just one word to say to ye before ye go. (Whisper.) Don't take it at all, Thady, or else take two while ye're about it."

"Mary, Mary, what do ye mane?" He dropped his sickle and took her hand.

"For God's sake, Mary, speak out: shure ye don't mane—"

"Throth, I do, Thady; and if ye go at all, don't go without me," and as he clasped his arms about her, she raised her blushing face to his, and their lips met in a long loving kiss.

"Well, well, Mary," said Thady, about half an hour afterward, "I often heerd women were quare and conthairy in their ways, but I don't believe there could be another as quare as yerself. To think ov the way ye thrated me, an' you havin' a likin' for me all the time! Arra, Mary! why did ye do it at all, at all? Me heart was nearly broke wid ye."

"Ah, then, Thady, it only shows what an ould omathaun ye are, not to know that if I didn't like ye I wouldn't have

thrated ye so badly." With which purely feminine reason Thady was obliged to be satisfied, though not less puzzled than before.

"Well, Mary, before I go I want to know when I may come and ax your father for you?"

"Deed, I don't know what to say to that, Thady. Me father and Terry are not goin' on to me likin' at all, ont poochin' every dark night ov their life, and always sayin' agin' payin' the rint, an' agin' the young masther. Mother and I is fairly annoyed wid them, and th' ould woman encourages them in everything that's bad. It's my belief they wouldn't be half as bad if she wasn't in it; an' I'm afraid they belong to some o' them blackguard secret societies, they're out so often in the evenin's now, and have a kind of a secret way wid them that I don't like; and they say things about you, Thady, that they've no call to say. I don't think they've a bit likin' for you."

"Ay," said Thady, bitterly, "bekase I pay me rint honest, and mind me own work, instead av stalin' the masther's rabbits. Well, maybe I'd betther wait a bit; maybe times 'ill mend, and shure ye're worth waitin' for any way, Mary."

"Well, it's getthin' dark now, Thady, I'd betther be goin';" and with a fond embrace they parted.

A few days elapsed, during which Mary still kept her secret. Her suspicions about her father and brother had become certainty, as they now no longer concealed that they went to secret meetings at various houses of the worst character in the neighborhood. Mary and her mother suffered much grief and anxiety on their account, but remonstrance was useless, and only brought down a tirade of abuse on their heads from the two men and the old woman.

Things had been going on so for about a week, when Mary came in one day, after a talk with Thady during the dinner-hour. Her father and brother were away for the day, doing a job of stacking oats for a farmer. She was resolved to have a talk with her mother, and perhaps tell her all about Thady, and get her to intercede for them.

But to her disappointment she found that a "neighbor woman" had dropped in for a "kaly," and was at this moment

telling a most interesting anecdote to her mother, who listened with unwavering attention.

Mary took her knitting and sat down, intending to wait until the visit was over. "Well," the woman was saying, "havin' a little business of me own in the town, I tuk the child and the dunkey-asses' car, and dhruv in. Well, whin I got into the market-place, did I take a wakeness? Biddy Muldoon kem up, and whin she seen me, she wouldn't be off it, but I must go down to Mrs. Gibney's to get a sup o' somethin'. Well, she kem down wid me, and whin I went in, 'Catherine,' says Mrs. Gibney, 'ye're wake.' 'I am wake, ma'am,' says I, 'with respects to ye; I think it's the *med-e-cine* I tuk—'

Mary could stand it no longer: the anecdote seemed interminable, though to her mother apparently full of interest, as she listened with long-drawn sniffs, and ejaculations of "Well, well," "Did ever ye hear the like?" "Did ye now?" etc., etc. So Mary took her knitting, and going out to a field at the back of the house, walked up and down by a thick hawthorn hedge which divided it from the next field.

Her thoughts were busy with Thady, and speculations as to her future, so that for some time she did not notice that there were voices on the other side of the hedge; nor did she until her brother's name, distinctly spoken, attracted her attention. She could not help listening then, and soon recognized the voice of the speaker to belong to a little boy, the son of a very disreputable neighbor of the name of Kelly, in whose house Mary believed unlawful meetings were frequently held.

"Ay, I was in it the whole time," the boy was saying. "They all thought I was fast asleep in bed; but I crep' down before the boys kem in, and hid behind the dhresser, and heerd every word; and whin they all went out for a minute to see the rest o' them aff, I med off up to bed, and let on to be sound asleep when Pat and Mick kem up."

"Och, Consheen, did ye now?" in a voice of envy, mingled with admiration. "Well, ye might as well tell me somethin' about it, and I'll never let on to *wan* I know anything."

After a little persuasion, Consheen, who was evidently bursting to reveal his

secret, having sworn Patsy to inviolable secrecy, proceeded to tell all he knew, while Mary listened with eager interest.

"Well, Patsy, there's two people to be 'removed' in the next month, and I lave ye to guess who they are."

Patsy having made some very bad shots, Con first withered him with scorn, and then went on to tell him.

"Why, first and foremost, *av coorse*, the young masher. He must be removed at wanst. I heerd thim say so, and they're to have a big meetin' and dhraw lots for the job some o' these nights. But the other, guess now—ye'll never guess who the other is—not a gentleman at all, but Thady Connor."

Mary's heart gave a wild bound, and then seemed to stand still, then galloped on again, while her head seemed as if it would burst, and a sound like waves roaring surged in her ears.

But she put a constraint upon herself, and forced herself to listen. The boys now stood still in the intense interest of Con's narrative.

"Ay," he was saying when Mary again heard him, "Terry Reilly named him. He's always goin' agin' them for poochin', and he's goin' to pay his rint next Hollentide, and Terry Reilly says he's as bad as any ov the landgrabbers, and ought to be removed, and I'm of that opinion too."

Mary waited to hear no more. Putting her shawl over her head, she ran a few steps toward the lane leading to the oat-field which she had so often visited in the last week; then remembering that until work was over, Thady would be among other men, and she could not get a word alone with him, she paused a moment, and then turned her steps toward the "big house."

It was about four o'clock when she arrived at the Hall, and she was at once shown up to the drawing-room. Mary had always been a favorite with Miss Fitzgerald, "the young mistress," as she was generally called, though her mother had been dead for some years. She was sitting at work now, but rose and greeted Mary kindly when she came in.

"Well, Mary, how are you? and how is your mother, and the gran, and all of you? Won't you sit down? But, Mary, what is the matter?"

As Mary put the shawl down from her

head, which had partially concealed her features, Miss Fitzgerald saw for the first time the stony set look of her face, and the wild agonized expression in her eyes. The girl could not speak for a second, and on finding her voice burst into a violent flood of tears. At first she could say nothing but "Oh, Miss Alice, Miss Alice! the villains, the blackguards!" But Alice led her to a sofa, and soothed her with kind words, and soon the girl was able to speak more coherently.

"Oh, Miss Alice, it's the bad news I have for you; but shure I didn't know what else to do but to come straight to yer honor and tell ye all I heerd."

"Quite right, Mary. You know I am always your friend, and have been since the days when you and Terry, and Master Edward and I, used to go fishing in Lough Ivaghan, and I have never forgotten the delicious hot oat-cake and fresh butter your mother used to give us afterward. So tell me all your troubles, Mary, and you may be quite sure you will always find both myself and my brother willing and anxious to help you in any way we can."

Alice Fitzgerald spoke on, hoping to give Mary time to control her emotion. But it seemed as if every word she said but added to the poor girl's trouble.

"Och, Miss Alice dear, shure that's what it is breaks me heart intirely. To think of your goodness to us ever and always, and now the way they're turnin' round on ye."

"On me! Do tell me what it all is, Mary. I am most anxious to hear."

"Well, I may as well say it out first as last, and the story is, Miss Alice, that Masther Edward is the next on the list to be 'removed,' as they call it. I only heerd it about a half an hour ago, and I kem straight to yer honor to see what could ye do."

Alice Fitzgerald turned very pale, but looked more angry than alarmed.

"The villains! Is it, can it be true, Mary! Have you heerd it on good authority?"

"Ay, miss, the besht at all. I heerd that little spalpeen Consheen Kelly tellin' Patsy Muckanroo that he was at the last meetin' hid in behind the dhresser, and heerd every word iv their chat."

"Well, Mary, you are a brave true girl to come and tell me at once. I thank

you with all my heart for your timely warning. But you need not be so distressed, my poor girl. Master Edward will at once apply for police protection, and then he will be quite safe."

"Och! thank God for that same. But that's not all, Miss Alice. The next afther the young masther is to be—is to be—"

"Who, Mary? Speak out; not myself, surely."

"Aw, no, Miss Alice; it's to be Thady Connor."

"Thady Connor! Oh, Mary! is that how it is?"

"Throth it is, Miss Alice. I'm spakin' to him this while back, and he gev me no pace nor aise till I promised to marry him—follyin' me, and botherin' me wherever I wint."

"Well, Mary, I think you have chosen very wisely. I have the highest opinion of Thady Connor in every way, besides thinking him a fine handsome young fellow." ("Och, he's not," from Mary.)

"But why should you think they want to 'remove' him?"

"Well, miss, bekase he's a quite dacent boy, and doesn't go out poochin' and dhrinkin' wid them, and bekase he's goin' to pay his rint at Hollentide, and the others is all makin' up a band to say agin' it. And, oh! Miss Alice, what'll poor Thady do at all, at all? He can't get polis to puctect him."

"Don't fret, Mary. I'll speak to Masther Edward about it, and I'm sure he'll be able to think of something. And now, Mary—" but before she could finish her sentence, Mary, having caught sight of the clock, exclaimed, "Five o'clock! Och, is it five o'clock it is? I must go, Miss Alice," and putting her shawl over her head again, she took her leave, refusing all offers of refreshment.

She hurried away to meet Thady, which she did sooner than she expected. He was coming down the road, whistling gayly, with his sickle in his hand.

"Och, Mary, is that yourself, comin' to meet me? But what's on ye, Mary? Why, what is it at all, at all?" He threw down his sickle, and in the shelter of his loving arms Mary sobbed out her sad story.

"Well, bad luck to thim," was Thady's remark when he heerd all Mary had to tell. "But don't be botherin' yerself

about them, Mary. They're not worth it. I'd like to see the boy that 'id lay a finger on me. Don't ye think I'm able for them, Mary—eh?"

"Och, Thady, what's the use o' talkin' ? Shure, I know well enough ye'd be able for two or three o' them in a fair fight. But if seven or eight o' them sets on ye some dark night, and you not thinkin' about them, what could ye do then? An' ye know well enough that's the way they'll thrate ye. Och, Thady, there's nothin' for it but to go to America. Ye were ready enough to go last week. So now go next week, if they let you live that long, and me blessin' 'ill go wid ye, Thady, and I'll go out to ye as soon as I can earn the money. If it wasn't till twenty years, I'd never look at another boy. Now say ye'll go before we part this evenin', an' I'll go home wid a light heart."

"Och, Mary, shure I can't give you an answer in such a hurry as that. What about me ould mother, Mary? the besht mother that ever reared a boy, and she a widdy woman ever since I was born, and not a chick nor a child but meself. How could I go and lave her? And I haven't the money to take the two of us. Let alone that I think she'd niver be able for the journey. For you know, Mary, she's complainin' this while back, and she was very donny* in herself all this week."

"Och, Thady, shure I'll be a daughter to her, and mind her as well as ye could yerself: but go, Thady, do go for my sake. But I must lave ye now, for it's ettin' dark, and shure if they knew I was talkin' to you they'd have my life."

Good-nights were exchanged, and Mary hurried homeward, while Thady resumed his sickle, and walked slowly off in another direction, buried in deep thought. He whistled no more, nor was his step as light as before meeting Mary. He soon reached his home, which was but a hovel, on the other side of the bog from Mary's house. But though very small, and wretchedly poor in all its surroundings, it was as spotlessly clean as the constant turf-smoke would allow it to be. A clear turf-fire blazed on the hearth, a row of clean shining plates adorned the dresser, the floor was swept, the chairs and stools all

well rubbed—everything about the little kitchen bore evidence that the inmate was a cleaner and tidier person than the lower orders of Irish generally are. When Thady came in, his mother was sitting in a wooden arm-chair beside the fire. Her knitting lay in her lap, and her head leant back upon the dresser behind her. She slept, and the wan white look on her face struck terror to Thady's heart.

He loved his mother dearly. They had been all in all to each other for so many years, and the signs of age and failing health which she had lately begun to show grieved him intensely.

He stood for a few minutes looking sadly at the loved old face, with its delicate worn features and soft white hair smoothly banded under her neat cap. Her dress was very poor, but all clean and tidy. She opened her eyes, and seeing Thady, smiled a welcome.

"Is that you, Thady? Sit down, avick, and I'll wet the tay this minute. The kettle's boilin', but I didn't expect ye so soon."

"The field's done, mother. We got it all up to-day. But what's on ye? You don't look well at all, at all."

"I'm a bit donny, Thady, but not too bad entirely. I'm thinkin' I'll live to see ye bring a young wife to mind me and the house, and then I'll get a bit rest before I die."

"An' 'deed an' ye've earned it well, mother. Up early and down late, ever since I knew you, to keep me clane and comfortable. My blessin' and God's blessin' go wid ye, mother, for all ye've done for me all me life."

"Why, Thady, avick, what's on ye at all? Shure, why wouldn't I mind ye well, and you all I had in the world? and now I'm gettin' ould, shure you'll mind me as long as God laves me in it, and bury me decent when I die, along o' your poor father."

"I will, mother. I'll never lave ye while I live. I'll shtand to ye while I have a breath in me body, and I'll bury ye decent, if you don't bury me first." And the honest fellow's eyes filled with tears, and his voice was hoarse with emotion.

Though but a poor, uncouth, Irish peasant, Thady's love for the mother who had given him life, and lived but for him, was as unselfish and chivalrous as though that

* Poorly.

true heart beat beneath broadcloth instead of fustian.

He took the old woman's hand in his as he spoke, and felt that he had vowed a solemn vow before God never to leave his mother while she lived.

He was off early the next morning, having engaged to work for a farmer who lived two or three miles away.

That day Edward Fitzgerald got his first threatening letter, one of the usual type—the inevitable death's-head and cross-bones at the top, and coffin at the end, all very rudely drawn, and a badly spelled intimation that if he did not accede to all his tenants' demands, he would occupy the latter very speedily.

Fitzgerald was a fine, manly young fellow of three or four-and-twenty, and would have liked nothing better than to have faced his tenants single handed, trusting to his Winchester repeater and his own unerring aim as his sole protection. Alice, however, prevailed upon him to apply for police protection, on the plea that she felt frightened, and would feel happier if he did so.

The brother and sister had a long talk together on the subject of Thady Connor, and they came to the same conclusion as Mary had already done—i.e., that flight was the only remedy in his case. They agreed to help him with his passage out, and to send Mary after him whenever she wished. The poor old mother they both felt to be the greatest difficulty in the way, and Alice's kind heart bled for the cruel parting inevitable between mother and son. She walked over to their cottage, intending to try and see Thady alone, and talk it over with him; but, as we know, he was absent.

It was one of those calm autumn days, with a thick mist in the valleys, which a hot sun shone through and dispersed in the higher grounds. The sky was pure unclouded blue, and the leaves, in all their last glory of red, brown, and gold, as yet untouched by frost. Very fair and calm the scene looked through which Alice walked: who would have dreamt that scenes of savage cruelty and bloodshed would so soon desecrate its peacefulness! About the same time, Mary, having fulfilled her household tasks—fed the hens and pigs, and milked the cow—went out on the hills behind the house to enjoy the lovely evening, and to indulge in her own

thoughts. Bitter and painful they were, as could be seen by the fast dropping tears which fell on her work. Some one—whom, she knew not—had told her brother of her meetings with Thady. Father, brother, and grandmother had all set upon her, and abused her unmercifully, forbidding her to have anything more to say to Thady, on pain of their severe displeasure.

Mary had fired up indignantly, and had most imprudently taken his part.

"Ay! I know why yez are all agin' him. Bekase he doesn't go out *poochin'* wid yez, and bekase he pays his rint honest. Throth, I'll tell ye it's what he says—he'd as soon take a leg o' mutton out of the butcher's shop as be stailin' the mather's rabbits; and he'd as lief pay his rint as his bill in the shop. He says it's all *wan*. He owes them both."

"Is that his chat?" said Terry, scowling darkly. "Begarras, Mary, I'm glad ye tould me. He's worse even nor I thought, and can't be left too long in it to make mischief."

Mary had never ceased regretting her unlucky speech ever since. She knew she had done more harm than good to Thady's cause; and as she sat on the hill now, she anxiously watched the road he would come by, hoping to be able to have a word with him that night, and once more entreat of him to leave Ireland as soon as possible.

Presently she saw a figure approaching. Was it Thady? No, it was too small. As it drew nearer she recognized Consheen Kelly.

A thought struck her, and she called him to her.

"Come here, Con, I've somethin' to say to ye. Would ye like to earn a sixpence, Con?"

"To be sure I would," replied the unsuspecting youth, "barrin' it's *aisy arnt*."

"Oh, aisy enough," replied Mary, her heart beating loudly with anxiety. "Now, Con, listen to me. I know all about yer hidin' behind the dhresser and listenin' at the meetin', and if ye don't mind yerself, I'll tell the boys *on ye*. But if ye do what I ask you, I'll never let on a word, an' I'll give you sixpence for yourself. So now, Con, what'll ye do?"

Consheen's face had undergone a variety of expressions during Mary's speech—surprise, injured innocence, fear, greed, and finally firm determination.

"Well, Mary, I'll earn the sixpence-if I can at all. But, Mary, who could ye about the dhresser? If it was that thief Patsy Muckanroo, I'll not lave a whole bone in his body."

"It was not Patsy, it was yourself; so there now! But now, Consheen, avick, listen. I want ye to hide agin' the next meetin' at your house, and listen your best, and tell me *whin* they're goin' to 'remove' Masther Edward, and—and—Thady Connor. Ye see I know all about it, so ye may as well tell me the rest."

"What do ye want to know for?" said Con, suspiciously; "do ye want to go informin' on uz?"

"Oh, Con! is it me do the likes o' that—Terry Reilly's sister! Shure isn't he the first man in it? No; but I'll tell ye what, Con—they're hidin' it on me for fear I'd get a *fret*, maybe; but the sorra a fret I'd get. All I want is to know the night, that I may be lookin' on at the fun *unbeknownst*."

Consheen's eyes sparkled with admiration.

"Begarras, Mary, ye're a great girl! You and I'll be behind the ditch together lookin' on" (Mary shuddered), "and as sure as eggs is eggs I'll come and tell ye as soon as I know meself. And, Mary, don't forget the sixpence."

So the compact was made, and though Mary missed seeing Thady that night, she went home with a somewhat lighter heart, feeling that she had taken some step to defend her dear boy.

Alas, poor Mary! the vengeance of cruel and unscrupulous cowards is not so easily averted.

The following day the discontented tenants went up to the "big house" in a band to make their demands for reduction of rent in person. Edward Fitzgerald came out on the steps to meet them, and listened to what they had to say. In reply, he said:

"Now, my men, if you had come to me a week ago, or even the day before yesterday, to ask for a reduction of your rents all round, I would have listened to what you had to say. I would have gone into your cases with my agent, and wherever I thought it right and just to do so, I would have lowered the rent. But since I received this blackguard production yesterday morning" (holding up the threatening letter), "I will not abate one frac-

tion of my rights. You shall learn that I am neither to be coerced nor threatened into making any concessions. If I can find out who is the sender of this letter, I will have him punished with the utmost rigor of the law, and may then take the rest of your cases into consideration. But until that mystery is solved, all friendly relations between us are at an end, and those who do not pay their rent in full shall be prosecuted and evicted in course of time. So now you know exactly how we stand. If any of you choose to come privately and give me reliable information as to this letter, it shall never be known beyond him and me. But unless this happens, as I said before, I shall stand upon my rights, and make no concessions whatever."

A low murmur of dissatisfaction went through the crowd, and one of the men said:

"Is that your last word?"

"Yes; it is my last word to you. And were my poor father living this day, he would say the same."

He turned and went into the house; and as the men filed away down the avenue, one said to his companion: "Faix, maybe it's nearer bein' his last word than he thinks. Th' ould masther, God rest his sowl, 'id never have been so hard."

The speaker was Terry Reilly.

The next ten days passed uneventfully away. October glided into November, and still Thady Connor had not left for America, though Mary had done her utmost to persuade him to go. "No, Mary," was all he had to say; "I'll not lave th' ould woman while she's above ground." All Mary's entreaties and tears could win no other answer. Uneducated and ignorant, he could not express himself any better. He could not explain that he felt the promise made that night to his mother as a solemn sacramental bond between himself and his God. He *felt* it, nevertheless, and never for a moment flinched in his resolution.

The bright October weather had given place to the storms and gloom of November, the leaves had nearly all gone, and the country now looked bare and desolate.

So thought Mary, as she made her way up the hill one chill rainy afternoon. She was going with some eggs to Miss Fitzgerald, and walked slowly along, wrapped in deep meditation. Presently she en-

tered a narrow strip of woodland, and here she was suddenly greeted by Consheen Kelly.

It was past four o'clock, the rain was falling fast, and it had suddenly become so dark that she would have passed him without noticing him, had he not sprung out from the trees and caught her by the shawl. "Whisht! Mary, is that yerself? Ye're just the wan I was wantin'. Have ye e'er a sixpence about ye?" (significantly).

"Why, Con, have ye any word for me? Is it fixed yet?"

"When I'm *ped* I'll tell ye all I know, but nothin' for nothin'," said the boy, cunningly.

"How 'cute ye are, Con!" said Mary, faintly; "and 'deed I haven't a sixpence about me, but I'm goin' up to the big house now, this minute, wid eggs for Miss Alice, and I'll have money comin' back. So will ye tell me now, Con, or will you wait till I'm comin' back? Shure ye might thrust me that long."

Mary was anxious to hear at once, in order to confer with the Fitzgeralds. She did her utmost to conceal her anxiety from Con, but the intense look in her eyes and quivering of her lips were beyond her control.

She placed her basket of eggs on the ground, and leant against a tree, wrapping her shawl tightly around her, while waiting for Con's answer.

He glanced sharply at her, then looked away, whistling softly to himself, while he thought over the matter. Mary waited, every nerve strained to the utmost tension of anxiety. Oh, that she could see into that shallow cunning brain, and fathom the thoughts that flitted through it!

It would not have been a pleasant sight, Mary. Greed, self-interest, cruelty, and suspicion, rapidly chased each other. At last he spoke.

"Well, Mary, I'll thrust ye till to-morra' for me sixpence, and I'll tell ye now, for throth I must be gettin' home, it's very wet and cowlid. Well, the' don't know wot to do wid the young mather, bekae o' the polis, bad cess to them! So they're to begin on Thady. The' know the' can get him aisy, any night comin' home from Mick Delaney's, so they'll be there to meet him a Saturda' night, and they'll not forget to bring their shillelahs wid them, never fear."

"Well, I'm obliged to ye for tellin' me, Con," said Mary, taking up her basket. "So you and I'll be there unbeknownst. Whereabouts on the road, do ye think, will the' wait?"

"Oh, just at that dark spot, beyant the cross-roads, where the two woods is."

"Well, a good night, Con, and I'll not forget the sixpence;" and she turned and walked rapidly away, while Con looked after her, remarking:

"Well, ye've got your news now, and much good may it do you."

Mary found both Alice and her brother at home. She gave her information, and they formed their plans of defence for Saturday night. Edward, taking up a huge blackthorn stick covered with formidable knobs, exulted in the thought of laying it about vigorously among the intending murderers. This was Wednesday, and Mary went home with a lighter heart, and slept more soundly than she had done for weeks. Edward had assured her, if the fellows were caught and prosecuted, it would frighten them from making any such attempt again—for a long time to come, at all events, and in the meantime *something* might happen. Mary felt hope for the future once more reviving in her bosom, and Con received a shilling instead of sixpence next day, so grateful did she feel to him for the information which she believed would save Thady's life.

Thursday passed away and Friday set in, a day of gloom and darkness and storm. Mary met Thady coming home about four o'clock—earlier than she expected. "'Deed I was *thinkin'* long to see ye, Thady," she said; "it's seldom we get a word together now."

"The day was so bad we quit work airly," he told her, so they had time for a few stolen words, unheeded of the fast-falling rain.

The Fitzgeralds had advised Mary to say nothing to Thady of the expected fight on Saturday. They feared he might in some way betray his knowledge. "The fewer who know anything about it the better," they said; "if anything should leak out, it would spoil all." So Mary kept her own counsel, like a brave girl as she was, and after her chat with Thady, hurried home, feeling unusually cheerful.

All were there except her mother, who

was in attendance upon a sick neighbor. Mary heard talking as she lifted the latch, but directly she entered a dead silence fell on the group round the fire.

The old woman looked much excited, and was grasping her stick in her hand; the father looked pale, and Terry fierce and determined. They started when Mary came in, her hair blown by the wind, her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright, and a happy smile on her lips. She paused for a moment with the latch in her hand, and then, as a wild blast swept in and blew the turf-ashes about, she shut the door and advanced.

"What are yez all talkin' about?" she said, taking off her wet shawl and hanging it on a nail; "did I give yez a *fret*, comin' in so sudden?"

"Ay, ye *fretted* us greatly," said Terry, drily; "and now ye'd better get us a bit of supper, for me father and I has to go out about a little business."

Mary was used to this now, so she only sighed, and proceeded to make home tea, and fetched a loaf to set the table.

As she looked at her father, a feeling of compunction came over her. He was getting to be an old man now, it struck her for the first time, and he was looking pale and ill to night. When she had laid the table, she placed a chair for him, and putting her hand on his shoulder, said kindly:

"Ye oughtn't to go out to-night, father. It's pourin' wet, and ye don't look too well."

He looked doubtfully at her, as though he wavered in his determination, and she whispered:

"I wish ye'd quit goin' out at night, father, altogether. It's not fit for ye, and you gettin' ould."

Her grandmother, who had not heard what she said, but had watched her speaking to him, here called out:

"What are ye slutherin' yer father for, Mary? Lave him alone, and keep yer slutherin' ways for Thady Connor."

A roar of laughter greeted this witty sally, as the men seated themselves at their supper, and Mary retreated abashed, murmuring, "I wish ye'd lave me alone."

About eight o'clock the old gran grumbled herself off to bed, and the men rose, and putting on their coats, and taking their sticks, wished Mary a gruff good-night.

"You and yer mother 'll be in bed when we come back," said her father, "for we'll be late to-night."

As they opened the door, Mary went to look out. A wild black night it was, the rain falling in torrents, and the storm raging fiercely. With a sigh she saw them disappear into the darkness, and returned to the fireside to keep her lonely watch for her mother.

Thady had been infected by Mary's cheerfulness, and had turned toward home in good spirits, whistling merrily. But the little cottage looked gloomier than usual, he thought, as he approached it, and when he opened the door he was surprised and frightened to find it all in darkness. He struck a match at once, and then saw that his mother was lying on the bed. He lit a candle, and approached her anxiously.

She opened her eyes as he bent over her, and held out her hand to him.

"Och, Thady! is that you, avick? and you all wet" (feeling his sleeve), "and I haven't a bit of fire or supper ready for you. I tuk a wakeness there awhile ago, and threw meself on the bed, but I'm rightly now, and I'll get up and light the fire."

"Stay where ye are. Not a stir ye'll stir, an' I'll light the fire and make ye a cup of tay this minute. Shure, isn't it my turn to do it for you?" and with rough affection he forced her to lie down, and spread the quilt over her; then lit the fire, and put the kettle on to boil, while she watched him with a loving smile.

He soon made the tea, and brought her a cup, which she pronounced the best she had ever tasted; and then, feeling much revived, came and sat beside him at the fire, while he smoked his evening pipe.

"Aw, indeed, Thady, it's time ye brought home the wife. I'm gettin' terrible old and stupid, and soon I'll be no good at all, at all."

"Ye mustn't be sayin' the like o' that, mother," said Thady, huskily, and then words failed him: he knew not how to express his affection and loyalty to his old mother; but he got up, and put a pillow at her back, spread a shawl over her knees, and brightened up the fire.

"'Deed it's too good ye are to me, Thady," she said fondly, with tears in her eyes. "The saints be about you

here and ever. God'll reward ye for your goodness to your ould mother."

"Ah, whisht will ye, mother?" was Thady's response, as he resumed his pipe and his stool, and silence fell upon them. The fire burned cosily, the candle was put out, and the old woman dozed in her warm corner, while Thady thought over his last conversation with Mary, and pondered over the possibility of ever bringing her home as his wife. How good she would be to the old woman! How clean and comfortable she would keep the house! And Thady smiled and sighed as he built "castles in the air."

Eight o'clock struck, and what a blast that was that came swirling down the chimney! The roar of it awoke Mrs. Connor.

"God be good to us, Thady, but it's an awful night!"

"It is that, mother; and I'm thinkin' it's time we wint to bed," he said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"I couldn't sleep wid the storrum, Thady, avick; we'll wait a bit longer."

Thady agreed, and they sat silently listening to the storm raging outside.

Presently the old woman said:

"What's that? There's some one at the door, Thady."

"Aw, no; it's only the wind shakin' it."

But a knock was distinctly heard, and his mother said, "Some poor body out in the wet, Thady. Let them in, whoever they are."

Thady rose and listened. Again a knock, and he went over to the door and opened it. He was instantly surrounded by five or six men with blackened faces, who tried to drag him out, but the wind shut the door to, and they were all shut in, in the kitchen. Thady was unarmed, and absolutely at their mercy, as they gathered round him with their huge sticks in their hands. Mrs. Connor, with a cry of alarm, rose and approached them.

"Och, boys, dear! what do yez want? Shure it's only Thady Connor, that never done harm to man nor mortal. Yez must be makin' a mistake."

"Sorra mistake," replied one in Terry Reilly's voice. "It's Thady Connor we want, and no other. But we don't want *you*, ma'am, so ye'd better go and sit down in your corner. But ye can give Thady a good *advice*, if ye like."

"Ay," said the elder Reilly, eagerly, "give him an *advice*, Mrs. Connor, not to pay his rint, and we'll go *quite* and aisy, and no more about it."

She looked from the fierce men with their blackened faces to Thady, pale, erect, and determined, and then said:

"I'll give him no *advice*. He's old enough to do for himself."

"Well, Thady, what do ye say? Will ye give your word you'll pay no rint, and let us go? or will ye take your batin'?"

"Go on to bed, mother," said Thady. "Here, come out—out o' this, boys; this is no place to be talkin'."

"We may as well settle it as we're here," said a burly savage (Consheen Kelly's father): perhaps he thought his mother's presence might have shaken Thady's resolution. "So now, Thady, which'll ye have—no rint and no batin', or both? Take yer choice."

"I'll pay me rint while I have a shillin' in me pocket," said Thady, doggedly; "and bad luck to yez all for dishonest—"

That word was the signal.

"Hould him, boys!" cried Terry Reilly.

Two of them seized him and threw him down. The rest raised their sticks, when, with a cry of anguish, the mother, who had listened breathlessly to the short discussion, threw herself upon the prostrate form of her boy.

"Thady, Thady, avick! I'll not let them hurt ye!"

They tried to drag her from him; but she clung so tightly, they could not move her.

"He must get it *anny* way," they muttered; and shame—oh, everlasting shame!—to Irishmen, to *men*, the blows fell fast and thick upon mother and son, and the silver hair, which mingled with his brown locks, was soon bedabbled with blood.

It was done! The cruel deed was done, and, sated with vengeance, the murderers took up their sticks, and silently departed into the gloom of night and storm.

Fitting surroundings for deeds of darkness!

The morning dawned chill and gloomy. The rain had ceased, but the wind still moaned in the chimneys. Mary, who had gone to bed early, awoke early, and her first thought was, "To-night them black-

guards 'ill be taken; but I wish me father wasn't in it. I'll thry and keep him in'.

She got up and dressed quietly, so as not to disturb the others, and stole noiselessly into the kitchen to set the fire and fill the kettle. She put some bog-wood on the fire, and its cheery blaze soon lit up the little kitchen, and gave her light to go about. She went over to the corner for the big iron pot to put it on to boil the stirabout. As she stooped to lift it up she started back with horror.

What did she see? Only the two blackthorn sticks which always stood in that corner—but on the sticks were stains like blood. She seized one of them to examine it more closely. Good God! there was blood on it—blood and hair!—brown hair and silver hair! O God! what could it mean! She must know, and out into the wild morning, with the first faint streaks of dawn beginning to show in the stormy sky, Mary rushed.

Straight to Thady's cottage she ran. The door was shut but not fastened inside, so it opened easily at her touch, and Mary went into the kitchen. All was silent and dark, the daylight had not yet penetrated through the narrow smoke-grimed window. Mary paused on the threshold—something, she knew not what, filled her with a vague undefinable fear. Then she moved a step forward, and her foot touched—what?

She staggered and started back, and opened the door wider.

The light came in, the first beams of the now risen sun. Oh, shut the door,

Mary! Let not the blessed light shine in on such a sight—cover it up in darkness and gloom! Hide it, bury it out of sight!

Mother and son lay clasped in each other's arms in the long sleep of death. The frail worn form of the feeble mother had been unable to shield the son from the cruel hail of blows. But she had died for him, and with him, and "in their death they were not divided."

Could a mother's heart wish for more?

* * * * *

Years have elapsed since that dreadful morning. The Fitzgeralds have shut up the old house and gone to live in England—as Edward said, "shaking the very dust of that accursed country from their feet." Mary Reilly is with them, but no longer the same Mary. Something seems lost, something gone. She seldom speaks, and never smiles, and though she can do the easy household tasks allotted to her, still it is evident that, as they say in her country, she is not "all there."

Strange to say, she has never mentioned Thady Connor's name, and no one dares to break through the mysterious seal set on her lips. They hope the dreadful past is buried in forgetfulness, but they know not. She often seems to listen intently, and watch for some one; then resumes her work with a sigh, but still says nothing and asks no question. But it is quite evident that, as she said to Thady once, "If it were to be for twenty years, she will never look at another boy."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE AMERICAN TARIFF.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE days of Protectionism in the United States, I begin to think, are now numbered. The McKinley Bill is the darkness which precedes the dawn. I would rather say that a streak of dawn is already in the sky. Economical truth has been preached in vain. It was preached in vain even by Mr. David Wells, much more by the Cobden Club, to whose tracts the ready answer has always been, that they were put forth in the British interest, though in point of fact

Great Britain probably gains more by the handicapping through a suicidal system of her most dangerous rival in the markets of the world than she loses by partial exclusion from the market of the United States. But that which no preachings, however convincing, could effect is now likely to be brought about by the force of circumstances, and especially by the growth of surplus revenue. To those who looked on from a distance the last Presidential election, in which Harrison and

Protection triumphed over Cleveland and a Revenue Tariff, might seem a decisive verdict of the nation in favor of the Protective system. To observers on the spot it seemed nothing of the kind. In the first place the election was bought. There is no question about the fact that the manufacturers subscribed a great sum to carry the doubtful States—New York, Indiana, and Connecticut. In the second place, the farmers' vote which, contrary to expectation and to reason, went for the Republican and Protectionist candidate, was given not on the fiscal issue but on the party ground. Words can hardly paint the stolid allegiance of the farmer, both in the United States and Canada, to his party shibboleth, which in many cases is hereditary. More truly significant on the other side was the increased vote of mechanics in favor of Free Trade. The mechanic has been all along enthralled by the belief, sedulously drummed into him, that Protection keeps up wages. As soon as he sees through that fallacy the end must come, and the last election showed that his eyes were beginning to be opened. After all Mr. Cleveland would probably have won had he been content to stand on the general principle which he first put forth, that the Government had no right to take from the people more than it needed for its expenses. That proposition unquestionably commended itself to the good sense of the people. The mistake was the Mills Bill, which specifically threatened a number of protected interests and scared them into making desperate efforts and subscribing large sums to carry the elections. Republicans were also enabled to appeal to their party, perhaps with some show of reason, on the ground that the Bill was a Southern Bill.

The farmer has paid the cost of the Protective system while he has himself been left to compete unprotected not only with the "pauper" labor of Europe, but with the more than "pauper" labor of the Hindoo. This even his dull eyes had begun to see; and it was evident that unless an interest, or an apparent interest, could be given him in the system, the mere party tie, tough as it was, would not hold him forever. To give him an apparent interest, and thereby to secure his vote for the autumn elections to Congress, seems to have been the main object of the McKinley Bill.

I was at Washington when the Bill came before the House of Representatives. To me it seemed evident that on the economical or fiscal merits of the question hardly a thought was bestowed. The only question was how the claims of different local interests could be satisfied and reconciled. The duty was put on hides and taken off again, again put on and again taken off, not because the minds of the legislators were undergoing changes about the fiscal merits of the tax, but because there was an evenly balanced struggle between the Eastern and the Western vote. The perplexity of the framers of the Bill, thus called upon to satisfy and reconcile jarring interests, was extreme. It boded the catastrophe of the whole system. Protectionist legislators who undertook to mete out a fair measure of Protection to every interest in a country so vast and embracing interests so diverse as the United States have a tangled web to weave. The wider the area becomes and the greater grows the diversity of the interests, the more tangled becomes the web. It has long appeared to me that the extension of the field and the multiplication of the objects would in the end prove fatal to the system. A New England Protectionist may talk about native industries and patriotism, but what he wants is the immunity from competition which will enable him to make twenty instead of ten per cent. It matters not really to him whether his competitor is an Englishman, a Canadian, or a man in Illinois or Georgia. It would not greatly surprise me to see New England some day step out of the ranks of Protection and declare for free importation of raw materials and Free Trade.

Between the protected manufacturer and the protected producer of the raw materials of manufactures there is, happily for the ultimate deliverance of the consumer from both their monopolies, an antagonism which nothing can stifle. The Power of Commercial Darkness cannot reconcile the interest of that part of his family which makes cloth or shoes with the interest of the part which breeds sheep for wool or cattle for hides. Nor can the Protectionist politician afford to let any interest drop. If he did, the ring would break, and the jilted interest would at once become the fiercest enemy of the system.

Before leaving the House of Representatives for the Senate the McKinley Bill received a heavy blow. Mr. Butterworth, the Republican Member for Cincinnati, is a very able man and an excellent speaker, but in character not well qualified for a party politician. The Machinists say of him that he is "too high-tipped in his notions, too precarious, and too particular for his political good or for the welfare of his party." He saw, as a man of his intellect and largeness of view could not fail to see, the folly and iniquity of the McKinley Bill. Party discipline, which in America is adamant, constrained him to vote with his party for the Bill, but he was too "high-tipped and particular" to give a silent vote. He delivered himself of a criticism from a friendly point of view which evoked loud echoes of sympathy on all sides, and made the regular politicians gnash their teeth.

It is not unlikely that the reception of Mr. Butterworth's speech encouraged Mr. Blaine to load the bomb which he soon afterward threw in the shape of a letter addressed by him to the President, and transmitted by the President to the Senate. Mr. Blaine's aim is to signalize his administration by bringing about reciprocal freedom of trade between the United States and all the "nations of the American hemisphere," that is to say, with all the South American republics, Canada as a dependency not being included among the "nations." Probably he intends that the closer commercial connection shall bring with it a political approximation. Perhaps at the end of the vista he sees something like the Protectorate over all the American republics which Sir Charles Dilke regards as the destiny of the United States. He had just been holding, in furtherance of his policy, his Pan-American Congress, though the fruits of that august assemblage appear to have been meagre, not only in the way of closer commercial connection, but even in that of increased amity. The removal, proposed in the McKinley Bill, of the duty on sugar withdrew from Mr. Blaine's hand the lever by which he hoped to move the South Americans to the acceptance of reciprocity. This was the immediate cause of his wrath, and of the launching of his letter. But Mr. Blaine is also a sagacious man, possibly more sagacious than he appears when, as the

leader of the Republican party, he defends Protectionism on the stump or in the symposium. He can hardly fail to see that the Protectionist horse is being ridden to death, that the bow is bent to the point of breaking, that the credulity of the people, even that of the farmer, must be nearly exhausted, and that there are signs all round the horizon which show that the day of national awakening is at hand. He must know, too, that if the Republican party falls in obstinately upholding the war-tariff, it will fall never to rise again.

In truth the American people must be in their dotage if they let things go on as they are much longer. Not only are they bearing war-taxation in time of peace, not only are they paying in some cases more than cent per cent on articles which they consume to bloat the incomes of monopolists, but they are being made to squander this year a hundred and nine millions of dollars in pensions in order to get rid of the surplus revenue and avert a reduction of the tariff. The great scandal of monarchical finance is the cost of Versailles. Everybody knows what an effect Mirabeau produced on the National Assembly by his fabulous story about the destruction of the accounts by a horrified Finance Minister. The accounts being now before us, it appears that the total cost did not nearly equal that of the American pension-list for a single year. Yet a Protectionist Senator the other day proposed an enormous addition to the list. Of the soldiers on whom the pensions are bestowed, a great many served merely for the pay, and had been abundantly remunerated by bounties, especially if they enlisted toward the close of the war. Many thousands were Canadians, and if the statement which I see in the newspapers is correct, a Lodge of the Grand Army has been formed at Ottawa. Much of the money, moreover, goes not to the pensioners, but to the pension-agents, whose sinister trade has been called into existence by the fund. If you venture on the subject with an American politician, he talks to you in a moving strain about national gratitude. You listen with deference, but you feel inclined to ask how it came to pass that national gratitude awoke in such intensity just when the surplus accrued, and when it became evident that unless expenditure could be increased

revenue must be reduced, and the tariff must come down.

It is instructive to trace the history of American Protectionism from the green wood to the dry. The first demand was for just Protection enough to shelter nascent industries from the nipping blasts of foreign competition while they were taking hold of the soil; so soon as they had taken hold they promised to dispense with Protection. How has this promise been fulfilled? We have before us a table*—we give three of the comparative

by the McKinley Bill are higher by far than those during the war when the Heads of the Government compelled taxation to be raised to the utmost. The more the infant gets the more it wants and the more it is able to extort, since its vote grows larger with the number interested in its trade, and its increased gains furnish it with a more copious fund for political corruption.

Meantime the President of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, who is the reputed arbiter of the Woollen

ARTICLES.	RATE OF DUTIES UNDER THE TARIFF OF			
	1791.	1859.	1864.	1890.
	Percent	Percent		
Dress goods of cotton and worsted, costing 15 cents square yard...	5	19	55 per cent.....	88 per cent.
Same, costing 20 cents square yard	5	19	50 per cent.....	90 per cent.
Same, all wool or of mixed materials, costing 24 cents square yard.....	5	24	47 per cent.....	100 per cent.
Same, costing 30 cents square yard	5	24	55 per cent.....	90 per cent.
Same, costing 60 cents square yard	5	24	45 per cent.....	70 per cent.
Same, weighing over 4 oz. square yard.....	5	24	40% and 24 cts. per lb.	50% and 44 cts. per lb.
Ready-made clothing.....	7½	24	40% and 24 cts. per lb.	60% and 50 cts. per lb.
Tapestry Brussels carpets.....	7½	24	50 cents square yard...	28 cts. sq. yd. and 30%
Tapestry velvet carpets.....	7½	24	80 cents square yard...	40 cts. sq. yd. and 30%
Brussels carpets.....	7½	24	70 cents square yard...	40 cts. sq. yd. and 30%
Druggets and bookings.....	5	24	25 cents square yard...	20 cts. sq. yd. and 30%
Silk goods, including velvets and plushes.....	7½	19	60 per cent.....	Average, probably 90%
Woollen hosiery and underwear:				
Costing 32 cents per pound....	5	24	90% per cent..	214 per cent.
Costing 42 cents per pound....	5	24	79 per cent.....	175 per cent.
Costing 62 cents per pound....	5	24	62 per cent.....	135 per cent.
Costing 82 cents per pound....	5	24	54 per cent.....	120 per cent.
Linen goods.....	5	15	Average, 37½ per cent..	50 per cent.
Cotton hosiery:				
Costing 62½ cents per dozen...	7½	24	35 per cent.....	110 per cent.
Costing 2.10 cents per dozen...	7½	24	35 per cent.....	76 per cent.
Costing 4.10 cents per dozen...	7½	24	35 per cent.....	64 per cent.

exhibits—showing how it has been fulfilled by “our infant Woollens.” The table exhibits the progress made by the infant from its cradle to maturity—from the tariff of 1789 and 1791, vaunted as the first protected tariffs and the foundation-stones of American prosperity, to 1864, when the war was at its most costly period, and so on to the McKinley Bill.

It will be seen that the rates proposed

* A tract entitled *Our Infant Woollens*, which comes to me endorsed with the signature of one of the highest commercial authorities in Massachusetts.

Schedule, reports to stockholders of the Arlington Mills: “I have been your Treasurer for a consecutive period of twenty years; during this period the average earnings have been 20²/₁₀ per centum on the capital. . . . The earnings last year were nearly three and a half times those of the year previous, and there is every indication that the current year will be the most profitable one in the Company’s history.” Poor infant, how great is its need of parental protection!

That the wealth of the United States has been growing rapidly all this time is

true. But what have been the sources of its growth ; monopoly and high taxation ? The sources have been the opening of immense tracts of fertile lands, of prodigious stores of minerals, of great water-powers, with a vast immigration recruited from the most active spirits of Europe. These have been the motive forces of a prosperity which even Protectionism has been unable to repress. The one point which Mr. Blaine made in his tournament with Mr. Gladstone was that Mr. Gladstone had not taken notice of the variations among the circumstances of different countries. But that point was good for no more than this, that Protection had not so much harm when applied to a whole continent with an ever-spreading area of production and new resources daily coming to light, as it has when applied to a nation with a comparatively small territory and near the limit of its development.

In the extract before us the President of the Arlington Woollen Company makes no reference to wages. We cannot tell therefore whether he has shown that the workmen of his mills have profited by monopoly to anything like the same magnificent extent as the shareholders. If he were on the stump at the Presidential Election, he would strenuously maintain that they had. This, as I have already said, is the hinge upon which, in the political contest which is coming, the question will practically turn.

I had the pleasure the other day of hearing one of the strongest Protectionists and Anglo-phobes (the two things always go together) on his own subject. He was an excellent speaker, vigorous and effective in delivery, as well as fresh and forcible in expression. His main argument was the contrast, the existence of which he undertook to show, between the condition of the working class under the blessed reign of Protection and its condition under the accursed reign of Free Trade. He had hardly got through ten sentences when he gave his whole case away. To be quite fair, he said, he would take his examples from England, "which was the best wage-paying country in Europe." It did not occur to him that if England was the best wage-paying country in Europe, she being the only great Free-Trade country in Europe, the cause of Free Trade by his own showing was won. After tendering the census of

British cities as specimens of the industrial life of England, he proceeded to Germany and gave some harrowing instances of the suffering among the poor of that country, forgetting that Germany had a Protection tariff. So he went round demolishing his own fallacy with facts of his own selection, and cutting his own legs with every sweep of his logical scythe. In one part of his discourse he vaunted the high prices received for articles under Protection as a proof that the artisans who made those articles must be receiving high wages ; in another part he vaunted the cheapness of protected goods as a proof that Protection did not harm but good to the consumer. He did not tell the audience which was swallowing his fallacies, that if there was a greater pressure on the means of subsistence and consequently more suffering in England than in America, it was not because England was unblest with monopoly, but because population there was more than twenty times denser than it was in the United States. Of course he did not compare the state of the working-classes in England before Free Trade with their state since ; he did not tell his audience that before Free Trade tens of thousands of artisans were out of work, hunger was stalking through English cities, wedding-rings were being pawned by the hundred, and people were even digging up carrion for food.

The orator had not the hardihood to talk about infant industries. But he had the hardihood to assert that Protection by forcing industries into existence diversified the national character, and to pretend that this was one of the motives of the Monopolists. I thought of the glowing passage in De Tocqueville about the American mariner who fearlessly putting to sea in all weathers asserted his ascendancy in the carrying trade of the world. Where now was that glorious element of the national character ? In the pocket of my Protectionist friend. The British Member of Parliament who has terrible visions of an American war-navy may dismiss his fears. America has no commerce for her warships to protect and no seamen to man them.

What has caused this fresh growth of Protectionist delusions, a hundred and twenty years after Adam Smith, which is so disappointing to those who forty years ago looked forward so confidently to the

general triumph of Free Trade with peace and good-will in its train? What has thus caused the shadow to go backward on the dial of opinion? The answer is, in the first place, that the work is done to no small extent, not by the perversion of opinion, but by sheer corruption and the agencies which corruption calls into play. In the second place, the extensions of the franchise, whatever may be thought about them in other respects, have inevitably placed supreme power in the hands of men less enlightened and of narrower view than Turgot, Pitt, Peel, and Cavour. Government has been transferred from intelligence to the masses. With the good of the change we must take the evil, one part of which is the renewed ascendancy in fiscal legislation of the blind cupidity of the Dark Ages.

What are the political effects of the Protective system? First and most obviously, ill-will among nations. You will not find a Protectionist in the United States who is not anti-British, or a Protectionist organ which is not always railing at England. The weapon constantly used against Free Traders is the charge of being bought with British gold. No doubt Free Traders like Bright and Cobden, who looked too exclusively at the commercial side of things, overrated the influence of commerce as a peace-maker; yet the influence of commerce as a peace-maker is great. It maintained friendship between the English Monarchy and the Commons of Flanders in an age in which the military spirit was most dominant. But whatever doubt there may be touching the power of Free Trade as a minister of good-will, there can be none whatever touching the power of Protectionism as a minister of hatred. The Irish in the United States are Protectionists as a matter of course, though, as British factories are full of Irish workmen, in boycotting British goods the American Irish are boycotting the work of Irish hands. It was stated the other day by a Victorian Colonist that there also the Protective tariff had been carried by the Irish vote.

Another effect, as no one can question who knows the United States or Canada, is corruption. All industries pursued by people of the country being equally "home" and equally "native," though a few arrogate to themselves the name, what is to decide which industries are to

be picked out for protection and to how much of it each of them is entitled? What but the Lobby? England had a Lobby perhaps at the time of the railway mania; but commonly she has no Lobby, at least none to compare with the Lobby at Washington. My friend Mr. Bryce, looking on at a Presidential election, was greatly impressed by the spectacle of so many millions of freemen choosing their chief. But did he ask how the choice was determined? It was determined by the money which the manufacturers poured into the doubtful States. Manufacturers, some of them at least, make no secret of the fact. With the Protective tariff a large portion of the corruption which is at present the curse and shame of the country would probably vanish. There would still remain the offices and the office-seekers; but office-seekers do not command the means of bribery which are commanded by the owners of woollen mills with their profits of twenty per cent. In Canada, under our Protective system, corruption, if it is not more extensive than in the United States, is more open. Here a Prime Minister before an election calls together the protected manufacturers in the parlor of an hotel, receives their contributions to his election fund, and pledges to them in return the commercial policy of the country.

Another consequence to the United States is a loss of unity in the National policy which threatens to become legislative disintegration. The Republic is being broken up into a sort of Polish Diet of local interests in which each interest has a veto. Every cabbage-ground and potato-plot, to borrow Mr. Butterworth's graphic words, pursues a selfish policy of its own without regard to the general policy of the nation. This growing evil has its source largely in the struggle for Protection. The tendency has shown itself in a marked way in the dealings of the American Government with Canada, though sometimes, as it has happened, to our advantage. The threat of Retaliation, for instance, held out by the American Government to coerce us on the Fisheries Question was at once nullified by the interposition of a local interest. National aspiration itself seems to be growing weak compared with the covetous cravings of the local cabbage-grounds and potato-plots. There is no reason for the fear that the

national unity will be impaired by the mere extension of territory or increase of population. The extension of territory is amply counterbalanced by the increase of communication, and if three hundred millions of Chinese can hold together under such a government as theirs, surely a hundred millions of Americans can hold together under a government which is highly elastic and allows fair play to local self-development. The only disintegrating force now at work, apart from the Negro question, is commercial antagonism, which is intensified and stimulated by the Protective system.

A revenue tariff there must still be, and one adapted to the circumstances of the country. This qualification must be understood throughout as often as the phrase Free Trade has been used. But to a revenue tariff, if my diagnosis of the situation does not greatly deceive me, the United States are likely soon to come. Let those in England who, in their natural exasperation at the McKinley Bill are tempted to call for measures of retaliation, possess their souls in patience for the present and see what the next Presidential

election will bring forth. For my part, I am not such a purist of Free Trade as to object to retaliation if it will open foreign ports which can be opened by no other means. But it is an ugly sort of remedy; it involves an immediate loss to those who employ it; and in the present case I am sanguine enough to hope that the occasion for its adoption will soon have passed away.

P.S.—A formidable movement is just now on foot among the depressed and discontented farmers—Grangers, as they are called—who are demanding chimerical measures of legislative assistance. This movement may disturb general politics and upset the balance of parties, especially if it should form a junction with the industrial agitation organized by the Knights of Labor. But, barring this contingency, the general opinion seems to be that the Democrats, who may now be designated as the party of Tariff Reform, will carry the autumn elections for Congress; and this will be the beginning of the end.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

WORLDLY WISDOM.

(ON THE TERRACE.)

BY E. NESBIT.

SHE. So you're going to Scotland to-morrow,
And our foolish dream-holiday ends.
Life is parting, and parting is sorrow—
But I hope we shall always be friends!

HE. Yes, friends. When you're Duchess of Mayrose
Will you ever look back with regret,
To the day when we parted—to-day, Rose—
Or the wonderful day when we met?

SHE. Oh no, I shall never regret you,
You know we agreed it was best,
You'd forget me and I should forget you,
And time should take care of the rest.

HE. You know I *must* marry for money,
I haven't a *son* to my name!

SHE. Yes, I know; it's as sad as it's funny
That my situation's the same.

And the Duke comes to-day——

HE. Yes, confound it !

My eye's on the Lodge—when I see
That brute and his carriage come round it,
Then "Hey ! bonnie Scotland !" for me.

SHE. That girl you are going to marry,
I'm sure she is red-haired and tall,
And freckled—broad Scotch—my poor Harry,
You're not to be envied at all !

HE. And your Duke ? He is sixty and over,
And crooked and cross as can be ;
A very desirable lover,
That's one consolation for me !

SHE. Don't talk about him : I would rather
Forget him as long as I can.
Hal—are you quite sure that your father
Is set on this Scotch heiress plan !

HE. Yes—embarrassed estates—empty coffers—
Don't talk about that—but instead,
Let's talk of your Duke's handsome offers,
And all that your mother has said.

SHE. Oh, you need not remind me. Don't fear it !
I know we agreed we must part ;
And you'll find it quite easy to bear it—

HE. And it won't break your ladyship's heart.

SHE. We must take the world as we find it ;
Love's all very well for a day ;
But when love has no fortune behind it,
Love fades very quickly away.

HE. Yes—of course ; but these weeks have been pleasant !
You remember the first day we met !

SHE. That's one of the things which at present
I think we had better forget.

HE. There's the carriage ! I'm off to my Carry !
Rose—don't look like that ! You will fall !
Are you sure that you do mean to marry
That loathsome old man after all ?

SHE. Yes—of course. Ah, good-by ! it is better,
Believe me, when duties are done ;
You'll find time to send me a letter,
To say how your wooing goes on !

HE. Good-by ! There are wheels on the gravel !

SHE. Good-by !—since you will have it so !
It's beautiful weather to travel ;
And the Duke——

HE. Hang the Duke ! I won't go !

—Murray's Magazine.

ROME AND THE ROMANS.

UPON first acquaintance, Rome is now like any other large European capital. You thunder into a great, vaulted railway station, lighted by electricity, skirmish with the two or three porters who pester you with their attentions, give up your ticket, assure the civic customs officers that you have neither eggs nor butter in your portmanteau, resign yourself and your luggage to the tender mercies of a carman, and drive through a number of long streets bordered by tall houses and attractive shops. Here and there you see a fountain : if it is night, the water scintillates pallidly under the glow of more electric light ; if it is day, men and boys sit with their legs dangling about it. Full-lunged urchins din you with entreaties to buy their newspapers—*The Tribune*, *The Voice of Truth*, *Don Quixote*, and so forth. The stiff springs of your car, and the rough paving-stones of the streets, do not lull you into a state of tranquil beatitude such as would befit your entrance into so immortal a city. The crowd thickens ; the streets get narrower and narrower, and the houses taller and taller. There is an increasing number of mammoth erections set among the shops, with barred lower windows, and portals as Titanic as the stones of which they are constructed. In England we should regard them as prisons, notwithstanding the scarlet camellias in the gardens beyond their portals. Here they are palaces, and the grandiose old gentlemen with broad shoulders, patriarchal beards, cocked hats, liveries of sky-blue or claret color, and long staves with a knob of gold or silver at the top, and who stand gazing from the palatial precincts upon the passers-by with a calmness that would be contemptuous if it were less statuesque—these are merely the door-keepers of the Roman nobility. From such mansioned streets you pass into others of a more plebeian kind ; and so at length you are brought up, with a resounding crack of the whip, at the porch of your hotel, in the heart of Rome. Differential murmurs and bent heads are the agreeable but somewhat ordinary tokens by which the hotel signifies its welcome to you.

No incident of Roman life need nowadays interfere with the pleasure or the ease

of the resident in Rome. Whether there be or there be not a Pope in the Vatican, it may be all one to him : he will be under none of those queer and troublesome restrictions that formerly oppressed the faithful city during the interval between the death of one Pope and the election of his successor. The gates of the city were then shut an hour after sun-down. Under a penalty of fifty crowns, every one was obliged to burn candles at his bedroom window through the night, and continue this futile sacrifice of tallow until the new Pope was chosen. Barriers were erected here and there in the streets leading to the Vatican, and none could be passed upon any pretext, except by special permission of the Papal Chamberlain and the Chief of the Police. As a yet more portentous touch, the artillerymen of S. Angelo at such a time stood, with lifted brands in their hands, by the side of loaded guns, the muzzles of which were turned point-blank against the city on the other side of the Tiber. Even assuming, as one well may, that there was more cry than possibility of wool in such demonstrations, they were yet famously adapted to alarm the nervous, and send them in hasty flight elsewhere.

Instead of the homage of an entire city to its spiritual and temporal head, nowadays the Roman walls teem with ribald pencillings about the world's Primate. The very pillars of the famous colonnade by S. Peter's testify of the change. "Down with the Pope !" "The priests to the Tiber !" are specimens of the milder and more polite kind of these vituperatory scrawls. Every morning and every night the newspapers lavish some new form of abuse upon his Holiness : it may be a paragraph of two lines, with a sting in each word, or a more sounding diatribe a column or two long. The Papal journals respond with equal bitterness. It is profoundly unedifying, and one wonders how it will end. If the Vatican be transplanted root and branch to London, the Roman press will be much at a loss ; and any less emphatic migration will fail to protect the Pope.

A hundred years ago, the civilian in Rome who was not a noble was treated with stereotyped indignity. No matter

whether he was lawyer, doctor, professor, schoolmaster, or a citizen of means—if he did not clothe himself in the long coat of an Abbé, he was good for nothing except to be taxed. If he could afford to ride in a carriage, he was compelled to paint it black. This is a sample of the humiliations which the old Papacy put upon the middle ranks of men: it feared their intelligence, and so it persecuted them. But the tables have turned. The most virulent of the Vatican's enemies are now to be found among this very class of doctors and lawyers and professors whose grandsires bowed to the ecclesiastical yoke. And in these days it is the cardinals who drive through the streets in black coaches, drawn by black, long-tailed horses, seeking what solace they may find in the elegant little illuminated breviaries the leaves of which they turn with their jewelled fingers as they jostle amid the throngs which cast spleenful eyes at them. It may be doubted if even the pleb. of Rome (always the Pope's strongest and steadiest card) would, in these days, follow placidly, as of yore, in the wake of those ancient gilded carriages of the Cardinals which were wont, during Conclave time, solemnly to transport their Eminences' dinners to the Vatican; and would, in their hungry moments, be satisfied to smell the steam that escaped from the damask-covered baskets which held the savory dainties.

One's earliest impressions of Rome are confessedly somewhat flat. It is necessary to roam at large in the old city for a week or two before one can in any degree appreciate its allurements. The endless blocks of gigantic, white houses which now cover so much of the historic soil, and absorb so many pleasant antiquarian relics that to our grandsires were objects of pilgrimage and reverence, are a plague to the eyes and like ice to the imagination. It really seems as if the speculative builders of King Humbert's reign have determined to make a clean sweep of all the immortal ruins of the capital. One would hardly be surprised if a motion were introduced into the Italian Parliament for permission to quarry in the Colosseum once more. Even as building material, the ruin is still worth a fortune. There are many reasons for its removal. It would aid the national Budget to some extent; it would take away the outward

and visible sign of what was once a scandal upon humanity; and it would leave another acre or two of land available for sale on behalf of the nation as "excellent building sites in a convenient part of the city, in constant communication, by train and omnibus, with all the chief gates and thoroughfares."

The absurd thing about this building mania is that the houses fast being "perched upon all these great relics of old time, like a mushroom on a dead oak," find no tenants. The population of Rome has certainly swelled amazingly since Victor Emanuel's day; but the city itself has enlarged upon a scale yet vaster. And so there they stand, these huge, empty hives for the men and women of a future generation! One is almost comforted by the reflection that the financiers who put their money in such miserable ventures have come face to face with ruin as a result of their audacity.

By-and-by, however, one sees through this pretentious modern mantle of Rome. At the outset, perhaps, we clap

Our hands, and cry, "Eureka," it is clear, When but some false mirage of ruin rises near:

for example, the skeleton of a house which the destroying masons have left standing cheek-by-jowl with a bit of a wall of the time of Cato. But soon we learn how to thread the maze, and then, slowly, piece by piece, one is able to reconstruct the Rome of the past with some contentment to the fancy. It is mortally hard to discover where each of the seven famous hills begins and ends: the houses are so high, and the hills so low, and the valleys between them have been so tampered with by subterranean forces and the depositors of urban rubbish: yet that too is possible after a time; and then the glamour of past ages sets its fascination upon the scene.

Let us see lightly how life goes on in this venerable, chaotic city, whose destinies are now, as never they were, in an active state of transition.

We may assume that it is Lent. The Carnival is over; and a good thing too. A man must be surprisingly fond of old institutions to have an affection for this mournful, spiritless survival of an ancient custom; or he must be gifted with a singular taste for flowers if he likes being

hit in the face with bruised nosegays that have been flung to and fro for hours, or bunches of greens that look like the *débris* of a market-hall. The masks themselves are well enough. They, at any rate, are not aggressive; and if they choose to play the fool for the public entertainment, it were ungenerous in the public to upbraid them. Cardboard noses, swords of wood, and divers fantastic garbs, do give color to the streets; and one cannot but admire the courage of the gentle damsels who go hither and thither in motley, with their marvellously long black hair down their backs. But the masquerade balls are now poor affairs, in spite of all the exertions of the committee. If you whisper your artless confidences to a creature whose disguise makes her seem fair, you are sure, if you persevere, to find that she is nearer forty than twenty. None but they who have experienced it can estimate the horror of such a calamity.

Adieu, then, to the Carnival. All the Romans say that it is a dying institution, and many wish it a speedy and happy release. It is no longer the vogue to send riderless horses galloping down the Corso (the Regent Street of Rome). The battles of greenstuff and the contagion of buffoonery will soon be equally out of fashion. Italy means to be practical after the model of northern nations, now that she has a king and is a settled country. She is getting ashamed of all her moods of levity, even as she is ashamed of her former superstitious regard for the Pope.

As one who designs to get on close terms with the great city, it must be supposed that you have left your hotel and taken a room in the artists' quarter. It may not be luxurious, but it is sure to be costly. You are told of the fabulous increase in the expense of living since Italy became a kingdom. Alfieri, about a hundred years back, hired a furnished palace in the Via Viminale for ten dollars a month. In Pius the Ninth's time, a suite of rooms which now lets for two hundred francs could be had for fifty francs. It is the same with other expenses: they have doubled, trebled, or quadrupled, in the last twenty years. Your landlady makes you understand that the view from one of your windows into a convent garden adds five francs weekly to your bill. In the old days, the mother superior of the convent would have got an injunction to re-

strain you from using your eyes in her direction: either the window would have to be blocked up, or it would be a penal offence for you to appear at it. But, as it is, you are free to gaze as much as you please at the orange-trees and cabbages below you; you may loll on your window-sill, smoking cigarettes and looking at the moon, all through the night; and if you can make a picture, or take an instantaneous photograph, of any of the nuns, no one will charge you with sacrilege, or think nowadays of applying to the Pope that you may be incarcerated.

It is, on the whole, an agreeable room, though you do have to climb to it by a narrow, tortuous, stone staircase like that of a dungeon, and which, being destitute of light, after dark breaks your shins regularly twice or thrice a week. For neighbors, you have a Norwegian sculptor overhead—a noisy fellow who seldom goes to bed before three A.M.; a German student of archaeology on the same flat—a sensible, mild youth, of whom you cannot think in disassociation from his spectacles and the big books under his arm; and, beneath you, a Dane of indefinite purposes. Your atmosphere is therefore admirably Teutonic. The walls of your room are painted in fresco by your predecessor, who lived beyond his means, became penniless, and eventually thus worked out the dregs of his bill—to the stern dissatisfaction of your landlady, who asks you to pay her a month in advance. You judge the unfortunate artist to have been a man of some natural genius, but that his imagination would have served him better with a bridle. Not every painter finds his vocation in Rome, or is able to learn from Michael Angelo and Raphael what their works are supposed to be able to teach him.

In this room, then, you keep your books and shirts—the Lares and Penates of the tourist; and this is your anchor in the bustling, multiform city.

One does not rise early in Rome, unless one is much pressed for time. Perhaps it is a pity, for the sun, here as elsewhere, touches the world with tender tints at its first appearing; and the broken palaces of the Caesars on the Palatine Hill, and the long, striding arches of the aqueducts on the green Campagna, are passing fair to see, with the morning flush upon them. But in Lent the dawn is apt to come with

a chill in the narrow streets, and red are the noses of the devout who leave their beds betimes in response to the clamor of church bells.

You will not be culpably lazy, therefore, if you are content to take your coffee at nine o'clock. The little girl of the house will bring it to you—she has stood model to her mother's lodgers during the last two years; or, if you like, you may accompany the Dane to a small dairy at a street-corner. Here it is possible to have rolls and butter, an egg and coffee, for threepence-halfpenny; a true triumph of economy. Perhaps, however, it were more dignified to go to the *Café Greco*, still, as in Taine's time, the rendezvous of the artists. These Raphaels in embryo are hearty, talkative youths of all ages: even the graybeards among them are boys in vivacity. There is no luxury here. You pay three-halfpence for your coffee, and a penny for a "maritozzo" (a Lenten bun, with infrequent plums in it). The company and its traditions suffice to give distinction to the *Café Greco*.

Glancing through the morning paper over your coffee, you learn how Rome stands toward the world on this particular March or April day. If your paper is aggressively secular in tone, you weary of its constant unchivalrous assaults upon the Pope. If, on the other hand, it comes from a source inspired by the Vatican, you scan sundry dry proclamations in Latin, and read of the sensation made by the Lenten preacher of the year. The day may chance to be early in April. In that case, the paper tells certain waggish stories about the "pesce" by which confiding Romans have been deceived on the first of the month. In Italy "an April fish" is the equivalent of our April fooling. Some of the fishing is done on an heroic scale. For instance, the other year fifty printed circulars were sent to influential professors, in different parts of the country, requesting their attendance at an important scientific assembly in the capital. Several of the professors were men of immense fame, but guileless nature: they travelled to Rome, and discovered the cheat. Another "pesce" is more amusing. A number of fathers of boys at a school in Rome received letters purporting to be written by the principal of the school, complaining of the misdemeanors of their children, and asking the

favor of an interview. The misdemeanor was in each case so grave that it seemed to make expulsion advisable. Well, the principal welcomed the first of these irate parents with becoming gravity and some surprise. But no sooner was one parent soothed than another was announced. The poor gentleman spent a miserable morning.

Leaving the *Café Greco*, you find yourself involved in a stream of men and women, all eddying in one direction. There is no doubting their goal. The camp-stools and prayer-books in their hands remind you of the Franciscan friar specially licensed by his Holiness to preach sermons in the church of S. Carlo, by the Corso, daily during Lent. These sermons are a veritable crusade in Rome: they are the talk of the town. The friar looks well in the pulpit, in his brown gown and cord, and he is a past master in oratory. Until he speaks, he resembles in a singular degree one of Rabelais' wasailers; but the magic of his voice and the sweetness of his smile soon make one unmindful of his ruddy face and full lips; and when you have heard him for ten minutes, you scarcely marvel that the ladies of Rome, from Queen Margarita downward, have gone wild about him.

It is nothing less than that. Never have you struggled in so perfumed and aristocratic a crowd as this outside the doors of S. Carlo an hour before the sermon time. There are old ladies in it as well as young: they came hither in their carriages; but even their lackeys cannot protect them, and cruel is the ordeal they and their silks and jewels, smelling-bottles, camp-stools, and prayer-books have to undergo ere they can get into the church. Once in, however, they speed to a vantage position in the spacious nave, set down their stools, breathe with relief, and wait patiently. By-and-by, the throng of those who have no camp-stools thickens around them, and they are in peril of suffocation where they sit, like beings in a well. But they brave all risks, and when one of them faints, and is with difficulty removed, another takes her place.

Who shall presume to say that the friar's influence is not obtained by the most legitimate and natural of means? He speaks from the heart, and therefore his words go to the heart. It is said that

his early life was romantic, and that he suffered much in many ways before he entered the cloister. If the pamphleteers are to be believed, as a youth he fought strenuously under Garibaldi, and as a man he loved and won the love of a beautiful girl, the daughter of a noble. He was wounded in battle, and his beloved was married, against her will and in spite of her menaces, to a man of her own rank in life. On the day of her marriage, she took poison and died. The friar, as a soldier, then made occasion to quarrel with the husband who had robbed him of his dearest hopes: he challenged him, and shot him dead in a duel. After this came remorse and repentance, and at length he turned his back on the world that had treated him so ill, and entered the monastery of which he is now the most distinguished member. If there be truth in the tale—and there well may be—how should it not deepen the interest with which these fair, proud daughters and matrons of old Rome lift their dark eyes to him in his pulpit? He draws tears and sobs from them like no other preacher, and they, who love emotion as a cat loves warmth, are duly grateful to him.

As for their obdurate, incredulous husbands and brothers, they shrug their shoulders at all this enthusiasm. They do not like the disturbance of household arrangements which this daily sitting at the friar's feet involves. It is a revolution. Worse still, the ladies wish the friar to be their confessor as well as their most favored preacher. They are received in the bare little room of the monastery, in which the Franciscan greets his visitors one by one. It contains a rush-bottomed chair, a divan, and a table covered with a green cloth—that is all. Here, in hope and earnestness, the influence of the friar's sermons is seconded by words spoken face to face in solitude.

One day a bombshell bursts in the church during the sermon. It kills no one, but certain of the ladies swoon. The friar pauses for a moment to see through the smoke what has happened; then he reassures his congregation, and continues his sermon. At another time some cowardly ear throws a bowl of filth over him as he is going from the church to the monastery. But the preacher is not to be discouraged. "I should be surprised in-

deed," he says, "if they did not do something of the kind. These are times in which one must be prepared for all things."

It is not wonderful that the tender, impressionable hearts of women should yearn toward such a man. Whether, as some say, all his eloquence is designed to work insidiously on behalf of the temporal power, or whether he is merely concerned in making bad people good and the good better, he succeeds in stirring Rome as she has not been stirred for years. And so, toward noon, the sermon ends, and the crowd disperses, with low echoings of the choicest of the friar's words. Outside the church there are shouts innumerable of "Complete and authentic life of Father —, only a penny!" and "Yesterday's sermon—special version!" This is fame with a vengeance. The booklets sell by hundreds of thousands. And yet the cry is that Rome is an infidel city! "Gallantry," it is said, "has departed from men of the world, and taken refuge in the monastery!" This ought to be regarded as the unkindest cut of all to the soul of a thoroughbred Roman, the great-grandson of the dandies whom Parini has limned so well, sacrificing to the ladies all their hours and aspirations.

It is now time to breakfast in earnest. The friar's sermons are as exhausting to his congregation as to himself. The man who can go straight from the church to a picture-gallery may be envied for his hardihood, but must not serve as an example. Never mind the beggars who accost you for coppers on your way to the eating-house. They are stout, hearty rogues as a rule, with a rare trick of groaning afflictively at sight of a stranger. Not so long ago, one of them used to ride daily into Rome, on his own cob, from his country seat. He amassed a respectable fortune by sitting, with outstretched palms, on the stone steps which ascend from the Piazza di Spagna, and gave his daughter a dowry of a thousand crowns. That, however, was in the days of the popes, when mendicancy was a recognized profession, quite as reputable as law or medicine.

The waiters of Rome are to be commended for their urbanity. You are treated with princely courtesy by the gentle old man in a swallow-tail coat who comes forward to relieve you of your

cloak with his chillblained fingers. Fancy having chillblains in Rome, where no one thinks of suggesting that you would like a fire in your room, though the wind blow nippingly from the snow on Mount Soracte, and there be a film of real ice on the gutters! So it is, however, and, with a murmur about the weather, the old fellow marshals you to a table, takes your order for wine, and perhaps asks if you will breakfast as a good Catholic, or without scruple in the matter of meat. In these days you may follow your humor, though a hundred years ago it was an offence punishable with eight days' imprisonment to eat a beefsteak when you ought, according to the calendar, to eat salt fish.

What a chatter your neighbors at yonder table are making! They consist of six youths, freckled and spectacled, and one pretty girl, whose fair hair and blue eyes whisper of her northern home. Evidently students, the entire seven. The young lady sits at the head of the table, and accepts the homage of her companions' eyes and tongues with exquisite complacency. What would her mother say, one wonders, if she knew how lavishly her pretty daughter was studying experience in Rome? Art means more to some people than to others, yet we will go bail the girl is as good as she looks, and as worthy to inspire an ideal on canvas or in marble as anything of flesh and blood may be.

Who, on the other hand, are those five voluble gentlemen who gesticulate so floridly while they talk, or rather declaim, to each other at the next table? The old waiter tells you in a twinkling. They are B, C, D, E, and F, all members of Parliament: a group of notorious irreconcilables, at present in a difficulty with the Government. C, in particular, is a household word in the newspapers. He is a small, dark man from the Abruzzi, with passion and generosity writ large on his face. These senators pay two francs apiece for their meal (including wine), and when the door has swung upon their backs, as they return to the House, you are perhaps surprised, though not greatly concerned, to hear that their combined gratuity to the waiter amounts to but five-pence.

And now it is well to be industrious in use of such of the prime of the day as

still remains at your disposal. The lively blue of the strip of the heavens above the houses is suggestive of warmth; but to you, in the narrow, sunless byway of the city, the cold breath of the breeze belies the heavens.

A car is ready for you at the street-corner, and the driver will be enchanted to rattle you anywhere within Rome's boundaries for a sixpence. Perchance he spies the foreigner in you, and says word of a friend of his, eminently qualified to act as cicerone. But be deaf to that prompting, unless you have no confidence in yourself. "The history of the ruins of Rome," it has been well said by a Spaniard, "is, in the mouths of the ignorant, often a real ruin of history."

You pass at a gallop palaces, churches, and fountains by the score. Your driver nimbly points with his whip stock at one object after another. He gives it its name—more he cannot do. It is for you to put the flesh on the dry bones. What profit is it to you, for example, to know that this great mass of columns and rocks, and statues, a hundred feet high, with the water gushing from it in three broad streams, and falling from basin to basin in a double cascade, is called the Fontana di Trevi? It is more to the point to know that here Alfieri used to come of a morning, long before his brother aristocrats were out of bed, and sit eating bread and cheese, and thinking, to the sound of the water's roar. And roar it does like a storm-bound sea, so that one marvels how the citizens of the neighborhood sleep in the night. It is the purest water in Rome, and, as such, is favored by the nobility. One day, however, they found a dead drunkard in it, which for a time affected the appetite of those whose taps connect with it. There are a myriad of fountains in Rome, but none, if you have acquired a passion for the old city, of so much consequence to you as this; for on the morning when your fate compels you to leave the dear place, if you come hither and cast a copper coin into its broad basin, you propitiate destiny on your behalf. It is believed by so doing that you assure your return to Rome.

You ask your driver to carry you to the Vatican by a circuitous route. It is not surprising therefore, if, after a few minutes spent in devious alleys, only just wide enough for your car, you chance upon an

open, depressed area between houses and churches, bearing a double line of broken pillars and plinths set in the wet ground, various monstrous pieces of granite lying amid the pillars, and a glorious, uninjured column in the midst, with a railing at its summit, and a statue as a finial. Four or five cats are the sole inhabitants of this parallelogram of classical space. The Forum of Trajan is a sweet place for their antics, whether they play "catch who can" with each other, or find adequate pastime in the pursuit of their own individual tails.

After the Forum you reach another open space—that of the Piazza di Navona, with shops and palaces and florid churches at its four sides, marble seats set about it, statues here and there, and other gigantic fountains dating from the time of the fifth Sxtus, whom Master Pasquin nicknamed Summus Pontifex instead of Summus Pontifex. This is a quarter much abandoned to nursemaids and idlers, although it is close to the Senate House of the Italian nation. Time back it was the circus attached to Nero's baths. Only the other day, speaking comparatively, it served as a convenient place for summary execution of the law upon criminals. Here they set rogues in the pillory, or stretched them face downward on the stone bench, and whipped them well with a thong of cowhide—vastly to the amusement of their fellow Romans, who enjoyed anything in the nature of a spectacle. An assassin or a thief caught in the act, was in those days hung with but little formality. The gallows was always ready, as indeed it ought to have been in a city wherein from 1758 to 1769 there were 4,000 homicides. It was only needful to send for the hangman, who soon turned the poor wretch off, and then jumped on his shoulders to make him die the quicker. It might happen, however, that during the execution the coach of a Cardinal rolled into view. His Eminence, if in a good humor, was likely enough to exercise the privilege of pardon, which belonged to all Cardinals. At the lifting of his finger, as the coach stumbled by, there would be a cry of "Respite!" The arm of the flogger would be instantly arrested, the man in the stocks would go free, and if the luckless villain awaying to and fro from the gallows was not already dead, he would be cut down and released. It is told how

one man at such a contingency had actually been hung, and the hangman was just about to leap upon him, when his Eminence gave the sign—a narrow escape out of the fell jaws of death.

Another characteristic of this notable Piazza—the largest in Rome—was the efficacy of the water of one of its fountains to convert Jews into Christians. But the virtue is nowadays not so considerable. It has gone the way of the cemetery for prostitutes, the wolves of the Campagna close to the city gates, the prejudice against the innovation of gas (publicly denounced by Gregory XVI.)—all of which were current in Rome a few decades ago.

From the Piazza di Navona you approach the Tiber. The water is a dirty primrose color, with a strong stream, enlivened by a multitude of eddies, and bearing away to the sea much jetsam and flotsam in the shape of dead dogs and cats, fragments of boards, and drifts of straw. It is not a river you would care to bathe in, spite of its heroic history, much less be drowned in, like Heliogabalus, whom they threw from one of the bridges, with a stone tied to his neck, "lest he might float, and receive honorable burial." Your driver considerably draws your attention to a great drain which debouches into the river hard by. The sight of this was unnecessary to make you think with but scant respect of the outward and visible aspect of the famous stream. No doubt, however, it will "smooth its yellow foam," and grow sufficiently pellucid and estimable, when you think of it at a distance. A pleasanter feature of it this day is the lumbering Sicilian bark, gay with a draping of boughs and fresh vine-wreaths, moored by the castle of S. Angelo. Here you may drink pure Etnean wine in a fantastic little arbor on the deck of the craft, gently rocked by the turbulent river.

Next you come in view of S. Peter's. It is possible you will be disappointed both by the Piazza in front of it and by the Basilica itself. There is a deal too much grass among the stones of the Piazza. The fountains have an air of decrepitude due to corrosion from the falling water, and the steps up to the portico would be the better for repair. Seen, too, upon an ordinary, uneventful day in the Catholic year (and, in this generation, few days have much pomp attached to them), there

is something infinitely melancholy in the solitude and silence of this vast area before the church of the world's vicar-general. There may be half a dozen tourists methodically ascending the steps, now glancing at their guide-books, and now staring at what their guide-books exhort them to observe. These, with one or two long skirted priests, are all the human beings in waiting upon the church. Away to the right, where the shops, full of rosaries and reliquary trifles, come to an end, and the colonnade begins its bold curve toward the Vatican, there are a score or two of cabs, and some omnibuses. For sound, there is nothing but the splash, splash of the water in the fountains, the spray of which flies far before the wind, and the tolling of the bell which marks the hour.

Here, where last of all in Rome you expect to find them, there are just those signs of neglect and decay which give tender grace to the courtyards of ancient manors and palaces long divorced from the cheerful hum of life and the tread of vigorous feet. Moss and mould on the stones of S. Peter's of Rome! Then truly it would seem that there must be heavy force in those words of the Pope to the Bishop of Brescia the other day, about the oppression he suffers "contrary to the dignity of the Roman Pontiff, and so repugnant to his true liberty," but which he is nevertheless satisfied to continue to suffer, "constrained by hard necessity, so long as it shall be the will of God, who is the supreme omnipotent ordainer of all human things."

If a housemaid deposits her broom in a corner and protests that she will do no more cleaning unless her wages be raised, one of two things must happen: either cobwebs and spiders will stay awhile in the ascendant, or her broom will pass into other hands.

One cannot shake off the fancy that the Vatican cherishes the grass between the stones of the Piazza, and the dilapidation of its masonry, much as a pretty widow clings to the weeds that become her so well. But, if so, it is a pitiful error. Ours is an age in which those who whine and sulk meet with little compassion, and less mercy. Fortitude under calamity wins the world's admiration like nothing else, and, that obtained, much may follow. They who sulk and chafe in a cor-

ner are likely to be left to sulk and chafe, and meantime every such wasted hour is a link in the chain of their ruin.

One thinks of that other Pope, Clement XIV., and his words on the burning subject of our day:—"Christ's vicar is a shepherd of souls, not a trafficker in estates." And again: "The Holy See will not perish, because it is the base and centre of purity; but the Popes will be made to surrender just as much as has been given to them."

When he was but a humble friar, with no particular ambition to be great, this Clement, like the rest of Rome, found himself in the Piazza one day, to see the splendor that surrounded a Papal coronation. He climbed upon a granite column, like a street-arab, the better to view the show; and there he stayed until one of his Holiness's policemen compelled him to descend. Eleven years afterward, he himself sat in the chair of S. Peter. Which column was it, we wonder, that he scaled? Poor Ganganelli! Perhaps there never was a Pope who had nobler ideas about the Papacy; and yet it was of him that they wrote the epitaph:—

Pope Clement the Fourteenth
Began to reign like a mouse,
Reigned like an ass,
And died like a hog.

They were not content to poison him, to get him and his reforms out of the way; but they must also, in self-justification, vilify his memory.

The interior of S. Peter's had such an effect upon Macaulay that he was "fairly stunned" by it, and he "could have cried with pleasure." It takes weeks before ordinary visitors can be brought within a measurable distance of such emotion; if, indeed, it be not true that Rome cannot be appreciated by those who are not Catholics. To most of us the words of a certain diplomatist on the subject have exact application: "The church swells and swells each time we enter it, like a balloon gradually being inflated with gas." People of vigorous imaginations see from the outset whither their experience of it will lead them, and so they are fitly impressed by it at first sight. Instinct, in some of us, here does the work of the imagination. Of this, the "I calculate this is a biggish place of worship when you measure it," of the American citizen on a tour, is a fair example.

After some acquaintance with it, Joseph II. of Austria said of the Roman Court, that "it is impossible for any one who knows it not to despise it." From all accounts he was not far wrong. But no one can venture to be contemptuous of this great temple of Rome. Not that it is by any means above criticism. Where is the human achievement that is? One would like to cut off and sweep away *en masse* the western façade, and perhaps shorten the nave to the length originally designed for it by Michael Angelo. One would like to clip the wings of some of the stone seraphim and cherubim that assume to adorn it. Bernini's gigantic canopy over the high altar would be better returned to the melting-pot, and the bronze thereof given back to the Pantheon, whence it came. The five-and-thirty thousand francs spent a few years ago in forging sheet-iron vestments to cover the nakedness of the saints and angels upon the tomb of Pope Paul III., might have been applied to better use. It would be a relief to some of us if the famous papal choir contained no members of that unfortunate class who are neither masculine nor feminine, and whose singing, for once that it enchants, nine times sets the teeth on edge, or the mind wandering off at a tangent in search of the explanation of the sadness occasioned by the shrill quail-pipe of these nondescript but highly-paid members of society, mutilated for the behoof of the first Church of the Christian faith. If it could be done, one would be glad to see the countless stains of tobacco-juice, etc., completely removed from the marble pavement, and one would like to discover the Pope walking about and conversing with the sacristans in the brisk, companionable manner that marks the intercourse between our country parsons and their sextons. And so on. One could readily frame a strong indictment against S. Peter's upon divers counts, even as one may without difficulty find flaw after flaw in the character of this or that man or woman commonly reckoned a miracle of excellence.

When you have paid your homage to S. Peter's daily for a month or two, you may be in train to admire the noble building as it deserves to be admired. The nervousness that attends upon an introduction will then have worn off. Indeed, you will be on such terms of intimacy

with it, that even its failings will seem to you an essential, and not so very repugnant a part of it. It will all be dear to you—from the vaults underneath, with their urns full of the dust of popes, and emperors, and saints, to the cramped copper sphere at the summit, wherein, having climbed to it by a perpendicular ladder set in a funnel, the sides of which press your shoulders, you have consented to sit for awhile, with your knees almost touching your nose, in company with three or four unwashed Roman vagabonds, who defile it with scurrilous canticles and the ill-smelling smoke of their cigar-ends. The wind wails through the interstices of this ball of S. Peter's with many a weird intonation.

A hundred years ago, the Basilica was menaced with deadly peril. The French had designs upon it. It was not enough that they should loot the galleries and palaces of Rome, foist their own barbarous calendar upon the reluctant faithful, flood the State with their sham bank-notes, and tax the Romans as they had never been taxed before. They proposed also to strip the first church of the world of all its valuables, and sell these for what they would fetch. The schedule of its properties was already drawn up, and only the order to devastate was wanting. Happily, this order was deferred and never issued.

In their despair, the Romans of that day went to and fro about the Holy City, petitioning Heaven in the quaint but rather obsolete way that accorded best with their aspirations. Some scourged their naked backs as they walked in procession; others dragged ponderous chains at the ankle; some bore heavy crosses of wood upon their shoulders; and others kept their arms stiffly distended, as if they had been nailed to a crucifix; yet others wore crowns of thorns, which drew blood from their brows at each footstep. These petitioners at the gate of Heaven were blessed by the Pope from his balcony. It was hoped that their intercessions, and the miraculous conduct of certain statues of the Virgin, which in this time of tribulation were seen to open and shut their eyes—as much to the terror as the joy of the people—would induce God Himself to be on their side.

But their hopes seemed vain. For, spite of the flagellants and the other self-torturers, spite of the public exposition of

a number of the relics which give Rome its supreme sanctity (the heads and trunks of S. Peter and S. Paul, the inscription from the Cross, the column to which Christ was bound when He was scourged, the table upon which the Last Supper was spread, the grill upon which S. Lawrence was roasted to death, etc., etc.)—spite of all, for a score of years there was no peace in Rome; and it seemed as if at any moment the words of Napoleon, after the Treaty of Tolentino, might be fulfilled: "This old machine (the Papacy) will now fall to pieces of its own accord."

How, one cannot but ask oneself, will the Papacy weather the storm which in our day is persistently over its head? It is not, perhaps, so brutal and ruthless as that of the Revolution, but it is more protracted, and likely to be even more serious in its final results. Is the time near when S. Peter's of Rome will no longer be the church of the Holy See? It is hard saying what cataclysm is in store for the Pope's city. The whirligig of time seems to threaten us with much radical change, as a corollary of those words from the Vatican only the other day, "Woman in Europe is the sole hope of the Church." Never was there a more fatal confession of weakness.

But in the waning afternoon one must make haste to the Vatican galleries, even though there be time only to walk once through them. Cold indeed on a dull Lenten day are the precincts of S. Peter's and the Vatican. The straight walk of nearly a quarter of a mile between the high wall of the Vatican garden (the tops of the big pines of which rise above the wall) and the lofty, ugly, brown body of the palace itself, is enough to frighten enthusiasm into a corner. You may chance on your way to see some of the fantastic coaches of the Pope's establishment in the ground-floor chambers of the palace. They would better besit Mr. Barnum or the organizers of our Lord Mayors' shows than him who claims pre-eminently to personate the apostolic character.

One soon develops a preference for this statue or that in such a gallery as that of the Vatican. Either it is the gracious, refined head of Antinous, or the Apollo Belvedere, "lord of the unerring bow," or that striking old battered relic of a great artist's work, without a head, without feet, and without hands, or the disk-

thrower (you may see the boys by Frascati, in the same attitude, engaged in the same pastime), or what not of the marble wealth of this "Niobe of the nations."

For our part, we like best the Laocoon. Some say it is not a work of art the contemplation of which tends to brace the spirits of a man. Perhaps it is not. The comfort is that there are times when one feels so strong of body and mind as to be in no want of external fortifying. But there is one decided drawback to the Laocoon. It has been the source of so much controversy that you are sure to be afflicted by the sound of argument round about it. Tiresome German professors make it a trysting-place for their pupils, and, having massed their ardent flock in front of it, are audacious enough to apply it as the text of a sermon twenty minutes in duration, not perceiving that though Lessing, Winckelmann, Goethe, Schopenhauer, and divers other Teutons of renown, have largely discussed the meaning of the expression on the old priest's face, this does not give the German nation a monopoly of the statue. These art-students measure its parts, raise their eyebrows, and excitedly let loose to each other the inspired rhapsodies that suddenly come upon them; and, in short, make such a babble that it is impossible to enjoy it as one might under other conditions. It may be worth while to debate, as they do, whether Laocoon was a Stoic, as Winckelmann thinks, and therefore not likely to cry out in his agony; or whether, according to Lessing's view, the sculptors cared nothing about the old man's sufferings, and were only anxious to suppress his screams as incompatible with ideal beauty; or whether, as Hirt supposes, the serpents had already squeezed so much of his life out of him that he had no strength left to spend in wailing; or whether it be true that Schopenhauer has said the last word about the work in his ridicule of all this futile debating, and his simple assertion that Laocoon does not shriek because it is not in the power of inanimate marble to shriek.

One is at times half, and more than half, disposed to fancy that we befool ourselves by our excessive admiration of the sculpture of the ancients. As architects, indeed, these merit all the homage we can offer them. But in sculpture, in so far only as it assumes to represent the

human form, it is surely less our fault than our misfortune that we must confess them our superiors. It is a commonplace that "the invention of breeches has changed the history of the world." Our modern sculptors are sadly hampered by civilization: they are forced to study faces rather than forms. No wonder if, as a rule, they fail to please us like the Greeks. Yet in Rome's modern cemetery, outside the gate of S. Lorenzo, there is at least one chiselled face sweeter and nobler than any done by a Pagan hand. The expression, as well as the sympathetic execution, may doubtless be ascribed to that other more modern force in the world—quite as powerful in its way as the invention of breeches—to wit, Christianity.

His Holiness's picturesque domestics dismiss you from the Vatican punctually at three o'clock. What next? If you are in an indefatigable humor, you may still see much before the dinner hour. Why not, first of all, drive as near the Capitol as your car can take you, ascend that awful flight of steps which leads to the site of the venerated temple of Jupiter, and then stroll down the lane to the right, and view the Tarpeian rock! It does not thrill as it ought, but it is interesting. You ring a bell by a garden gate, explain your wishes to the dame who answers the bell, and then follow her through a garden of orange-trees, acacias, and cypresses, shaken by the wind which whistles shrilly about this exalted spot. "Behold it, sir!" says your guide, as she stops on the brink of a precipitous cliff of red rock about eighty feet high. Seneca must have strained at his adjective when he wrote of it as "*immense altitudinis*."

The obvious plea that the rock is not high enough to kill is met by your cicerone with the counter-plea that in the old days it was three times as high. You may not be convinced by her bold assertion, but it is all the solace your imagination is like to get. It is too bad. There are flowers and grasses about the face of the cliff. The base of it serves as a courtyard for three or four houses, whose roofs are on a level with you. The inmates of the houses, engaged in various humble offices of life, are declared to you: clothes are being hung to dry where of old the mutilated bodies of Rome's traitors fell dead; children are singing in wooden balconies; a woman is making a salad. You see, too,

the Madonnas over the beds within the houses, and the pots and pans in the kitchen. Behind the chimney-pots are the ruins of the Palatine Hill; and beyond, the blue Alban mountains. When you have stored the picture in your memory, your cicerone tells you the rock is in the estate of the German Consul, whose residence adjoins. Our northern half-brethren are not satisfied to exercise a sort of prescriptive right over works of art like the Laocoon; they must also obtain possession of Rome's natural phenomena.

If you care for what is termed "high life," your day's revelry in Rome will be incomplete unless you give the last hour of the daylight to the Corso. The bearers of great names may then be seen by the score, driving up and down this narrow street of shops at a funeral pace. The noble youths of Rome loiter by a certain *café* in the street, dressed to the ears, with cigars between their primrose-kid-covered fingers, and ever and anon saluting a passer-by with grave elegance. These youths are sad gossips. They break the reputations of their lady friends with a whisper as easily as you break a biscuit. There is still much of the old leaven of malicious frivolity in their race.

Some of the ladies, their sisters and wives and cousins, are quite oppressively magnificent in feature. The Roman nose stands transcendent upon their dark faces. It gives them a character of imperiousness and severity that their hearts belie. Parini's words about the Roman husband of his period are as serviceable now as they were then. He is of no consequence whatever in his own house, and if he be a man of spirit, he will betake himself elsewhere, to seek entertainment in the company of some fair lady whose husband, on his part, is amusing himself with the conversation of another lady, whose husband is also away. The Romans are noticeable for the size of their ears. You may have remarked it in their statues: those of Cato of Utica, for instance, would excite the envy of an ass; and afterward you perceive that the modern Romans are much like their classical forefathers in this respect. After the tongue, the ear is certainly the organ most in request here. And as it hears a great deal it ought not to hear, its size may well be abnormal.

This paper is already too long. We may, therefore, skip over the time that

intervenes between sunset and midnight on this typical day of your life in Rome ; a period of five or six not unimportant hours, consecrated to dinner and the theatre. You will indeed be fortunate if you leave the theatre so early as midnight ; for the play often drags on its tedious course until one o'clock or later.

Surely, you protest, it is now time to put your shins at hazard on the grimy stone staircase that leads to your bed. Indeed it is not. It were treason against the majesty of Rome not to spend an hour or two of nocturnal reverie in that eerie haunt, the Colosseum. It is not at all eerie by day. You cannot possibly conjure up the spectres of its past when you are in the midst of a throng of the especially-conducted from London or Berlin. There are then so many Anglo-Saxons smoking meerschaum pipes, so many amateur photographers and artists struggling after new effects, so many well-informed clergymen discoursing to their wives and daughters about the martyrs who died in the arena where they stand, so many Roman hucksters of glazed picture-books, rosaries, and mock antiques—briefly, such strong and various distraction, that the Colosseum is really tiresome. Perhaps the only fancy it then provokes in you is a desire to glissade down that towering brick slope which a certain Pope built up as a protective buttress to the much-despoiled ruin.

But the night tells another tale. The dark vault of the heavens then plays the part of that ceiling of canvas which they stretched from side to side of the amphitheatre to keep off the sun. Your imagination quickens. You see eighty or ninety thousand men and women, in tiers, around and above you : the married here ; the unmarried there ; the boys with their tutors in yonder corner. They are all as silent as the tomb. In the middle of the arena the gladiators are at work. One is down—no, he is up again. He bleeds, but what of that ? A hundred and seventy thousand eyes are upon him : he must show himself a hero. He staggers a second time. Did you not hear the flesh part at the sweep of his rival's blade ? He lies prostrate ; nor will he rise again. And now at length the multitude suddenly shout their applause. They are excellent judges of an agony, and this man has died famously.

A hundred other gladiators breathe their last in the same way. It becomes monotonous. The crimson patches upon the sand are gruesome to see ; and so is the dark steam which ascends from them. Fountains of perfumed water are set in motion here and there, but the perfumes are overpowered by the fœtor. The multitude are heated in spite of the screen betwixt them and the sun. They are querulous also ; they cry for a new sensation ; and meanwhile eat and drink and settle their wagers of the morning. They have sat for four hours, but it is not enough. To pique their jaded appetites, the bars of dens on all sides of the arena are briskly slipped aside, and from the recesses lions, leopards, elephants, wild boars, bears, and tigers, leap or stride forward sullenly upon the sand. The lions and tigers snuff the blood at their feet, and roar their loudest. There is a flutter of white rags to anger the boars, and the bulls are taunted with red rags ; a cracking of whips behind some of the beasts, and a touch of the goad for others. The elephants have been made drunk with a decoction of herbs. A score of men and women, in white garments, are urged into the midst of this fierce company ; and then the turmoil of whips and shouts and roars is redoubled. The elephants totter to and fro, crushing whatever gets in their path ; the bulls and boars toss and gore ; the lions and tigers and leopards rend and begin to devour ; and the bears squeeze the life out of the hearts of the human beings nearest to them. The glamour grows deafening. The arena is a shambles, and the fumes from it are sickening. But the Romans have tough stomachs, and so, by-and-by, they return to their houses, rejoicing in the spectacle.

Again all is silent in the stupendous building. The stars shine overhead. The cool night wind sighs among the marble seats, the walls and hollows. It will sweeten the place in readiness for the morrow. But look ! what are these shadowy forms gliding into the arena ? The sand is still strewn with the dead of the day ; men and women and beasts side by side ; time enough to remove them when the first cock crows. Under the starlight, the dead Christians are gently but swiftly borne away, one by one. Their living brethren are ready for them by the outer walls, and these transport them to the

solitudes of the Celian hill, to their last homes in the catacombs.

You may, if you please, see visions like this all through the night in this monstrous skeleton of an extinct age; and you may mark further, if you will, how the later history of Rome has been epitomized in the vicissitudes of the Colosseum. It has been a fortress, a church, a cattle-market, and a quarry, as well as a theatre and a slaughter-house. It has seen a hundred Popes amble by it on white mules, in solemn pomp, toward the Lateran Church. They say that Peter the Hermit here con-

ceived the idea of the Crusades." Here Michael Angelo used to come and muse upon architects and architecture: he called it his school. There is no end to its experiences. What new sight, we wonder, is Rome preparing for it? There's not a doubt about the answer. The acres of huge white houses, built and building, hardly a gunshot away, mark the latest phase in the history of Rome and the Colosseum. When the Pope has gone, the Colosseum as well as Rome will have turned over a strange new leaf. — *Cornhill Magazine*.

—♦♦—
A STONY WAY.

BY F. P.

"I am thankful now,
Mute, passive, acquiescent, I receive,
And bless God simply."

R. BROWNING (*In a Balcony*).

You are so far above me; yet I stand
And watch your upward way,
I know the path is stony that you tread;
You strive, and toil, and pray.
The strife and toil have brought you peace at last;
Yes, peace—but not forgetfulness of what is past.

I know the heavy burden that you bear
With you must always stay,
But you laid it down at our Saviour's feet,
And its bitterness past away.
And now you would not break the quiet rest
Of him you lov'd so dearly: God knows best.

And so He called him early to his home;
That home of peace so fair,
Where he is waiting till the time shall come
For you to join him there;
In that land where our lost ones are found once more,
Where we meet our beloved, who went before.

But yet you have this comfort to the end—
Not his, but yours, the loss.
God called him home to a heavenly crown,
And He bade you bear the cross;
And the weight of that cross no soul may know,
Save those who through life with its burden go.

You shed below you on the toilsome way,
The path your feet have trod,
A light to point all lesser souls the way,
And bring us nearer God.
In pain and in sorrow, and bitterest loss,
You show how His servant can carry the cross.

—Academy.

LISBON.

ROUNDING the Rock of Lisbon, the westernmost point of Europe, the voyager enters the noble estuary of the Tagus. Some ten miles inland from the sea, on the northern bank, stands Lisbon. On our left hand is the Bay of Cascaes, with its ancient castle, generally occupied by the Royal Family of Portugal during the summer bathing season. On the landward side parks and scattered villas stretch away into the distance. The bay is the gathering-place of the Royal regattas, but is stormy and unsheltered. Volcanic rocks crop out of the sterile soil at every turn, and the Portuguese say, in allusion to the somewhat desolate and dreary prospect, *Quem vai a Cascaes vai uma vez e nunca mais*—"Who goes to Cascaes goes once, but never again." Cintra soon comes in view to the north, with its rocky eminences, crowned by the old Moorish castle and the Cork Convent; the latter so called from its corridors lined with cork. Cintra is abandoned and desolate, only visited by occasional stray tourists. Pena Castle, the former residence of the Saxe-Coburg Dom Fernando, father of the late King Dom Luis, stands boldly on a rocky height. Hard by is the old summer palace of Dom John I., whose queen was the daughter of John of Gaunt; built in Moorish style, with patios, courtyards, balconies, baths, and gardens. The Throne-room is remarkable for its ceiling, adorned with painted magpies, each with the legend "*Para bem*," in its beak. This was Dom John's revenge on his gossiping courtiers for their merry use of these two words of excuse, which the King had been overheard whispering in the ears of the angry Queen. This palpable hint about chattering magpies stopped for good—"para bem"—the wagging tongues of the discomfited courtiers. Cintra, with its towering volcanic rocks, its groves, and lovely prospects over sea and land, is a favorite summer resort of the wealthier merchants of Lisbon, who have their modern villas nestling among its rocks and groves. Montserrat, that costly folly of the magnificent Bedford, who squandered a fortune in its construction, now gives its title of Viscount to an English merchant. Approaching Lisbon by a charming succession of orange

groves, olive groves, vineyards and gardens, broken and rocky heights rising from the green, and mansions embowered in verdure, Quintas is seen in the distance, and at Belem Castle (Bedlam, Bethlehem)—a diminutive and unique specimen of Moorish architecture. The Portuguese Customs officers hail and board our passing vessel. At high water the little castle is washed on every side by the Tagus. The silting of the river-bed is rapid and incessant, and the channel is constantly changing by the shifting of the mud and sand banks. The southern bank of the river presents quite a different aspect to the rocky northern shore. Here, toward the mouth of the Tagus, the land is low and uninhabited, save by a few fishermen. As we approach Lisbon, however, the rocks begin to crop up again, and on the last rocky point on that shore stands the Lazaretto, where quarantine must be done whenever Government officials can find or invent an excuse for that extortion. Voyagers who are unfortunate enough to find themselves prisoners at this spot have perforce to patronize the only "Restaurant" in the place. The enterprising Lisbon merchant who farms this monopoly pays the Government an annual sum of 2,000*l.* for the privilege.

The Portuguese (who live in their past) please themselves by relating the legend of Ulysses, who landed, they say, at the little island of Troya, at the entrance to Setubal Bay, and finding that small island too confined for his purpose, sailed again northward, and founded Lisbon on its seven hills, to which city he gave the name of Ulyssippo, hence the modern name Lisbon. The city, as seen from the river, has an exceedingly picturesque appearance, its broken tiers of houses rising from the shore against the background of hills which shut off the city from the level country inland. The Portuguese are proud of their capital, and use the proverb, *Quem nao ha vista Lisboa, nao ha vista cousa boa*—"Who has never seen Lisbon has missed seeing a good thing." But when one has landed and explored the streets, both of the lower and the upper town, which are neither clean nor imposing, and made a nearer acquaintance with the houses of Lisbon, which are

neither clean nor comfortable, one is inclined to the opinion that the Portuguese idea of a good thing is somewhat behind the more modern and advanced idea.

The lower town of Lisbon, which was a congeries of crooked and narrow lanes, with castellated piles at every corner, whence the owners, the Portuguese nobility, used to emerge for frequent brawls and faction fights, was entirely destroyed in the earthquake of 1755. The great Marquis de Pombal, who was Prime Minister at the time, used the opportunity to remodel the city, and made, for that age, an excellent use of his opportunity. Commencing at the Royal Landing Place, he first laid out the Black Horse Square facing the river. Round two of its sides, north and west, he built the offices of the Ministers of State, and on the eastern side he raised the enormous pile of the Custom-house. He then proceeded to lay out his new streets in parallel lines running north from the river, and crossed by others at right angles. Black Horse Square, where Wellington landed with the English troops, occupies the site of the old Esplanade and Royal Palace, the whole block of which, during the earthquake, was carried bodily away by an immense tidal wave. Many hundreds of the inhabitants of Lisbon had fled to this spot for safety, and were swept away to destruction with the ground on which they stood. In Dom Pedro Square, north of Black Horse Square, stands the old building of the Inquisition, now the theatre of Donna Maria II. Beyond, the new Avenue of Liberty, the fashionable promenade of Lisbon, stretches its shadeless, scorching, and dusty vista. During most hours of the day the glaring Avenue is a place to be shunned. The old, or eastern part of the town, round the old Castle of St. George, was spared by the earthquake, and remains now much as it was then, only more squalid and decayed than ever.

The scare of that terrible earthquake

still lingers in the minds of the Lisbonenses. They build their houses with a framework of intersecting and interlacing beams and piles, and then fill in the frame with rubble, stone, and mortar, and face with cement. The roofs are of wood, covered with red tiles. In the grim, prison-like appearance of their lofty houses one sees nothing of the light and graceful style of architecture which is common in the South of Portugal.

On the hills between Belem and Lisbon lies the picturesque suburb of Buenos Ayres, where the English colony principally inhabits. The English Minister's residence is here; and here stands the English Consular Chapel, on the site of the old church built by the Dutch and English in 1680, and which was burned down in 1887. The Estrella Gardens, with their shady walks, adjoin the English Cemetery, which is known as "the Cypresses," from the magnificent cypresses which fill it. It is a relief to aching eyes and weary limbs, after that hot pull up the glaring hill, to saunter through the dark groves, in the shadow of which so many of our countrymen sleep their last sleep. Fielding sleeps under a massive stone sarcophagus, and in the next avenue a modest square urn on a plinth covers the ashes of Doddridge.

Lisbon, with its 200,000 inhabitants, produces nothing, or next to nothing, in the way of manufactures. The shops are full of imported goods. Not more than twenty per cent. of the population can read or write. The lawyers and merchants monopolize between them what enterprise, or wealth, or learning is found in the country, and from these two classes the official and hereditary nobility are largely recruited. The other families despise the name of trade, and spend their time (or waste it) at their country seats, only paying very occasional visits to the capital.—*Saturday Review*.

TWILIGHT.

BY A. MARY F. ROBINSON (MADAME DARMESTER).

WHEN I was young the twilight seemed too long.

How often on the western window seat
I leaned my book against the misty pane
And spelled the last enchanting lines again
The while my mother hummed an ancient song
Or sighed a little and said, "The hour is sweet,"
When I, rebellious, clamored for the light.

But now I love the soft approach of night,
And now with folded hands I sit and dream
While all too fleet the hours of twilight seem;
And thus I know that I am growing old.

O granaries of Age! O manifold
And royal harvest of the common years!
There are in all thy treasure-house no ways
But lead by soft descent and gradual slope
To memories more exquisite than hope.
Thine is the Iris born of olden tears,
And thrice more happy are the happy days
That live divinely in thy lingering rays.
So autumn roses bear a lovelier flower;
So, in the emerald after-sunset hour,
The orchard wall and trembling aspen-trees
Appear an infinite Hesperides.
Ay, as at dusk we sit with folded hands
Who knows, who cares in what enchanted lands
We wander while the undying memories throng!

When I was young the twilight seemed too long.

—*Athenæum*.

THE IMAGINATION AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

MR. ALDERMAN BAILEY, in an address to a body of engineering students at Manchester, has been telling his hearers, and telling them very rightly, that they ought to cultivate their imaginations. Engineers, he pointed out, must necessarily be on one side of their minds very hard-headed, practical persons. They must be accurate, for instance, to the hundredth part of an inch, for an error in measurement is certain to bring its results—results which are not unlikely entirely to spoil the finished work. But this worship of the two-foot rule, this devotion to the concrete, is apt to stunt the mind. A man who is perpetually thinking of minute material details, who is forced to train his mind to abhor the inexact, and

who can never allow himself to imitate the liberal maxim of the social polity, and declare that *de minimis non curat scientia*, is very apt to find his intellectual faculties growing crystallized, and his mind approaching every new question with the deadening interrogation, "Isn't it contrary to common-sense?" The necessity for expressing every idea in terms of yards of earthwork or masonry, or tons of iron, is, in fact, constantly tending to deprive him of that inspiration which is nevertheless as essential to the great engineer as to the great poet. The man who proposes to undertake the subjugation of the forces of Nature in a hundred different ways never attempted before, is specially bound

to prevent any hardening of the mind. The soldier and the statesman, the physician and the man of science, the scholar and the mathematician, no doubt all require imagination to succeed; but the technicalities of their various professions do not in anything like the same degree deaden that faculty of the brain. Hence it is perfectly right that the engineers should be particularly warned that they cannot do their work well unless they cultivate the imagination.

But how is the imagination to be cultivated? That is a question which it is far easier to ask than to answer. Still, if the cultivation is to be attempted, a reply must be found, for it is obviously necessary to know the nature of what we intend to foster. Perhaps the best definition that can be given of the imagination is, that it is the creative faculty of the mind—that function of the intelligence by which the brain moves outside the circumscribed orbit of experience, and becomes capable of construction on its own account. Of course this process is never purely independent of trains of thought that have their ultimate origin in our sensuous impressions. No man can imagine something absolutely different in *kind* from all human experience and utterly divorced from knowledge, except, indeed, it be in regard to a future life and the existence of a Deity. In these two particulars alone is the product of the human mind isolated and unconnected by some ladder of thought, however slender, with the ordinary perceptions of mankind; and it is, therefore, far more reasonable to regard them as due to intuition than to suppose the rule broken only twice. In every other instance, man, even when he scales “the highest heaven of invention,” has all the time only risen from the earth by a series of steps, one based upon the other. But though it is thus impossible for a human being to think thoughts new in kind, he may construct images that are different to any previously conceived. Man takes his sensuous impressions, and so combines them as to make a fresh development. To take a very simple instance. Experience has made known to him the bird and the snake. Imagination works upon these, and we have the freshly created creature the dragon. This is typical of the process by which is being gradually built up the whole fabric of human thought, and

by which every fresh invention is made. Nature provides us with a view of the material universe in which the objects perceived by the senses appear under a certain configuration. The imagination, however, gives a turn to the kaleidoscope, and out of what are precisely the same materials produces a perfectly new set of appearances. It is not satisfied with the order of Nature, but “selects the parts of different conceptions,” and forms thereout a whole more useful or more pleasing, as the case may be. Imagination is no doubt sometimes used almost as if it meant a certain power of producing fantastic or unreal images; but this is a wholly mistaken use. The part of imagination which is thus restricted in its scope should more properly be called fancy. Imagination includes fancy, but is far wider. In truth, imagination is co extensive with invention. It is the faculty by which the mind leaves the plain of human experience, and builds up, stage upon stage, new phenomena of thought, some destined to remain abstractions, others to be applied to the material universe. But imagination, as usually employed, means, we admit, something more than this building-up of thought-structures. It means not only the process, but its carrying-out with rapidity. The man of imagination is he who can skip, or rather appear to skip, the series of gradations by which his new conceptions are connected with what may be called the *terra firma* of thought—i.e., the phenomena of human experience—and project his mind almost instantaneously to the desired conclusion. Imagination, in a word, builds up, and then employs the ladder of thought with lightning rapidity. It seems to be leaping, though in reality it is climbing. When, then, we say that an engineer should have imagination, we mean that he should be able to spring to or climb to fresh conclusions, as if he were more than a limited human being. The imaginative are coral insects who pile cell on cell so rapidly that we cannot follow the process, and who, therefore, half persuade us that they have snatched some of the “authentic fire” of Heaven, and made themselves creators indeed.

But if imagination is ultimately the power of forming new rungs on the ladder of thought, and of forming them rapidly, we can cultivate this faculty by teaching people to think, and to think

quickly. To go back to our old instance, the best way for the engineers to cultivate their minds is to acquire the power of thinking. Now, roughly speaking, education consists in being taught to act, to observe, and to think. The first two are supplied by the technical studies which an engineer is compelled to pursue. The thinking is best got by the study of those "humanities" which were the educational ideal of the mediæval world. The accident that in the Middle Ages literature, poetry, history, and philosophy were confined to the ancient tongues, unfortunately set up the notion that Greek and Latin alone were *Literæ humaniores*; but, in truth, the phrase should have no such restricted meaning. Poetry, if by that is meant not mere lyrical outbursts, is one of the greatest teachers of the art of thinking, and especially of thinking rapidly, for the Muse must of necessity move with flying foot. Indeed, when we speak of poetry being of an inspiring kind, we mean that it affords the presentation of thought in a form so lively and active, that it at once begins to sprout and blossom anew in the mind that receives it. That is why the general sense of the universe has always declared that poetry stimulates the imagination. The study of logic and of

grammar in its highest sense—that is, considered as the machinery of thought—also develops the power of thought, and so the imagination. Philosophy and mathematics are, of course, also strong stimulants to thought, as, indeed, is everything which was included under the old description of "the arts."

It is possible that, notwithstanding the plainness of the case, some so-called "practical men" will ask for a better, or, rather, for a more practical proof that engineers become more efficient by cultivating their imaginations. We think we can give them an instance in point. The man who invented the lock on canals and rivers was surely a great engineer. This was Leonardo da Vinci, who had probably the keenest and subtlest imagination ever possessed by any human being. That he was so great an inventor and engineer, was, we cannot doubt, due in no small measure to the fact that he had cultivated his imagination to a point where it became positively uncanny. So agile was his mind, that it was impossible to detect the use of the ladder of thought. In him, imagination seemed like some demoniac possession, and did not so much build up as create the new instrument of power.—*Spectator*.

VERSE.

THE FAUN'S PUNISHMENT.—*Correggio*.

(*A Drawing in the Louvre.*)

BY MICHAEL FIELD.

WHAT has the tortured old Faun been doing ?

What was his impious sin,
That the Maenads have ceased from pursuing
Cattle, with leaps and din,
To compass him round,
On woodland ground,
With cords, and faces dire,—
Cords, fastened with strain,
Faces hate-stretched ?
Why have they fetched

Snakes from the grass, with swift tongues of fire,
And a reed from the stream-sodden plain ?

Beneath the sun's and the oak-leaves' flicker,

They settle near—ah, near !

One blows her reed, as dry as a wicker,
Into the old Faun's ear ;

The scream of the wind,
 With flood combined
 Rolls on his simple sense :
 It is anguish heard,
 For quietness splits
 Within, and fits
 Of gale and surge are a fierce offence
 To him who knows but the breeze or bird.

One sits with fanciful eyes beside him,
 Malice and wonder mix
 In her glance at the victim—woe betide him,
 When once her snakes transfix
 His side ; ere they dart,
 With backward start
 She waits their rigid pause.
 And with comely stoop,
 One maid, elate
 With horror, hate,
 And triumph, up from his ankle draws
 The skin away in a clinging loop.

Before the women a boy-faun dances,
 Grapes and stem at his chin,
 Mouth of red the red grape-bunch enhances
 Ere it is sucked within
 By the juicy lips,
 Free as the tips
 Of tendrils in their curve ;
 And his flaccid cheek,
 'Mid mirthful heaves
 And ripples weaves
 A guiltless smile that might almost serve
 For the vines themselves in vintage-week.

What meaning is here or what mystery,
 What fate and for what crime ?
 Why so fearful this sylvan history
 Of a far summer-time ?
 There was no ill-will
 That day, until
 With fun the gray-beard shook
 At the Maenads' torn
 Spread hair, their brave
 Tumultuous wave
 Dancing ; and women will never brook
 Mirth at their folly, O doomed old Faun !

—Academy.

—♦♦—
 A WORLDLY WOMAN.;

BY VERNON LEE.

I.

“ But why should you mind who buys
 your pots, so long as your pots are beauti-
 ful ? ” asked the girl.

“ Because, as things exist at present,
 art can minister only to the luxury of the
 rich, idle classes. The people, the peo-
 ple that works and requires to play, to
 have something to tell it of happier things,

gets no share in art. The people is too poor to possess beautiful things, and too brutish to care for them; the only amusement it can afford is getting drunk. And one wearies and sickens of merely adding one's grain of sand to the inequality and injustice of existing social condition—don't you see, Miss Flodden?"

Leonard Greenleaf stopped short, his breathlessness mingling with the annoyance at having let himself be carried away by his ideas, and producing a vague sense of warm helplessness.

"Of course," he went on, taking up a big jar of yellow Hispano-Moorish lustre ware, and mechanically dusting it with the feather brush, "it's absurd to talk like that about such things as pots, and it's absurd to talk like that to you."

And raising his head he gave a furtive little glare at the girl, where she stood in a golden beam of dust and sunlight, that slanted through his workshop.

Miss Valentine Flodden—such was the name on the family card which she had sent in together with that of Messrs. Boyce & Co.—made rather a delightful picture in that yellow halo, the green light from under the plane-trees filtering in through the door behind her, and gleams of crimson and glints of gold flickering in the brown gloom wherever an enamel plate or pot was struck by a sunbeam, winnowed by the blind that flapped in the draught. Greenleaf knew by some dim, forgotten experience or unaccountable guess-work, that she was what was called, in the detestable jargon of a certain set, a pretty woman. He also recognized in her clothes—they were would-be manly, far more simple and practical than those of the girls he knew, yet telling of a life anything but practical and simple—that she belonged to that same set of persons, a fact apparent also in her movements, her words and accent, nay, in the something indefinable in her manner that seemed to take things for granted. But he didn't care for her being beautiful. His feeling was solely of vague irritation at having let himself speak—he had quite unnecessarily told her he intended giving up the pottery next year—about the things that were his very life, to a stranger; a stranger who had come with a card to ask advice about her own amateur work, and from out of a world which was foreign and odious to him, the world of idleness and luxury. Also, he experi-

enced a certain shame at a certain silly, half romantic pleasure at what was in reality the unconscious intrusion of a fashionable eccentric. This girl, who had been sent on from Boyce & Co.'s for information which they could not give, must evidently have thought she was coming to another shop, otherwise she would never have come all alone; she evidently took him for a shopman, otherwise she would not have stayed so long nor spoken so freely. It was much better she should continue to regard him as a shopman; and indeed was it not his pride to have shaken off all class distinctions, and to have become a working man like any other?

It was this thought which made him alter his tone and ask with grave politeness, "Is there any further point upon which I can have the pleasure of giving you any information?"

Miss Flodden did not answer this question. She stood contemplating the old warped oaken floor, on whose dust she was drawing a honeysuckle pattern with the end of her parasol.

"Why did you say that you ought not to speak about such things to—people, Mr. Greenleaf?" she asked. "Of course, one's a Philistine, and in outer darkness, but still—"

She had raised her eyes full upon him. They were a strange light blue, darkening as she spoke, under very level brows, and she had an odd way of opening them out at one. Like that, with her delicate complexion, and a little vagueness about the mouth, she looked childish, appealing, and rather pathetic.

"All these things are very interesting," she added quickly; "at least they must be if one understands anything about them."

Greenleaf was sorry. He didn't know exactly why; but he felt vaguely as if he had been brutal. He had made her shut up—for he recognized that the second part of her speech was the reaction against his own; and that was brutal. He ought not to have let the conversation depart from the technicalities of pottery, as he had done by saying he intended giving it up, and then bursting into that socialistic rhapsody. It wasn't fair upon her.

By this time the reaction had completely set in with her. Her face had a totally different expression, indifferent, bored, a little insolent—the expression of her society and order.

"It's been very good of you," she said, looking vaguely round the room, with the shimmer of green leaves and the glint of enamel in its brown dustiness, "to tell me so many things, and to have given up so much of your time. I didn't know, you know, from Messrs. Boyce, that I was breaking in upon you at your work. I suppose they were so kind because of my father having a collection—they thought that I knew more about pottery than I do."

She stretched out her hand stiffly. Leonard Greenleaf did not know whether he ought to take it, because he guessed that she did not know whether she ought to offer it him. Also he felt awkward, and sorry to have shut her up.

"I should—be very happy to tell you anything more that I could, Miss Flodden," he said; "besides, the owners of Yetholme must be privileged people with us potters."

"If—if ever you be passing anywhere near Eaton Square—that's where I live with my aunt," she said, "won't you come in and have a cup of tea? Number 5; the number is on the card. But," she added suddenly, with a little laugh, which was that social stiffening once more, "perhaps you never do pass anywhere near tea time; or you pass and don't come in. It would be a great waste of your time."

What had made her stiffen suddenly like that was a faint smile that had come into Greenleaf's face at the beginning of her invitation. He had understood, or thought he understood, that his visitor had grasped the fact that he was a sort of gentleman after all, and that she thought it necessary to express her recognition of the difference between him and any other member of the firm of Boyce & Co. by asking him to call.

"Of course you are a great deal too busy," she repeated. "Perhaps some day you will let me come to your studio again—some day next year—good-by."

"Shall I call you a hansom?" he asked, wondering whether he had been rude.

"Thank you; I think I'll go by the Underground. You cross the big square, and then along the side of the British Museum, don't you? I made a note of the way as I came. Or else I'll get a bus in Tottenham Court Road."

She spoke the words *bus* and *underground*, he thought, with a little emphasis.

She was determined to have her fill of eccentricity, now that she had gone in for pottery, and for going about all alone to strange places, and scoring out everything save her own name on the family card. At least, so Greenleaf said to himself, as he watched the tall, slight young figure disappearing down the black Bloomsbury Street, and among the green leaves and black stems of the Bloomsbury Square. An unlikely apparition, oddly feminine in its spruce tailoring, in that sleepy part of the world, whence fashion had retreated long, long ago, with the last painted coach that had rumbled through the iron gates, and the last link that had been extinguished in the iron extinguishers of the rusty areas.

II.

Greenleaf had a great disbelief in his own intentions; perhaps because he vibrated unusually to the touch of other folks' nature, and that the number and variety of his impressions sometimes made it difficult to come to a cut and dry conclusion. There was in him also a sensitiveness on the subject of his own beliefs and ideals which made him instinctively avoid contact with other folk, and avoid even knowing much about them. He often felt that in a way he was very unfit to be a Socialist and an agitator; for besides the absurd attraction that everything beautiful, distinguished, exotic, exercised upon him, and a corresponding repugnance to the coarse and sordid sights of the world, he knew himself to look at people in an excessively subjective way, never seeking spontaneously to understand what they themselves were trying to do and say, but analyzing them merely from the series of impressions which he received. Just as his consciousness of being a born æsthete and aristocrat had pushed him into social questions and democratic views; so also his extreme conscientiousness occasionally made him attempt, rather abortively, to behave to others as he might wish to be behaved to himself, his imagination being taxed to the utmost by the inquiry as to what behavior would be the altruistic and just under the circumstances.

This preamble is necessary to explain various inconsistencies in our hero's conduct; and more particularly, at this moment, the inconsistency of suddenly veering round in his suppositions about Miss Valentine Flodden. In his monotonous

life of artistic work and social study—in those series of quiet days, as like one another as the rows of black Bloomsbury houses with their garlanded door-lintels and worn-out doorsteps, as the spear-heads of the railings, the spikes of blossom on the horse-chestnuts, and the little lions on the chain curbs round the British Museum—the weekly firing of his pottery kiln at Boyce's works near Wandsworth, the weekly lecture to working-men down at Whitechapel, the weekly reception in the sooty rooms of Faber, the Socialist poet and critic who had married the Socialist painter—all these were the landmarks of Greenleaf's existence, and landmarks of the magnitude of martello towers along a sea shore. So that anything at all unexpected became, in his life of subversive thoughts and methodical activity, an incident and an adventure.

Thus it was that the visit of Miss Flodden, although he repeatedly noted its utter unimportance to himself and every one else, became the theme of much idle meditation in the intervals of his work and study. He felt it as extraordinarily strange. And feeling it in this way, his conscientious good sense caused him to analyze it as sometimes almost unusually commonplace.

It was in consequence of repeatedly informing himself that after all nothing could be more natural than this visit, that he took the step which brought him once more into contact with the eccentricity of the adventure. For he repeated so often to himself how natural it was that a girl with a taste for art should care for pottery (particularly as her father owned the world-famous Yetholme collection), and caring for pottery should go for information to Messrs. Boyce's the decorators, and being referred by Boyce's to himself should come on, at once, and quite alone, to the studio of his unknown self, he identified Miss Flodden so completely with any one of the mature maidens who carried their peacock blue and sage green and amber beads, and interest in economics, archæology and so forth freely through his world, that he decided to give Miss Flodden the assistance which he would have proffered to one of the independent and studious spinsters of Bloomsbury and West Kensington. Accordingly he took a sheet of paper with "Boyce & Co., Decorators," stamped at the head of it, and wrote a

note directed to Miss Valentine Flodden, Eaton Square, saying that as she would doubtless be interested in examining the Rhodian and Damascene pottery of the British Museum, which she had told him she knew very imperfectly, he ventured to enclose an introduction to the Head of the Department, whom she would find a most learned and amiable old gentleman; the fact of her connection with the famous Yetholme collection would, for the rest, be introduction enough in itself.

After posting the note and the enclosure, Leonard Greenleaf reflected, with some wonder and a little humiliation, that he had chosen a sheet of Boyce's business paper to write to Miss Flodden; while he had selected a sheet with the name of his old Oxford college for writing to the Head of the Department. But it was not childish contradictoriness after all; at least, so he told himself. For old Colonel Hancock Dunstan (one never dropped the Colonel even in one's thoughts) had a weakness in favor of polite society and against new-fangled democracy, and liked Greenleaf exactly because he had better shaped hands and a better cut coat than other men who haunted the Museum. And as to Miss Flodden, why, it seemed more appropriate to keep things on the level of pottery and decoration, and therefore to have Boyce & Co. well to the fore.

Greenleaf had made up his mind that Fate would never again bring him face to face with Miss Flodden, and that he would certainly take no steps toward altering Fate's intentions. It was for this very reason that he had introduced the lady to his old friend of the Museum: for it is singular how introducing some one to somebody else keeps up the sense of the some one's presence; and how, occasionally, one insists upon such vicarious company. But, as stated already, he never dreamed, at least he thought he never dreamed, to see his eccentric young visitor again.

Such being the case it might seem odd, had not experience of human feelings destroyed all perception of oddity, that Greenleaf experienced no surprise when, obeying a peremptory scrawl from the former terror of Pashas and the present terror of scholars, he found himself one afternoon in Colonel Dunstan's solemn bachelor drawing-room, and in the presence once more of Miss Valentine Flodden.

Colonel Hancock Dunstan, who in his distant days had gone to Mecca disguised as a pilgrim, dug up Persian temples, slain uncivil Moslems with his own hand, and altogether constituted a minor Eastern question in his one boisterous self, had now settled down (a Government post having been created expressly to keep him quiet) into a life divided between furious archaeological disputes and faithful service of the fair sex. He was at this moment promenading his shrunken person—which somehow straightened out into military vigor in the presence of young ladies—round a large table spread with innumerable cups of tea, plates of strawberries, and dishes of bonbons, spread out for the benefit of Miss Flodden. He was informing her, among anecdotes of dead celebrities, reminiscences of Oriental warfare, principles of Persian color arrangement, and panegyrics of virtuous incipient actresses, that Greenleaf was a capital fellow, although he would doubtless have been improved by military training, a scholar, and the son of a great scholar (Thomas Greenleaf's great edition of the "Mahabarata," which she should read some day when he, Colonel Dunstan, taught her Sanskrit), and that, for the rest, philanthropy, socialism, and the lower classes were a great mistake, of which the Ancient Persians would have made very short work indeed. To Greenleaf also he conveyed sundry information, not troubling to make it quite intelligible, for Colonel Dunstan considered that young men ought to be taught their place, which place was nowhere. So from various mutterings and ejaculations addressed to Miss Flodden such as, "Ah, your great aunt, the duchess—what a woman she was! She had the shoulders of the Venus of Milo—I always told her she ought to ride out in the desert to excavate Palmyra with me;" and "that dear little cousin of yours—why didn't she let me teach her Arabic?" it became gradually apparent to Greenleaf that the old gentleman, who seemed as versed in Burke's "Peerage and Baronetage" as in cuneiform inscriptions, had known many generations of ladies of the house of Flodden. Nay, most unexpected of all, that the young lady introduced by Greenleaf had been a familiar object to the learned and hot-tempered Colonel ever since she had left the nursery. Greenleaf experienced a slight pang on this discovery: he had for-

gotten, in his own unworldliness, that worldly people like Colonel Dunstan and Miss Flodden probably moved in the same society.

"And your sister-in-law, how is she?" went on the old gentleman; "is she as bright as ever, and has she got that little air mutin still? It's months since I've seen her; why didn't you bring her with you, my dear? And does *she* also take an interest in Rhodian pots, the dear beautiful creature?"

Miss Flodden's face darkened as he slowly spun out his questions.

"I don't know what my sister-in-law is doing. I don't live with her any longer, Colonel Dunstan; and she is always busy rushing about with people; and I'm busy with pots and practising the fiddle; I've turned hermit since quite a long time."

"Well, well, practising the fiddle isn't a bad thing. Orpheus with his lute, you know. But you'd much better let me teach you Greek, my dear, and come to Asia Minor next winter with me. Lady Betty's coming, and we'll see what we can dig up among those confounded sots of Turks. You can get capital tents at that fellow's—what's his name—in Piccadilly. And how are your people? I saw your brother Herbert the other day at a sale. He told me your father was determined not to let us have your collection, more's the pity. And what's become of that nice young fellow, Hermann Struwē, who used to be at your house. He hasn't got a wife yet, eh?"

Miss Flodden took no notice of these questions. She passed them over in disdainful silence, Greenleaf thought, till she suddenly said coldly:

"I should think, Mr. Struwē will have no more difficulty in finding a wife than in hiring a shooting, or buying a sham antique."

She was a very beautiful woman, Greenleaf said to himself. She was very tall (Greenleaf wondered whether the women of that lot, of the idlers, were always a head taller than those of his acquaintance), and slender almost to thinness, with a rigid, undeveloped sort of grace that contrasted with the extreme composure—that sort of taking things for granted—of her manner. Old Mr. Dunstan had just alluded to her mother having been a Welshwoman; and Greenleaf thought he saw very plainly the Celt in this superficially

Saxon-looking girl. That sharp perfection of feature—features almost overmuch chiselled and finished in every minutest detail—that excessive mobility of mouth and eyes, did not belong to the usual kind of English pretty woman. She was so much of a Celt, despite her Northumbrian name, that the pale brown of her hair—hair crisp and close round her ears—gave him almost the impression of a wig; underneath it must really be jet black.

Notwithstanding a slight weariness at Colonel Dunstan's social reminiscences and questions, she seemed pleased and rather excited at finding herself in the sanctuary of his learning. While quietly taking care of the old gentleman, and much concerned lest he should stumble over chairs and footstools in his polite haverings, she let her eyes ramble over the expanse of books that covered the walls, evidently impressed by all that must be in them. And from the timid though pertinacious fashion in which she questioned him, it was clear that she thought him an oracle, although an oracle rather difficult to keep to the point.

"And now," she finally said, with a little suppressed desperation, "won't you show me some of the Rhodian ware, Colonel Dunstan? It would be so awfully good of you."

Colonel Dunstan suddenly unwrinkled himself with considerable importance. He had forgotten the Rhodian ware, and rather resented its existence. Why, bless you! *He* didn't possess such things as pots; and as to going to the Museum, it was the most cold-taking place in the world. He would show her his books some day, and the casts of the cuneiform inscriptions. She must come to tea again soon with him. Did she know Miss Tilly Tandem, who had just been engaged by Irving? He should like them to meet. That was her photograph.

"But," said Miss Flodden—Val Flodden it appeared she was called—"mayn't I—couldn't I—be allowed to see those Rhodian pots also?" She was dreadfully crestfallen, and had a little disappointed eagerness like a child.

"Of course you can," Colonel Dunstan answered, with infinite disdain. "I don't think anything of Rhodian ware, you know—mere debased copy of the old Persian. Those Greeks of the islands were a poor lot, then as now. Believe

me, those Greeks have always been a set of confounded liars. But if you want to see it, why, of course, you can. Greenleaf, take Miss Val Flodden to see the Rhodian ware some day soon; do you hear, Greenleaf, eh?"

"Yes, sir." Greenleaf had always said sir to Colonel Dunstan, like a little boy, or a subordinate. It made up for a kind of contempt with which the learned, but worldly and hot-tempered old gentleman very unreasonably inspired him. Greenleaf was full of prejudices, like all very gentle and apostolic persons.

"There's Greenleaf—go with him some morning," said Colonel Dunstan, regaining his temper; "but, bless me! why haven't you had any more strawberries, Miss Val?"

III.

The discovery that he had introduced two people who had already been acquainted for years, depressed Greenleaf with something more than the mere sense of slight comicality. Indeed, Greenleaf, like many apostolic persons, was deficient in the sense of the comic, and destitute of all fear of social solecisms. As he waited under the portico of the Museum, the pigeons fluttering from the black temple frieze on to the sooty steps, and the rusty students pressing through the swinging glass doors, he felt a vague dissatisfaction—the sort of faint crossness common in children, and of which no contact with the world, the contact with its grating or planing powers, had cured this dreamer; but such crossness leaves in the candid mind a doubt of possible vicariousness, of being caused by something not its ostensible reason, or being caused by the quite undefinable. When at last, from out of the blue haze and gauzy blackness of the Bloomsbury summer, there emerged an object of interest, and the slender recognized figure detached itself from the crowd of unreal other creatures, on foot, in cabs, and behind barrows, he was aware of a certain flat and prosaic quality in things since that tea-party at Colonel Dunstan's; and he was very angry with himself, and consequently with everything else, when it struck him suddenly that perhaps he was annoyed at the little eccentric adventure—the adventure of the lady dropped from the clouds and never seen again—turning into a humdrum acquaintance, which might

even linger on, with a girl about whose family he now knew everything, who, on her side, was now certain that he was a gentleman, and who did really and seriously intend to find out all about pots.

They walked quickly upstairs, exchanging very few words, save on the subject of umbrellas and umbrella tickets; and when they had arrived in the pottery room they became wonderfully business-like. Miss Flodden was business-like simply because she was extraordinarily interested in the matter in hand; and Greenleaf was business-like because he was ashamed of having perhaps thought about Miss Flodden apart from pottery, and therefore most anxious for his own moral dignity, to look at her and pottery, as indissolubly connected.

As the narrator of this small history is unhappily an ignoramus on the subject of pottery, prudence forbids all attempt to repeat the questions of Miss Flodden and the answers of Greenleaf on the subject of clay, colors, baking, glaze and similar mysteries. These were duly discussed for some time while the patient assistant unlocked case after case, and let them handle the great Hispano-Moorish dishes, heraldic creatures spreading wings among their arabesques of yellow brown goldiness; the rotund vases and ewers where Roman consuls and Jewish maidens and Greek gods were crowded together, yellow and green and brown, on the deep sea blue of Castel Durante and Gubbio majolica; the fanciful scalloped blue upon blue nymphs and satyrs of seventeenth century Savona, which looked as if the very dishes and plates had wished to wear furbelows and perukes; and the precious pieces, cracked and broken, of Brusa tiles and Rhodian and Damascene platters, with the gorgeous crimson tulip—opening vistas of Oriental beanfields, and fantastic green and blue fritillaries standing almost in relief on the thick white glaze.

"I suppose it's being brought up among the Yetholme collection that makes you know so much about pottery?" remarked Greenleaf, in considerable surprise: "you haven't been to this part of the Museum before?"

Miss Flodden raised her pale blue, luminous eyes.

"Do you know, I've never been to the Museum since I was a tiny girl, at least, except once, when my sister-in-law con-

ducted a party of New York friends. I thought we were going to see stuffed birds, and I was so surprised to see all those beautiful Greek things—I had seen statues once when we went to Rome—I wanted so much to look at them a little, but my friends thought they weren't in good repair, and wanted to have tea and to go to the park, so they scooted me round among the Egyptian things and the reading-rooms and out by the door. Yes, the little I know I have learned by playing with our things at home. Some day you must see them, Mr. Greenleaf."

Greenleaf did not answer for a moment. Good heavens; here was a young woman of twenty-four or twenty-five who had spent part of every year of her life in London, and had been only once to the British Museum, and then had expected to see stuffed birds! And the girl apparently an instinctive artist, extraordinarily quick and just in her appreciations.

Then there were other things to do, besides opening galleries on Sundays and promenading East end workmen in company with young men from Toynbee Hall! And Greenleaf's heart withered—as one's mouth withers at the contact of strong green tea or caper sauce—with indignation at all the waste of intellectual power and intellectual riches implied in this hideous present misarrangement of all things. Was it possible that the so-called upper classes, or at least some members thereof, were in one way as much the victims of injustice and barbarism as the lower classes, off whose labor they basely subsisted?

The thought came over him as his eyes met Miss Flodden's face—that delicately chiselled, mobile young face which was suddenly contracted with a smile of cynical, yet resigned bitterness. He made that reflection once more, when with the wand-bearing custodian imperturbably occupying the only seat in the place, they leaned upon the glass case, and she asked him, and he told her, about the various currents in art history—the form element of ancient Greece, the color element of the Orientals, the patterns of Persian ware, the outline figures on Greek and Etruscan vases—things which he imagined every child to know, and about which, as about Greeks, Orientals, and Etruscans, and Latin and geography and most matters, this girl seemed completely ignorant.

"My word," she exclaimed, and that

little clang grated horribly on Greenleaf's nerves ; " how very interesting things are when one knows something about them. Do you suppose all things would be equally interesting if one knew about them ? Or would it only be every now and then, just as with other matters, balls, and picnics, and so forth ? Or does one get interested whenever one does anything as hard as one can, like hard riding, or rowing, or playing tennis properly ? Some books seem so awfully interesting, you know ; but there are such a lot of others that one would just throw into the fire if they didn't belong to Mudie. But somehow a thread seems always to be wanting. It's like trying to play a game without knowing the rules. How have you got to know all these things, Mr. Greenleaf ? I mean all the connections between things ; and could anybody get the connecting links if they tried, or must one have a special vocation ? "

Greenleaf was embarrassed how to answer. He really could not realize the extraordinary emptiness in this young woman's mind ; and at the same time he felt strangely touched and indignant, as he did sometimes when giving some little street Arab a good thing which it had never eaten before, and did not clearly know how to begin eating.

" Have you—have you—never read at all methodically ? " he asked. He really meant, " have you never received any education ? "

Miss Flodden reflected for a moment. " No. Somehow one never thought of reading as a methodical thing, as a business, you know. Dancing and hunting and playing tennis and seeing people, all that's a business, because one has to do it. At least one had to do it as long as one hadn't turned into a savage ; every one else has to do it. Of course, there's the fiddle ; I've practised that rather methodically, but it was because I liked the sound of the thing so much, and I once had a little German—my brother's German crammer for diplomacy—who taught me. And then one knew that, unless one got up at five in the morning and did it regularly, it wouldn't be done at all. But reading is different. One just picks up a book before dinner, or while being dressed. And the books are usually such rot. "

It was getting late, and Greenleaf conducted Miss Flodden back to her parasol,

where it was waiting among the vast and shabby umbrellas of the studious, very incongruous in its semi-masculine, yet rather futile smartness, at the door of the reading-room.

" It is all very beautiful, " remarked Miss Flodden, as they descended the Museum steps, with the pigeons fluttering all round in the dim, smoky air, nodding her head pensively.

" What ? " asked Greenleaf. He had an almost conventual hatred of noise and bustle, which seemed to him, perhaps because he had elected to work among them, the utter profanation of life ; and to his æsthetic soul, the fact that many thousands of people lived among smoke and smuts, and never saw a clear stream, dainty meadow of grass and daisies, or a sky just washed into blueness by a shower, was one of the chief reasons for condemning modern industrial civilization.

" Why, all that—the pale blue mist with the black houses quite soft—like black flakes against it, and the green of the trees against the black walls, and the moving crowd. " Then, as if suddenly taking courage to say something rather dreadful, she said : " Tell me about Colonel Dunstan. Is he really so learned, does he know such a lot of things ? "

Greenleaf laughed at the simplicity with which she asked this. She seemed to have a difficulty in realizing that any one could know anything.

" Yes, he knows a great lot of things. He is one of the first Orientalists in Europe, I believe—at least my father, who was an Oriental scholar himself, used to say so ; and he is a great archaeologist, besides his knowledge of Eastern things, and of course he knows more about Oriental art, and in fact all art, than almost any one. "

" Does he know, " hesitated Miss Flodden, " what you were telling me about the different currents of ancient art, Persian and Greek and Etruscan, and the way in which artists lived then—all that you were telling me just now ? "

Greenleaf laughed. " Good gracious, yes ; I know nothing compared with him. Why, most of the little I know I learned at his lectures. Shall I hail that hansom for you, Miss Flodden ? "

They were crossing Bedford Square. The birds were singing in the plane trees, and from the open windows of a solemn

Georgian house, with its courses of white stone, and its classic door frieze, came the notes of a sonata of Mozart. All was wonderfully peaceful under the hazy summer sky.

"No—not yet—tell me, then. Since Colonel Dunstan knows so many interesting things, why in the world does he live like that?"

"Like what, Miss Flodden?"

"Why, as if—well, as if he knew nothing at all. Why does he go every afternoon a round of calls on silly women, gossiping about their dresses, and listening to all—well—the horrid, because it often is horrid, nonsense and filth people talk? I used to meet him about everywhere, when I used still to go into the world. He often came to my sister-in-law's—I thought he was just an old—well, an old creature like the rest of them, collecting gossip to retail it next door. Since he really knows all about beautiful things, why doesn't he stick to them—why does he go about with stupid folk—he must know lots of clever ones!"

"Because—because Colonel Dunstan is a man of the world," answered Greenleaf bitterly; "because he cares about art, and history and philosophy, but he also cares for pretty women, and pretty frocks, and good manners, and white hands."

"But—why shouldn't one care—doesn't every one care for—well, good manners?"

He had spoken with such violence that Miss Flodden had turned round. Her question died away as she looked into his face. It had hitherto struck her merely by its great kindness, and a sort of gentle candor that was rare. Now, the clean-shaven features and longish hair gave her the impression of a fanatic priest, at least what she imagined such to be.

"In this world, as it now exists," continued Greenleaf in an undertone, which was almost a hiss, "things are so divided that a man must choose between people who are pretty, and pleasant and well-mannered, and people who are ugly and brutish and hateful, because the first are idle and unjust, and the second overworked and oppressed. Nowadays, less even than when Christ taught it, a man cannot serve both God and Mammon; and God, at present, at least God's servants, live among the ignorant, and dirty and suffer-

ing. Shan't I stop that hansom for you, Miss Flodden?"

"Yes," she answered with a catch in her breath, as if overcome by surprise, almost as by an attack.

"Good-by," he said, closing the flaps of the hansom.

Miss Flodden's hand mechanically dropped on to one of them, and her head, with the little black bonnet all points and bows of lace, was looking straight into space, as one overcome by great astonishment.

Greenleaf sickened with shame at his vehemence.

"You will let me show you the Etruscan things some day!" he cried, as the hansom rolled off.

Ah, could he never, never learn to restrain himself? What business had he to talk of such things to such a woman. To let the holy of holies become, most likely, a subject of mere idle curiosity, and idle talk!

IV.

As Greenleaf looked up from the article on the "Rochdale Pioneers and Co-operation" and glanced out of the window at the smoke-veiled, soot engrained Northern towns, and the bleak green North country hill-sides which flashed past the express, he did not realize at all clearly that he was going to see once more Miss Val Flodden, and see her in the unexpected relation of hostess and guest.

She had, indeed, during their last ramble through the British Museum, said something vague about his coming to Yetholme if ever he came North; but he had given the invitation no weight and had forgotten it completely. His journey was due to a circumstance more important in his eyes than the visit of a young lady to his studio, and would be crowned by an event far more satisfactory than the meeting with a stray acquaintance.

For Sir Percy Flodden had at last decided to sell the famous Yetholme collection of majolica and Palissy ware; and the South Kensington authorities had selected Leonard Greenleaf, potter and writer on pottery, to verify the catalogue and conclude the purchase. It was one of Greenleaf's socialist maxims that no important works of art should be hidden from public enjoyment in the houses of private collectors; an Act of Parliament, in his opinion, should force all owners to sell to the

nation, supposing that arguments in favor of true citizenship and true love of art had failed to make them bestow their property gratis. Greenleaf had agitated during several years to induce the public to make the first bid for the Yetholme collection; difficulties of all kinds had stood in the way, and the owner himself had become restive in the negotiations; but now, at last, this immortal earthenware had been saved from further private collections and secured for the enjoyment of everybody.

This being the case, it was not wonderful if Miss Flodden was thrown into the shade by her family collection; and if Greenleaf had gradually got to think very little about her of late—I say of late, because until the Yetholme sale had diverted his mind from theory to practice, Miss Flodden had played a certain part in Greenleaf's thoughts. Her sudden intrusion upon the monotony of his existence, had made him ponder once more upon his undergraduate's dream of reclaiming the upper, as well as the lower, classes, a dream which had gradually vanished before practical contact with the pressing wants of the poor. He had forgotten, during the last five or six years, that the leisured classes existed otherwise than as oppressors of the overworked ones. But now there had returned to the surface his constitutional craving for harmony, his horror of class warfare, a horror all the greater that in this very gentle soul there was a possibility of intense hatred. Why should not the whole of society work out harmoniously a new and better social order? After all, he and his chosen friends belonged to the privileged class, and only the privileged class could give the generous initiative required to counteract the selfish claiming of rights from below. Mankind was not wicked and perverse; and the injustice, wantonness, and cruelty of the rich were, doubtless, a result of their ignorance: they must be shown that they could do without so many things and that other folk were wanting those things so very much. And, half consciously, the image of Val Flodden rose up to concentrate and typify the ideas she had evoked. She was the living example of the ignorance of all higher right and wrong, of all the larger facts of existence, in which the so-called upper classes lived on no better than heathen blacks.

In these reflections Greenleaf had never

claimed for Miss Flodden any individual superiority: to do so would have been to diminish her value as a type and an illustration. She had become, in his thoughts, the natural woman as produced, or rather as destroyed, by the evil constitution of idle society. She appeared, indeed, to have a personal charm, but this was doubtless a class peculiarity which his inexperience perceived as an individual one. It was the sole business of idle folk, Greenleaf said to himself, to make themselves charming, and they doubtless carried this quality as high as blacksmiths do strength of arm, and seamstresses nimbleness of finger: for the occasional examples of idle folk without any charm at all quickly faded from Greenleaf's logical memory. Also, he forgot, for the moment, that many women, neither ignorant nor idle, the three Miss Carpenters, for instance, who lived in a servantless flat in Holborn and worked in the East End, had as much charm, though not quite the same; and that there were tricks of manner and speech, affectations of schoolboy slang, yokel ways, about Miss Flodden herself, which affected his sensitive nerves as ungraceful. But, be this as it may, the acquaintance with Miss Flodden had set his thoughts on the disadvantages of the upper classes, and he found it convenient to use Miss Flodden as an illustration thereof.

Besides, every now and then, Greenleaf had felt, in those long talks at the Museum, a curious pang of pity for her. In Greenleaf's nature, more thoughtful than logical, the dominating forces were a kind of transcending æstheticism, and an extraordinary, also transcendent, compassion—compassion which, coming upon him in veritable stabs, went to his head and soon passed the boundaries of individual pain and wrong. This man, who aspired toward the future and really hankered painfully after the past, was like some mediæval monk all quivering at the sufferings of a far distant, impersonal Godhead, for the sake of whose wrongs he could even hate liberty, and for the sake of whose more than individual sufferings he could feel, every now and then, overwhelming pity for some small ill-treated bird, or beast, or man. That this girl—intelligent and good—had been brought up not merely in utter indifference to real evil (tempered only by a vague fear of a black man who carried you to hell, and a much blacker

man who turned you out of society) but in ignorance of every one of the nobler and more beautiful activities of life;—this perception of moral and intellectual starvation, veiled his mind with tears and made him spiritually choke, like the sight of a supperless ragged child, or of a dog that had lost its master.

Such impressions had been common enough in their two or three meetings. They had met several times in the Museum, and once at Messrs. Boyce's works, the utter unworldliness of Greenleaf's mind preventing his asking himself, even once, whether such proceedings did not display unusual recklessness on the part of a girl belonging to Miss Flodden's set; so much that he did not even take heed of Miss Flodden's occasional remarks showing that this liberty, this familiarity with a man and a stranger, were possible only because she had deliberately turned her back on her former companions. Indifferent to personal matters, he had not even understood very plainly (although he had a pleasant vague sense of something similar) that unfamiliarity with the class and type to which he belonged had given the girl a sense of absolute safety which allowed her to go about and discuss everything with this man from a different sphere, as she might have done with another woman. This knowledge was vague and scarce conscious, taking the form rather of indignation with Miss Flodden's world and pity for Miss Flodden's self, whenever, incidentally, she said things that revealed the habit of an opposite state of things, the habit of a woman's liberty of action, speech and feeling being cramped by disbelief in men's purity and honor, or rather by knowledge of their thinly varnished baseness.

Thus it had come about during that dim and delicate London June that the young lady from Eaton Square had become a familiar figure in the mind, if not in the life, of the Socialist potter of Church Street, Bloomsbury. There was, of course, a certain exotic strain in the matter, and as they rambled among the solemn-sitting Pharaohs, the Roman Emperors and headless Greek demigods, and the rows of glass cases in the cool, empty Museum, Greenleaf occasionally experienced, while discussing various forms of art and describing dead civilizations, a little shock of surprise on realizing the nature

of his companion, on catching every now and then an intonation and an expression that told of ball-rooms and shooting-houses, on perceiving suddenly, silhouetted against the red wall, or reflected in a glass case, the slender, dapper figure in its plain, tight clothes; the tight, straight-featured head beneath its close little bonnet. But this sense of the unusual and the exotic was subdued by the sense of the real, the actually present, just as, in some foreign or Eastern town, our disbelief in the possibility of it all is oddly moulded into a knot of familiarity by the knowledge that we are ourselves, and ourselves are on the spot.

It was different now, as his train jogged slowly along the banks of the Tweed, between the bare, green hills and the leafy little ravines of Northumberland. A couple of months' separation had gradually reduced Miss Flodden to an unfamiliar, and almost an abstract, being. She was the subject no longer of impressions, but merely of reflections, and of reflections which had grown daily more general, as the perfume of individuality faded away. Greenleaf lived so much more in his thoughts than in his life that creatures very speedily got to represent nothing but problems to him. At this moment his main interest in life was to secure the Yetholme collection of majolica and Paliassy work; the fact that he was going, in a few minutes, to meet Miss Flodden was not more important than the fact that he would have to get his portmanteau out of the van. And as to Miss Flodden, she represented to him, in a rather rubbed-out way, the problem of upper-class want of education and moral earnestness.

It seemed to him also, as he shook hands with Miss Flodden, in her cart at Yetholme station, and took his place beside her in the vehicle, that not only all his own feelings about Miss Flodden, but Miss Flodden herself, had changed. She had grown so much more like everybody else, he thought, or he had got to see her so much more in her reality. There was nothing exotic about her now, wrapped in a big, fuzzy cloak, a big cap drawn over head, which concealed her close, light-brown curls, and made her face so very much less keen in feature. He wondered why he had seen so much of the Celt, and such a far-fetched nervous fineness in her. She seemed also, in her almost monosyl-

latic conversation, mainly preoccupied with his portmanteau, the hours of his train, the names of the villages and hills they passed, and similar commonplace matters, whereas, in London, he had noted the eager insistence with which she had immediately set the conversation and firmly kept it on intellectual and artistic problems.

The cart rolled away by high-lying fields of pale green barley and oats, shivering in the cold breeze, between the stunted hedges, whence an occasional wind-warped thorn-tree rose black against the pale yellow afternoon sky, with every now and then a bunch of blue cranesbill, or a little fluttering group of poppies, taking the importance of bushes and trees in this high, bleak Northern country. Great savage dogs, with chests and pointed ears like the antique Cerberus, came barking out of the black stone cottages; and over the fields, from the tree tops just visible in the river valley below, circled innumerable rooks, loudly cawing. The road made a sudden dip, and they were on a level with the wide, shingly bed of the Tweed, scattered sheep grazing along the banks. Then a black belfry appeared among black ash trees; a row of black cottages bordered the road with their hollyhocks and asters, and the cart rolled in between rows of rook-peopled trees, and stopped at last before a long, black, stone house, sunk, as in some parts of Scotland, into a kind of trench. There was a frightful alarum of dogs of all kinds, rushing up from all directions. But Miss Flodden led Greenleaf into the house and through various passages, without any human being appearing, save a boy, to whom she threw the reins at the door. At last, in a big, dark drawing-room, a child was discovered helping herself to milk and bread and jam at a solitary table.

"They're all out," she said, taking no notice of Greenleaf, although scanning him with the critical eyes of six or seven. "Cut me a scone, Val, and put butter on it, but not too much."

"This is a step-sister of mine," explained Miss Flodden laconically, nodding in the child's direction, as she threw aside her cloak, drew off her gloves, and began pouring out tea. "I say, leave that scone alone until I can cut it for you. It's rather hard lines on one for the family to have its tea and leave us only the cold dregs."

She looked listless and almost bored. Greenleaf wondered how he could ever have romanced about this handsome, commonplace young woman. Then he began to speculate as to where the famous collection was kept.

V.

"It's very unfair of me, of course," Miss Flodden remarked next morning, as she handed down plate after plate, jar after jar, to Greenleaf, seated, the catalogue before him and the pen in his hand, at a long deal table—"it's very unfair, and it isn't at all business, but I used to think I should like to see you again, and now, on account of these pots, I dislike you."

Greenleaf looked up in astonishment. It was as if the veil of sullenness, preventing his recognition of Miss Flodden ever since his arrival, had suddenly been torn asunder by a burst of passion. The girl was standing by the glass case, dusting a Limoges platter with a feather brush, her mannish coat and short skirt covered with dust. She spoke in an undertone, and her eyes were looking down upon the platter, but it struck him at once that she was a Celt once more, and that the Celtic waywardness and emotion were bursting out the more irresistibly for that long repression due to the Spartan undemonstrativeness of smart society. He noticed also a trait he had forgotten, and which had seemed to be, long ago at the Museum, a sort of mark of temperament, telling of inherited ferocity in this well-bred young lady: two of her little white teeth, instead of being square pearls like their companions, were pointed and sharp, like those of a wild animal. And as she raised her eyes, their light, whitish-blue, flashed angrily.

"Excuse my being so rude, Mr. Greenleaf," she added very coldly, "you have been so good, showing and explaining a lot of things to me, that it's only fair you should know that, on account of the pots, I have—well—got to dislike you. You see," she went on, turning her back to him, "they were my toys. They were the only people, except the trees and the river, one had to talk to sometimes."

Greenleaf had noticed at dinner last night, and again this morning at lunch, that Miss Flodden seemed to have very little in common with her family, and, indeed, scarcely any communication at all.

Sir Percy Flodden, an old gentleman with a beautiful white beard, and beautiful soft manners, but a deficiency in further characteristics, had found leisure in the intervals of organizing Primrose meetings, making speeches at Conservative dinners, writing letters to the *Times* about breeds of cattle, and hunting and fishing a great deal, to get married a second time, and to produce a large number of younger fishermen and huntresses, future Primrose Leaguers and writers to the *Times*. The second wife being dead, and sundry aunts installed in her place, the younger generation of Floddens, after gradually emerging from the nursery, ran wild in brooks and streams, stables and haylofts, until the boys were packed off to civilization and Eton, pending further civilization and Sandhurst; and the girls were initiated into their proper form of civilization by being taken to a drawing-room and then hustled into further female evolution by an energetic and tactful sister-in-law. The elder girls were now at home, preparing clothes for various balls and packing trunks for various visits; and the elder boys had come back on holidays with fishing-rods, coin collections, the first three books of Euclid, and the last new thing in slang; as to the younger half-brothers and sisters, they were still in the phase of the hay-loft and stable, emerging only to partake of gigantic breakfasts and teas.

Among all these good-natured and well-mannered, but somewhat dull creatures, Val Flodden moved in an atmosphere of her own, somewhat of a stranger, considerably of a puzzle, and regarded with the mixed awe and suspicion due to her having been recently an admittedly pretty woman, and now showing signs of becoming an undoubtedly eccentric one. Besides, there was the fact that Val Flodden was partially a Celt, and that her father and brothers were most emphatically Saxons.

All this it has been necessary to explain that the reader might understand that Greenleaf might have understood Miss Flodden's passionate clinging to her sole companions at Yetholme, the old crockery of her grandfather's collection.

But although Greenleaf did actually take in a portion of the situation, he was mainly impressed by the want of public spirit exhibited by the young lady; so inevitably do we expect other folk to pos-

sess even our most eccentric standard, and to rule their feelings and actions by notions of which they have probably never even heard.

Miss Flodden had broken through all rules in manifesting her feelings about the pots; Greenleaf never dreamed of taking advantage of her false move, but with his usual simplicity encouraged by a plain-spokenness, which never struck him as otherwise than natural, he answered very gravely: "Of course I understand how fond you must be of these beautiful things, and how much it must have been to you—it would be to any one who cared for art, even if not specially interested like you in pottery—to have them constantly before you. But you ought to remember that you are parting with them for the advantage of others."

Miss Flodden flushed a little. It was from surprise and shame at this man's stupidity. She felt as if she herself had alluded to the necessity of selling these heirlooms, as if she herself had done the incredible thing of pointing out the pecuniary advantage. Then, apparently, she reflected, that if this man was so obtuse, he could not help himself; but that he was doubtless honest in his intentions. For she added coldly, and hiding her contemptuous face from him with a jar held at arm's length:

"Of course I know that it's for the benefit of my brothers and sisters. I don't grudge them the money, Heaven knows, and when one's broke, one's broke. Only it's sad to think what sort of things—what stupid amusements and useless necessities these lovely things will be exchanged for, merely because the world is so idiotically constituted. You see, the possession of these pots ought to give every one more pleasure than the possession of an additional horse, or an extra frock."

Greenleaf was as much taken aback at her misconception of his meaning as she had been at her supposed understanding of it.

"Good gracious, Miss Flodden, I didn't mean the advantage of your brothers and sisters. But surely you ought to reflect that these pots passing from a private house in Northumberland to the South Kensington Museum, will mean that hundreds of people will be afforded pleasure, instead of only one or two—one, namely yourself, by your own account. Besides, do you

really think that any private individual has a moral right to keep for himself any object capable of giving a noble kind of pleasure to his fellows, merely because the present state of society allows him to possess more money than his neighbors, and to lock up things as his property? Surely art belongs to all who can enjoy it?"

There was something fault-finding in Greenleaf's tone, owing to the fact that he could not realize such ideas, so very familiar to himself, not being equally familiar to every one else.

Miss Flodden set down the jar she was dusting, keeping her wrist balanced on its edge; and looked at Greenleaf with surprise in her blue eyes, which concentrated, and seemed to grow darker and deeper by the concentration.

"Really," she asked incredulously, "are you speaking seriously? But then—what would become of luxury and so forth?"

"The active would enjoy it as well as the idle—or rather, there would be no longer either active or idle, every one would work and enjoy equally, and equally fairly and rationally."

"Then," went on Miss Flodden slowly, the sequence of thoughts bursting with difficulty on to her mind, "no one would have things, except for real enjoyment, and as a result of fairly earning them? People would all have books, and beautiful trees and fields to look at, and pictures and music, but no diamonds, or stepping horses, or frocks from Worth—the things one has because other folk have them."

Greenleaf smiled: she seemed to him, talking of these things which "one" had because "others" had them, things so futile, so foreign to his mind, extraordinarily like a child talking of the snakes, whales, and ogres, represented by tables and chairs, and hearthrugs.

"Of course not."

"At that rate," went on the girl, "there would no longer be any need for marrying and giving in marriage. One would live quite free, free to work at what one liked, and look about, without folks worrying one."

Greenleaf did not follow her thought, for his own thoughts were too foreign to the habits she was alluding to.

"I don't see," he added simply, "why people shouldn't marry or be given in marriage because every one worked and had

leisure. I mightn't perhaps, because I should always, perhaps, want to work too much, and because things matter to me more than people. But I can't see why others shouldn't marry and be given in marriage, Miss Flodden."

A little contraction passed across the girl's face, and she answered in a hurried, husky voice:

"No, no; that would be all over."

And they fell again to the catalogue. It was a very hard day's work, that first one, for the catalogue was in horrid confusion; and they really could not have had time to talk much about other things, for they went on with merely a brief space for lunch, and Greenleaf was sent for a walk with one of the boys at tea-time, while Miss Flodden unwillingly entertained some neighbors. Then at dinner the conversation, in which she took no part, rolled mainly upon local pedigrees, crops, how many fish the boys had caught, what houses friends were staying at, how sundry young ladies of the neighborhood were likely to marry, and how many bags had been made at various shoots. Still, despite these irrelevant interests, Miss Flodden seemed to have understood why Greenleaf had expected her to like the sale of the collection, and Greenleaf to have understood why Miss Flodden should have been vexed at the collection being sold. At least there was a sense of mutual comprehension and good-will, such as the morning had scarcely promised. And when, after fretting a little over more bags of game, and more local pedigrees with his host and the boys after dinner, Greenleaf returned to find the ladies in various stages of somnolence, over the drawing-room fire, he experienced an odd sense of the naturalness of things when Miss Flodden asked whether he could play the piano, and took her violin out of its case.

Among the dreams of his life there had always been a very silly one, of a younger sister—he always thought of her as called Emily—who would have learned the violin, and who would have stood before him like this, bow in hand, while he looked up from his piano. It seems odd, perhaps, that the fair violinist should never have appeared to his mind as a possible wife; but so it was. And so it was that this image, which had dawned upon his schoolboy fancy long before the delectableness of marriage could ever be understood, and

when his solitary little soul still smarted at his dull, grown up, companionless home ; so it was that the image of " Emily"—the imaginary sister with the violin—had gradually taken the place in his heart of that stately Miss Delia Carpenter, the only woman whom he had ever loved, and who had told him she was in love with another.

The family was beginning to disperse ; the girls to wake up yawning from their novels or their embroidery, the father to start suddenly from his slumber over the *Times*, the boys, having satisfied themselves in the newspapers about the number of brace of grouse, had sneaked off to prepare flies for the next day's fishing, and still they played on, the image of " Emily" gradually acquiring the blue eyes (its own had been brownish) and clear cut, nervous features (she had hitherto had an

irregular style of beauty) of Val Flodden.

" That's enough," said Miss Flodden, putting by her violin tenderly—she had the same rather unwonted tenderness with some of the majolica—into its case, and looking round at the sleepy faces of the family. " Jack, give Mr. Greenleaf his candle. And," she added, as they shook hands, " you'll tell me some more about how it will be when everybody works and has leisure, won't you, to-morrow ?"

That night Greenleaf saw in his dreams his father's rectory among the south country pines, the garden, the paddock, the big library and loft full of books ; and among it all there wandered about, rather dim in features, but unhesitatingly recognized, that imaginary sister, the violinist " Emily."—*Contemporary Magazine*.

(To be concluded.)

AN ETRUSCAN CEMETERY.

THE person to whom graves and the dead are distasteful subjects had better keep aloof from Corneto. After a day spent in the Etruscan tombs, one begins to have something of a fraternal feeling for the mummies of the Pharaohs. There is nothing for it but to think of one's own latter end ; and to contrast a nineteenth-century sepulchre of civilization with the ornate and spacious tombs of these dead-and-gone ancients. The result of such a comparison is not cheering ; and so the mood of lachrymose pensiveness is induced, and one is impelled to reiterate those antediluvian wails about the vanity and shortness of life, the omnipotence of Death, and the hallowness of all things.

Melancholy apart, however, this old cemetery is well worth a visit. So also is the town of Corneto itself, to which the graves are adjacent. It stands on a little hill about fourteen miles north of Civita Vecchia, and five or six miles from the coast ; and it bristles with tall quadrangular towers, as if it fancied that the arts of mediæval warfare would still, in its hour of need, suffice to protect it. The road ascends through vineyards and olive woods until the town walls seem to impend over us. Then the diligence which has carried us from the station frolics through the town gateway, and comes to a stand-still in the paved market place immediately upon the

other side of the gate. A longish, narrow, dark street runs from the square ; and the street is somewhat crowded with wayfarers, who one and all seem to turn toward the coach to see what the train has sent them in the way of novelty.

There is a famous old Gothic *palazzo* close at hand, which not so long ago was the inn of Corneto. It is now degraded into worse uses. This is a thousand pities, for it were difficult in a day's search in this part of Italy to discover anything of the kind more attractive than its arched and rose windows with twisted columns, and its delightful inner courtyard—a maze of pillars with engaging capitals, and with two or three tiers of balconies looking down upon it. However, the *Locanda Grassi*, its successor on the opposite side of the street, is not despicable, for a country inn. The landlady is a peculiarly hearty, plump old soul, and she ushers the stranger into a bedroom with a rainbow ceiling, the notion of which he by-and-by regards as a plagiarism from the Etruscan. There is word about dinner ; the wine of the country is brought forward to be tasted ; and the maid of the inn, a gray-eyed, pretty little creature, unlooses her tongue for a brisk course of gossip while we smoke in the large upper room that looks upon the street. A couple of bullocks' horns, mounted in wood, and set perpen-

dicularly upon the mantel-piece, remind us that we are in a land of charms and wonders. Anon comes the celebrated Frangioni, the custodian of the tombs, to talk over the programme of the morrow. He is a courteous gentleman, with recollections of distinguished visitors; and he tells tales about Mr. Dennis, of Etruscan notoriety, and his liking to lodge while in Corneto in a house full of pretty girls—tales which go far to explain why the author in question has devoted a clear hundred pages of his famous book, *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*, to a consideration of the cemeteries of Corneto alone.

Meanwhile, dinner is over: the juice of Montefiascone is approved; and a stray firefly flickers now and again up the dusky street. Frangioni has shaken our hand with a solemn promise that he will be with us the next morning at seven o'clock, so that our work may be well begun ere the heat of the day; and then we wander forth with a cigar to view this placid old town by moonlight. There is no knowing what the municipality would have said had they heard of this rush proceeding. For it is evident that Corneto is a town the citizens of which are all abed ere the hour of curfew. It lacks lamps; and the Corso itself catches but a faint glow of illumination from the half-open door of a café in which sundry revellers are playing billiards on a dilapidated table with cushions of cast-iron. And so we stumble along an uneven alley, steering for a point in the city walls, and at last break from the darkness upon an uneven bank of flowers and grass, having a tower pierced with windows rising stark from the soil eighty feet high on the one hand, and the walls adjacent on the other. The moon shines on some water in the valley far beneath us. It is the river Marta; and the broad back of hillock on the opposite side of the river is the site of Tarquinia, the Etruscan city of which the Monte Rossi on which Corneto stands was but the cemetery. The moon sparkles on some white blocks which seem to becrest Tarquinia's hill. The fancy sees walls, temple bases, and what not. But in truth they are only unchiselled masses of the limestone which crops through the soil and scrub of Tarquinia. According to Betham's Celtic-Etruscan reading, the word Tarquinia means, "the oldest settlement in civilization." It is odd that citizens should

christen their city with such a phrase; but we need not be hypercritical about derivations. There is nothing of the city left except its cemetery.

Hist! While we stand musing about Tarquinia, tracking with the eye the course up the valley of the silvery Marta, listening to the untimely bray of an ass in a field of the farm at the base of Corneto's rock, and wondering what the Etruscans would have thought of us and of our interest in them, a stealthy step is audible behind. A boy emerges from a second alley, black as a pit's mouth, with something struggling in his hands. He rushes to the nearest part of the wall, and with a passionate, "Now you are going to die!" hurls the "something" over the battlements. There is a cry like that of a child, the subdued sound of collision with the jagged nether cliffs, and finally a rustle among the bushes.

"What have you done, boy?" we demand sternly, with a hand upon the startled urchin's shoulder.

"No, no!" he cries; "not a *bambino* at all, only a cat. It scratched mamma, and so we have killed it."

The released assassin disappears in the gloom whence he had come, and a wakeful jackdaw in the tower asks what is the matter. But we leave the bird to solve the riddle for itself, and grope our way back to the Corso. By this time the dissolute café is shut. All Corneto is, or seems to be, asleep. The melodious clock of the white church in the market-place chimes ten as we ascend the stone stairs to our bedroom in the *Locanda*.

The next morning we have dressed and breakfasted by seven o'clock, and await the gentlemanly custodian. At eight o'clock a messenger is sent to arouse him from his bed. It is nine o'clock ere he appears, smoothing his sleek beard, and looking fresh and much at ease. He begs pardon a thousand times; the engagement had slipped from his mind. To atone for his negligence, he peremptorily orders a carriage to be ready for us in ten minutes. It is but ten minutes' walk to the first of the tombs, he says, in inconsequent comment upon the hire of the conveyance. "As for the coat, it will be but five or eight francs additional." A man of immense *avoir faire*, this Frangioni. His father-in-law was custodian of the tombs for thirty years, and he has already held the keys for half as long. He is more like

the head-keeper of a Scotch deer forest than a guardian of sepulchres. And it may be doubted if his heart is in his work. But he is the authority of Corneto on things Etruscan. The massy gold ring of an archaic mode upon one of his fingers, and the various leaden weights and bronze *fibula* pendent from his watch-chain, are the insignia of his profession.

We drive through the city gates, and soon find ourselves upon a bleak, treeless tongue of upland, of which, in fact, the rock of Corneto itself is the north-western extremity. Below us, to the right, are the vineyards and grain-fields and olive groves of the seaboard; the glittering Mediterranean; and the headland of Monte Argentario. To the left, across the valley, is the hill of Tarquinia. They are carrying hay from its lower slopes. Beyond, toward the interior, we see the dull shapes of the Apennines. There is not much beauty in any part of the prospect. A man must be replete with sensibility, imagination, and archaeological lore to be able to refashion the Monte Rossi and Tarquinia thoroughly to his contentment.

At a signal from Frangioni the carriage is now arrested. We are by the first of the tombs. The land is thick with asphodels gone to seed, poppies and thistles in fervent bloom, mint, wild thyme, and gorse. Having alighted, we force a way through this perfumed tangle to the iron-bound door which lets upon the sepulchre. With some effort the door is opened; a staircase cut in the rock is disclosed; this we descend, and at the foot of it is another gate. We light candles, open this second gate, which is green with mould, populous with slugs and snails and other creeping things, and are in the empty sepulchre.

One's first Etruscan tomb comes like a revelation to one's intelligence. It is on a par with the other important stages of development in life: first balls, first loves, and the like. There is something bewildering about it. To think that these ancients—our inferiors, we flatter ourselves, in nearly everything—should be able to design and execute such laborious and elegant chambers for their dead!—apartments by the side of which the mortuary chapels of the fashionable cemeteries of civilization are tawdry and unpleasing! A visit to Corneto is more educative in a classical sense than a whole year devoted to Livy,

Florus, and such other writers as make mention of the Etruscan people.

The tombs of Monte Rossi are so numerous that the more important of them are scheduled, furnished with white triangular entrance portals, and numbered, like the houses in Italy, on little enamel disks. But they are known distinctively rather by the subject of the frescoes which adorn their walls than by their number in the city of the dead. You do not go to see tomb No. 4, but the Grotta del Tifone, so called from the remarkable figure of the Etruscan Lucifer upon one of the columns which support it. The tombs that have been discovered are reckoned by hundreds; but little by little the colors of the frescoes fade, are corrupted by the damp and the loathsome slugs which slime them; and so they lapse into ruin, and are eventually filled up and forgotten. One has to be careful in rambling without a guide about this hill of the dead, for the brambles and scrub grow with a beguiling denseness over the mouths of abandoned tombs, into which the unwary investigator may easily enough be precipitated.

Frangioni is voluble of archaeological lore during the hours we spend in these fascinating vaults. But really the drawings on the walls tell their own tale sufficiently well. What spirited studies in red, black, and green they are! dancing-girls, merry-makers, the dead and the dying, hunters and fishermen, birds, beasts, and fishes, galore! These chambers of the dead are a gallery of pictures of the domestic life of the Etruscans. Nothing could be more vivid. The lamps and vases and ornaments of gold and bronze with which the Corneto Museum is crowded might have served as the models for the details of the frescoes. Such sepulchres are worth libraries of descriptive literature. Frangioni is evidently pleased at enthusiasm in his clients. He dilates on the laudable conduct of his German visitors, who spend entire days in the tombs, heedless of rheumatism, the bloated toads under their feet, and the spiders suspended over their heads.

The heat of the day is over when we turn our back upon Tarquinia's cemetery. We meet a funeral procession coming out of the gates of Corneto. The modern necropolis is a walled enclosure, over a part of the old necropolis. Only the other year, indeed, a grave was dug so deep

that, after the burial, the corpse broke through the ceiling of one of the Etruscan tombs. This incident gave a ghastly touch of realism to the experience of the visitors who were the first to enter the sepulchre after the disaster. For my part, however, I should be sorry to carry away any such

sensational reminiscence of Corneto. It takes rank with Baalbec as one of the unique places of the world. It is a pity its unique attractions are not also as durable as those of Baalbec.—*Chambers's Journal*.

POSSIBILITIES OF NAVAL WARFARE.

BY H. ARTHUR KENNEDY.

A STRIKING characteristic of the Englishman of to-day is his want of speculation on subjects of vital interest to him, provided that he is supplied with a certain amount of information from an authoritative source in appropriately technical language. Seldom, indeed, does he care to master initial technicalities and think for himself; if the conclusions of one specialist are distasteful to him, he puts himself into the hands of another.

It is unquestioned that the condition of our fleet is a matter of the very first importance to us; it is likely that at some time, distant or imminent, we shall have to take part in a great struggle by sea; and it is certain that the results of that conflict, be they what they may, will be more momentous to us than to any other nation.

Yet, as a nation, we hardly seem to have apprehended the fact that the next naval war will be an experiment, not only unprecedented in the enormous cost of the material employed in it, but absolutely unprecedented in kind.

The history of warfare by sea and land shows us changes in the materials for attack and defence continually made in accordance with the results of practical experience in absolute conflict. The tremendous lance of the Macedonian phalanx was put into use as soon as devised; it was modified, and, finally, almost abandoned, as experience demonstrated that its great capabilities were counterbalanced by greater deficiencies. In accordance with repeated experiment, warfare modified itself as gunpowder superseded the bow. Captain Dalgerty was led to require that "taslets should be made musket-proof" by the practical experience of being shot in the thigh; and the striking change of abandoning armor altogether, after carrying it to a high pitch of constructive perfection,

was this result of continued testing on the battle field.

Since our last naval war we have been making, without the opportunity of proving them, changes in our ships of battle so enormous that those that have come about gradually in preceding centuries are as nothing to them. The difference between the war-ship of our Viking ancestors and the three-decker of Nelson's day was a trifle to the difference between the latter and the ironclad of this year's naval manœuvres.

And, when the great experiment is tried, there will be yet more to settle than matters of weight of gun and thickness of armor plate. Not only will naval tactics have to be developed from the teaching of events, but an appropriate standard of *morale* will have to be discovered for the new conditions.

The fencer is not necessarily of lower courage than the pugilist because he guards himself with twenty times more caution; he is simply using another weapon that has its own code of morality as well as of practice. And the code of modern naval warfare has yet to be found.

The naval engagements of past ages differed from one another in degree only, the armada of the Persians, like the armada of the Spaniard, attacked 'with superior force an enemy who, by reason of their length of indented sea-board, were more familiar with the resources of seamanship, and parallel results followed in both cases. Trireme tackled trireme in the Roman days, much as three-decker tackled three-decker in the days of Nelson. The next sea-fight will differ from them all in kind and absolutely, so prodigious are the changes that the use of steam power and artillery on the present enormous scale have introduced into marine warfare.

During these changes a complete metamorphosis has taken place in the national feeling about our fleet. We were boastfully assertive as to the superiority of the English seaman and the English ship to those of all countries whatsoever. At present, except when made use of for political purposes, our fleet interests us only when it appeals to our sense of humor. If an ironclad, issuing to join the manoeuvres, exhibits some internal defect, and has to be towed ignominiously into harbor again, the nation ripples with merriment. If another, for slight apparent causes, goes to the bottom of the sea, we are so delighted to treat the responsible person with playful *badinage* that we have not the heart to chide him seriously. The thought that he is perhaps doing all that human foresight can, in view of a terrible *grand peut-être*, does not occur to check our hilarity. The comic papers are a record of this; they have no more certain "side splitter" than the description of an English admiral with ships that he cannot control, and guns that he is afraid to fire. And to the little sketch is usually prefixed a quotation from some serious source, to prove that the difficulty that it treats in so light-hearted a fashion is a really existent one. It appears that if, without such loss of life as would compel us to take the matter seriously, we could lose an ironclad a week the nation might be furnished with laughter, inextinguishable as long as the fleet held out.

A glance at the history of any weapon that has been modified in accordance with the experiences of conflict, will show that it does not continually advance in any one direction, as weapons have a tendency to do when developed by nations arming in competition with one another. Now no single attribute in a weapon is altogether good, and can be indefinitely increased without risk; it has the defects of its qualities, and by going too far with it we may suffer more from them than we are gaining.

In increasing the thickness of the armor-plating of our ships almost to the limit of possibility we have given them that Falstaffian "kind of alacrity at sinking" that appeals so strongly to the national sense of humor. In enormously increasing the bulk and weight of our guns we have diminished their number and made the good behavior of each individual piece of artillery a far more serious affair than it used

to be. And by insisting on a maximum rate of speed, together with a maximum thickness of plate and tonnage of gun, we have so increased the consumption of fuel that every detail of marine evolution must be dominated by reference to the coaling station.

An element of terror has been added to war by this extreme use of iron; the trimaran or the three-decker might yield and swell the enemy's triumph when defeated; even if she sank she sank slowly, and her surviving crew might be rescued by friend or foe. In the new game of hazard, whoever loses, no one wins; the players play against each other into the hands of the bank; the smitten ironclad is clutched down at once into the boards of Neptune; no penny of her cost, no soul of her crew, shall friend or foe see again forever.

A terrible doubt, too, hangs over the operation of ramming, or striking the broadside of one ship with the beak of another, which, it is predicted, will be a feature of future naval war. This manoeuvre, it is obvious, could only be performed at the very highest rate of speed. Equally certain is it that the rammed ship would be sunk in a moment; but what of the rammer? Could any one confidently predict that she would not follow her prey to the green depths, or at best remain afloat so crippled as to be an easy conquest to any foe? If we study the description of one of those diverging incidents in which ironclads have accidentally come into collision, and can forget for a moment its inherent drollery, we shall find that prow as well as broadside can suffer from the collision of such vast bulks, and that we have here a *grand peut-être* only to be determined by the facts of war.

From such experiments as it has been possible to make we gather that, in carrying thickness of armor and weight of gun to the extreme limits of possibility, we have had to pause at a point where defensive arrangements are exceeded by destructive capacities. An average gun of today will pierce with a dummy shell (one, that is, without explosive charge), 22 inches of armor-plate at a distance of 2000 yards, or considerably over a mile. And the thickest armor carried to protect its vital parts by the heaviest man-of-war is 24 inches through. At a shorter range, the destruction wrought would be greater in proportion; indeed, it is hardly possi-

ble to exaggerate the damage that a charged shell from one of these big guns would effect. Not only does the projectile penetrate, and then exploding rend asunder, but the concussion of its impact is capable of starting rivets and throwing machinery out of gear at a distance from the point where it strikes.

And the most striking point of difference between the marine weapons of to-day and those of past times consists in the fact that, having gained enormously in destructive power, they have increased in equal degree in elaborateness of detail and delicacy of construction.

Compare the cannon of Nelson's time with the gun of high tonnage of to-day. The former was a simple machine, as little subject to casualties in fight as a well-made sword; it might be dismounted from its carriage, but then it was a simple piece of ship's carpentry to reinstate it; occasionally it was in some degree split by a cannon-ball. Practically little harm could befall it, and if a single gun out of the armament of a man-of-war of those days were disabled it did not matter much; what can be done with seventy-four guns may, to all intents and purposes, be done with seventy-three. And this simply constructed weapon was simply served: powder, shot, ramrod, priming, linstock; in the veriest fever of battle madness the old sea-dog could not forget the uses of these; and, on an emergency, there was none of them, except the gunpowder, for which a substitute might not be found. And the gun of those times, though a mere pop-gun in comparison with the huge weapons of to-day, seems to have been an efficient arm, capable of making as good shooting as was required at the ranges then in vogue.

If we look at drawings published in the illustrated papers of the equipment of our navy, a glance will show us that the gun of our modern marine is a very complicated affair. Indeed, this monster weapon, capable of hurling its projectile a distance of ten miles, has portions of its structure so delicate and involved that the impact of a rifle bullet might throw them out of gear. I give this as an instance merely; it is not likely that a rifle bullet could get at such portions of the gun, but complicated mechanism, even if kept in duplicate, takes time to refit, and complicated mechanism is always liable to get out of order, a gen-

eral rule from which what we know of the weapons of our navy does not incline us to except them.

One point, absolutely problematical until settled by the events of actual warfare, is the kind of shooting it is possible to make with guns of this tonnage fired from a ship at a ship. That we cannot know, for the reason that this monster of huge power and delicate detail is short-lived. After discharging a limited number of projectiles—a number well within the hundred, and that an expert has placed as low as eighty-four—he requires to be relined with steel and practically made a new gun of. That is, after firing ninety shots he becomes so many tons of dead weight, that may as well be thrown overboard for any use they are likely to be in the then existing campaign. It is obvious from this that very few discharges of such a weapon can be permitted for experimental purposes, and equally so that the kind of good shooting that comes, and can come only, from repeated practice, is not to be hoped for with an arm of this kind. Even if practice had no ill effect on the gun itself, we could hardly find clear space this side of Sahara for exhaustive experiments with projectiles holding an explosive charge.

Now this ephemeral quality of our great guns, this rapid deterioration of such massive bulks, has an element of uncertainty in it, to understand which it is necessary to go a little into detail. One may begin by saying that it is not merely after a certain number of discharges that the element of danger to the gun sets in; it begins with the first discharge. The shots are drops of poison to him, ninety meaning death; after the first shot he has taken the first suicidal dose.

The technical explanation is this: these great guns are rifled, and, to fill the rifling without windage, the projectile is fringed with a flanging of lead; as the charge of the gun explodes the lead is forced into the rifling, and, during that instant of compression, the whole terrific energy of the charge is pressing on the steel lining of the breech. Having fitted itself to the riflings, the missile sweeps on its way, leaving the gun strained.

It is a grisly but inevitable thought that the specialists who have assessed the number of shots that may be fired during the gun's brief lifetime, have done so by some other way than that of exhaustive experi-

ment. The great weapon is like an athlete of prodigious muscular strength, but with a weak heart. If a doctor said of such a one, "He may lift that weight with impunity eighty-four times, but ninety times would be fatal to him," I think the outsider would regard even the *first* performance of the feat with anxiety, doubting if it were given to the keenest science to foresee so minutely.

Another point that war alone can decide for us is the range at which ironclads will contend with one another. It is obvious from the above that it will be impossible to "play at long bowls," as it used to be called; that is, to fire at a ship out of the range of exact shooting on the chance that a lucky shot may hit her. A single discharge is too important a thing to be thrown away on anything that does not approximate a certainty. Since scientific shooting is possible only where all conditions are known—and with two ships steaming at a high rate of speed, and influenced by the state of the sea, conditions would constantly change and have to be guessed at—it is more than possible that they would fight at a distance short indeed as compared with the capacities of their guns for destruction. In this case the result of the contest would probably be determined by the first shell that struck fairly at right angles and penetrated. If the vessel struck was not sunk at once she would probably be for the time being so crippled as to be an easy prey to the enemy that had already got the range of her.

Ships, with this excess of destructive over defensive power, are equipped something in the proportions of the Highland clans, who fought a duel of thirty against thirty, on the North Inch of Perth, in Scott's novel. They were defended only by coats of flexible mail, while they wielded that tremendous weapon the two-handed sword, with the result that, at the end of the fight, the victors were in little better plight than the vanquished; of the latter, every one save the recreant chief who fled, lay dead upon the field; of the former, the few survivors were all severely wounded.

The great and inevitable loss of life and shipping that would follow the declaration of war between two great naval Powers is, perhaps, the best security for peace that we possess. It seems likely that even to

the victor the losses would overbalance the gains.

Fully realizing that, apart from the final and terrible test of war, no experiment has been spared that could increase our knowledge of the new condition of marine matters, we may turn with unqualified admiration to the wonderful forethought and ingenuity that have been bestowed on perfecting unprecedented products of human device and energy. For a single instance take the ingenious mechanism that holds in check the recoil of a monster gun. Parallel with the gun are a pair of cylinders filled with oil, and working in each of these are two pistons fastened by a shoulder to the gun itself. These pistons revolve at different rates as they move in the cylinders, with the effect of enlarging and diminishing channels through which the oil can pass from end to end of the cylinders, traversing the pistons. When the gun is run out the oil is all *behind* the pistons, and the channels are at their largest. As the huge weapon leaps back after firing, the pistons press against a cushion of oil which yields as the liquid gushes through the channels to fill the front of the cylinder. As the force of recoil grows less, the orifices become gradually narrower, and the cushion of oil gives a firmer and firmer resistance, and thus, in short space, the leviathan back-leap of the gun is reduced to quiescence; a contrivance worthy of Nasmyth of the steam hammer.

A surprising instance of careful forethought is shown in the finishing touch of the torpedo. This projectile is launched into the water through a large tube; a slight charge of powder serves to eject it, and set in motion the compressed air engines that propel it. From the nozzle of the torpedo project several little points; when one of these touches a solid the torpedo explodes. But, in case the missile should meet early in its course some floating spar or the like, and exploding untimely, injure the boat from which it is launched, an ingenious contrivance is added. At the torpedo nozzle are a pair of fans, like those of a screw propeller; these rotate as it moves, and unwind a screw; until this is unwound the charge cannot be fired; and the unwinding cannot be completed until the missile is at a safe distance from its parent boat. It would be unwise to hazard a conjecture, even as a conjecture, concerning the precise position that this un-

precedented weapon will play in future naval warfare: an important one it can hardly be doubted. The torpedo boat has added a new sensation to the experiences of some of our gallant tars. Being narrow, long, and swift, it cuts through the crest of waves and plunges into the trough with a suddenness of descent exceedingly disconcerting to the inner man. Old sea-dogs, who have been "never, never sick at sea," make a first acquaintance with *mal de mer* on board the torpedo boat.

It is a strange question, and rather a terrible one, what the effect on the *morale* of our men-of-war's men will be of these new engines of destruction when set to work in earnest. The general average of courage among professional fighting-men is probably as high now as ever it was; and, as a nation, we have no cause to distrust our own share of it. But the question is this: naval courage has been previously tested in conjunction with weapons of great simplicity of construction; how will it combine with weapons that are complicated in the extreme, and served by processes almost as involved as those of the laboratory or the observatory? The essential difference lies here. The use of a simple weapon can become absolutely instinctive and automatic; the use of an elaborate one cannot.

The use of the sword to a man who has been thoroughly trained to it becomes a thing indelibly permanent. He never forgets it because he never recollects it; it has gone deeper than the memory into the instinctive part of the man. He may be frightened, infuriated, fevered, intoxicated, or even partially insane; but give him an opponent and a sword, and he will handle the weapon in the accustomed method. Unless he was so far deranged mentally that the instinctive part of him was destroyed, and touching hot iron he would not withdraw his hand, he would remember his sword exercise.

Now the gun in Nelson's day was almost as simple a weapon as the sword, readily intelligible on the face of it. The brass cannon fastened to a block of wood of the schoolboy was, to all intents and purposes, a working model of it. There was probably not a boy in the length and breadth of Great Britain who did not understand how it was loaded and discharged; a tailor or a gardener might be taught how to serve it in half an hour. Then, too, the

gun had not changed in any important particular within the memory of man, and one gun differed not from another except in size.

Mais nous avons changé tout cela; the great gun of to-day is shrouded in a maze of technicalities, and very elaborate training is necessary for its service; add that there are considerable differences between one weapon and another, and that one and all are in a process of evolution, and change from year to year, and we shall realize how thoroughly we have changed from the weapon served by instinct to the weapon served by calculation. Now experience teaches us that excitement may enhance instinctive powers, but can only confuse those of calculation. The actor in a well-known part, excited by unwonted applause, acts the better for it; but no excitement of mood will make a man construe a page of Greek more correctly than usual.

We have, too, to consider that the stock incidents of the next naval war will be of so appalling a character that no human creature constructed with nerves could by familiarity come to think calmly of them; and few indeed will be those who survive a single experience of such an incident as the explosion of a large charged projectile. Like the great destructive phenomena of Nature, such nerve-shattering incidents may shake the constancy of the stout hearted as well as of the timid. We do not think Glaucus less than a brave man because he owns to his friend that he never completely recovered from the terrors of the "last days of Pompeii."

If we study history for the records of deeds of devoted courage, performed by bodies of men acting in concert, we shall find that they do not, as the brave deeds of individuals sometimes do, rise above what is required by general consent into the regions of gratuitous daring. A brave nation wisely applauds those men who in positions of exceptional peril have done what was expected of them. Leonidas and his Spartans, the Six Hundred at Balaclava, are enshrined as heroes for all time; but neither body of them could have done otherwise, and have continued to be held as brave men. If those who died at Thermopylae had, instead, thought better of it and returned home, leaving the Persian hosts unopposed, Laconia would have counted them infamous. If the Six Hundred, instead of charging at the word of

command, had made reply, reasoned why, or done anything else than what they did; they would have incurred severe military punishment and the contempt of a brave nation

In this way, the bravery of a large body of men differs from that of an individual or a few individuals; requiring that the conditions under which it acts should be very clearly understood

These conditions for future warfare by sea, of course, cannot be understood until experience elucidates them. What the naval tactics of the future will be must remain a matter of conjecture; to indicate two extreme courses as instances may show that the possibilities cover a wide field.

It may be urged that, if you have an enemy afloat in your waters, the best course to pursue would be to follow the politics of Fabius, the delayer: to avoid conflict of war-ship with war-ship, to

weary and agitate the foe by attacking him with torpedo-boats, thus inducing him to waste his shots by firing at what he is not very likely to hit; and, if possible, so to manoeuvre as to exhaust his store of fuel at a distance from his coaling station.

On the other hand, with similar plausibility, it may be contended that, as a single well-aimed shot may decide a conflict, the greatest safety may be found in the most immediate and most determined attack.

It is better to ponder these questions at our leisure than to have them later forced upon us by the emergencies of war; and, as a nation, we may well keep a constant heart in spite of the possibilities that lie before us. If we have to go to war wearing the armor of Saul that we have not proved, at least we know ourselves to have slain giants with the pebble and the sling.—*Contemporary Review*.

BOAT LIFE IN SIAM.

BY E. B. M.

WATER-CARRIAGE is still the rule in Siam, and land-carriage the rare exception. Railways as yet do not exist; and the few roads which have been made quite recently in the capital and some of the larger towns do not extend more than a few miles at the most from the walls or suburbs. In country places the only means of travelling on dry land are by elephant-paths or cattle-tracks: and during the wet season, which lasts for nearly half the year, it is barely possible for men or animals, and quite impossible for carts, to make their way over these rough and miry ways. Even in the biggest towns a large proportion of the houses are accessible only by water, or by a narrow path of planks raised on posts above the marshy soil, and affording a passage only for pedestrians in single file. Accordingly the real highways, both for passenger and goods traffic, are the rivers and canals, which intersect the country in all directions and serve the purpose which in other countries is served by roads and railways.

The great central river of Siam, the "Mother of waters," which drains the vast territory of Western Laos, and runs through the most fertile valley of Indo-

China, forms of course the main artery of trade. Down this important watercourse and its many tributary streams is poured annually the abundant produce of the Northern Provinces. The capital of the country, situate about thirty miles up the winding river from its mouth, is a vast emporium where the exports and imports find their temporary resting-place, and the European and Siamese merchants conduct a flourishing trade on the banks of the Menam. Probably no river in the world—but certainly no river of equal size—carries on its surface within a space of about four miles so large a number of boats of all descriptions. From the windows of the Custom House, looking out upon the broad ribbon of smooth water in front, the eye rests on a moving panorama in which almost every imaginable sort of craft may be seen flitting about, with occupants dressed in still more inconceivable varieties of costume. Here, however, one sees only the most public part of the boat life of the inhabitants. This broad full river, almost exactly equal in size to the Thames in London, is the high street of the town, combining the uses and purposes of an Oxford Street, a Piccadilly and

a Cheapside. But beside and behind it is a network of smaller watercourses—the “*khlongs*” or canals, both large and small, which do duty as side streets, and exhibit to the inquisitive traveller who explores them more homely and intimate scenes of native life.

The most imposing of the floating craft which display themselves to the new-comer as he rounds the last curve below Bangkok, are the big white steamers which ply between that place and the ports of Hong-kong and Singapore. About half-a dozen steamers of 500 tons and upward make the journey twice a month to the capital of the Straits Settlements, carrying to it full cargoes of rice and cattle with other merchandise, and an average of four or five first-class passengers, with a good load of Coolies, Malays and Indians. About an equal number of still larger vessels run to Hong-kong with rice cargoes, doing the journey in about seven days; and the traveller who visits Siam can thus come direct there by way of Singapore, and proceed straight on to China, where he will again fall in with the big lines of ocean steamers. Smaller steamers of various sizes and shapes, colors and ages, are to be seen nestled up against the wharves or anchored in mid-stream. These are owned by Chinese and Siamese capitalists, and do a coasting trade with the provinces on each side of the Gulf of Siam, collecting fire-wood, fruit, pepper, coffee, and a rather miscellaneous set of products, and taking back laborers of divers nationalities, orchid-collectors, missionaries, and a certain quantity of those tinned provisions, match-boxes, and cheap ware, with which the European and Japanese traders are continually flooding the Siamese markets.

More lively and active-looking objects are the steam-launches puffing merrily along, with their narrow white funnels discharging short wreaths of gaseous vapor into the sunny air, now threading their way quickly through the rice-boats and cargo-boats in the tideway, now shooting diagonally across stream, and now bringing up deftly alongside a parting steamer, or at some of the ladder-stairs which flank the mills and compounds on the bank. Further up the river, opposite the Grand Palace and the public buildings, are to be seen the royal yachts and gun-boats, looking spick and span with their square yards and neat lines, and, on any one of

the many gala days, their gay show of bright bunting fluttering in the gentle breeze. A new feature in the scene are the launches of the River Flotilla Company, started by a Siamese association for the carriage of passengers on the “penny steamer” system, and filled with a heterogeneous set of travellers, including priests, doctors, market people, mourners on their way to a funeral, or revellers returning from a wedding party. Here and there a tug may be seen, laboring hoarsely up against the tide, towing a long line of rice-boats, or a heavy bark which has sailed some thousands of miles into the Menam, and is on the lookout for a cargo of teak for export.

But the quaintest and most picturesque of all the bigger craft in the port are the Chinese junks, moored in long irregular rows along one or other side of the channel, rearing their ridiculous sterns high out of the flood, and hiding under rough masses of matting the thousand-and-one hideous odds and ends which make up the filthy interior of a Chinese ship. Sometimes one of these old fashioned junks will be seen running up stream before the wind, its big sails glistening like gold in the sun, and the water rippling brightly under its bluff bows, where the painted eye stares stolidly out over the busy river, as it has for weeks past over the light-blue waters of the China Sea. When these flaxen-colored sails come down, and the junk swings round to its dropped anchor, then the fun begins. In their excess of thankfulness for escape from a watery grave, the pig-tailed crew bring out the tin pans of ceremonial usage, and with a banging that would deafen any European in two minutes, keep up for half an hour or more the most monotonous and infernal din that any savage ever devised.

When there is a good wind up stream, which is the case for nearly half the year, smaller sails are to be seen hurrying at a great pace on to the town with the earliest of the tide. They are mounted on large, light masts, stepped in a long, slim canoe of some thirty feet, which is loaded with the last catch of fish in the Siamese Gulf. When the wind does not suit, these fish-boats come up almost all the way on the oar; and it is quite astonishing to see with what speed and strength the oarsmen accomplish the long distance from the sea. Catching the very first of the flood at

Paknam—the mouth of the Menam—they very nearly keep up with it for twenty miles, cutting off eleven miles of the big river by means of a cross-cut canal only a mile in length. Three or four stalwart men standing up to their oars, gondola fashion, force the long blades through the water with incredible energy and endurance, the perspiration rolling off their bare backs and arms, which glance in the sun as if anointed with oil. Inside the open boat are piles of white fish of various kinds caught off the small fishing towns which lie scattered about the upper end of the Gulf. These are a harmless sort of fish-boats, and may be passed without alarm. But there is a very different kind, to which, if you see them coming, you should give as wide a berth as possible. A flatter and more cumbersome wherry, nearly approaching to a barge, and propelled more lazily by a scrubby-looking oarsman or two, now and then goes up on the flood, carrying horror and disgust to every European who may be within a hundred yards of its course. Inside is a huge pile of fish literally rotting in the hot sun. The salt, or chemical, with which this garbage is supposed to be guaranteed against putridity, is very far from saving it from the outward signs thereof; and an odor of the most pungent and acrid description infects the whole air through which one of these dreaded vessels is rowed. The contents are not used, as it might reasonably be supposed, for manure, but for human food, taking their part in the very "full-flavored" curries with which the poorer inhabitants season their bowl of rice.

The slowest and most lumbering occupants of the fast-flowing river are the immense rice-boats which serve as a really capacious house for the native dealers. Rising like a toy Noah's Ark out of a solid hull of teak, the central edifice bulges out for some feet and then forms itself into a long arch, tallest amidships, and lower toward the sides and ends. At each of its flat ends, fore and aft, is a stout wall of wood, with doors and windows; and the outer space between this and the end of the hull forms a sort of promenade or portico, which can be shaded from the sun by a light awning of bamboo or matting. Alongside the hull are the enormous barge-poles and oars which serve for the propulsion of this huge hulk, and sometimes also a mast and sail for driving

before the wind. Whole families can and do pass their lives on board these floating habitations, scooping up the dirty water of the river for use not only in cooking, but often even for drinking purposes, taking their baths from the side of it, and sometimes catching their supply of fish by merely casting a net overboard. Long distances have often been travelled by these unwieldy craft on their way down from the paddy fields where the rice is grown. But for every day spent on the way down, the occupants will have to spend a week at least going back, laboriously poling and rowing against the steady current, and consuming no small fraction of the year in the return home, when they will rest awhile, and again harvest in the crop before starting on the next year's journey to market. Three weeks to come down stream with full cargo; a week to dispose of it and indulge in the gayeties of the capital; four or five months to get back with the emptied boat; and the rest of the year for farm-work at home—such is the programme for many a Siamese family which lives as contentedly and placidly as the profoundest philosopher.

Very different are the house-boats of polite life, in which the well-to-do classes—both Siamese and European—go about their ordinary town travelling. On a twenty-foot hull, built very much like an Oxford gig, is a strong, flat half-deck of teak planks, extending for six feet or so from the bow and the stern. Amidships is placed the square "house," built of light teak planks on strong uprights, and with a wooden roof like that of a four-wheeled cab. At the aft side of this is a large aperture with a venetian blind that can be raised or lowered at will, and on each side are two similar square openings with the same sort of shutters. The front of the superstructure is almost entirely open; and one gets into the interior by bending and stepping down from the fore deck on to the floor of the "house." A cushioned seat, more or less comfortable according to the taste of the owner, runs round three sides of the interior; or in some cases the floor itself serves as a couch or sofa with mattresses and pillows all complete. Enconced in this retreat, with the wind blowing freely through the venetian blinds all round, one can read or sleep, or look out lazily on the busy river scene, while four dusky boatmen, wearing the

colored uniform of their master, drive the boat along joyously with their long splashing oars. Each oar is attached by a hempen wisp to the upright post which serves as a rowlock; and the men, standing close behind one another, two in front and two astern, throw the weight of their bodies forward in exact unison, feathering the oar when they have reached out as far as they can, and recovering themselves with a jerk backward and a push with the forward knee. Some of the wealthy people ornament these "four chow" boats in elaborate style with carving and paint, and gilding and gorgeous curtains. Others are of plain teak or simply painted white; and some have hanging canvas instead of walls, and merely an awning overhead. A small house-boat, intended for one person only, can get along very fast and well with only two oarsmen, one in front and the other behind. But variety is the rule in this as in most other things in Siam; and some of the chow-boats are shabby in the last degree, and occupied by the dingiest of individuals in the ugliest of costumes. Ugliness of costume or manner is, however, quite the exception in Bangkok, and more often than not the interior of a house-boat will contain brightly dressed people, looking like bouquets of flowers in a tent. Europeans, with their plain white twill or flannel, do not show off these boats half so well as the Siamese, with their gay-colored dresses, pretty scarfs and light rippling laughter.

For ordinary passengers who affect no grandeur and despise comfort and style, there is a cheap mode of conveyance by water, which must have a passing mention. The *sampan* is a shallop with high ends, ending almost, though not quite, in a point; a rounded outside, looking as if the whole thing had been scooped out of a log; low sides, always appearing to be dangerously near the water, and a few cross benches of a rustic order. A single upright post rises from one side rather near the stern; and to the top of this can be hooked on by means of the orthodox twist the hempen noose which always does duty for a rowlock. Into such a boat, according to its size, will be stowed two or three or more passengers, up to as many as sometimes nearly half a score, who squat down with the utmost *sang froid* in a craft which to a European stranger looks as if it could be upset by moving a finger.

These boats ply for hire at some of the numerous "stairs" or landings where there is a large passenger traffic across the stream, and the din of boatmen at these places shouting for each "Nai" or "Master" who looks a likely customer is worthy of Westminster in the palmy days of the Thames watermen. When the crank-looking craft is full, or the passengers become too impatient to wait any longer, the oarsman, or oarswoman—for the fair sex by no means decline this labor—takes up the handle of the oar, which at its extremity is shaped like the crook of an umbrella. With a few long vigorous strokes he pulls the boat out from the shore, and then with many twists of the arm and much adroit manœuvring, swings the bow out into the river, meeting the tide diagonally and preparing for the voyage across. The business of propelling such a craft with only one oar fixed to one side is no less puzzling than one might suppose; and the very few Europeans who have attempted the task find their boat working round and round toward the side on which there is no oar with a perverse persistency that seems entirely hopeless. This natural tendency of the *sampan* to describe circles in the water is overcome in fact by a device of leaning so upon the oar that it forces the stern of the boat inward, while at the same time driving the whole boat forward. But to acquire the power of doing this is not given to the ordinary European, who the more he attempts it seems to run the more risk of catching crabs and making his ship go backward, or even toppling over bodily, and taking an involuntary header for the diversion of a merry host of Siamese spectators.

Not only passengers, paying ridiculously small bronze coins to their watermen, are carried in these unsafe-looking shallops, but merchandise of all sorts, which is often sold from them as things are in London off a costermonger's cart. Piles of cocoanuts, oranges, or bananas, depressing the bulwarks within two or three inches of the water, go gayly along, their conductor feeling quite at his ease until by chance some bigger launch than usual, or a light tug, or perhaps a big steamer of some kind heaves in sight, when his indifference is exchanged for some show of hurry and excitement, and he hastens toward shore to get behind the shelter of

some floating house. Often it is a much more risky cargo which overloads these boats—a whole toy-shop of fragile knick-knacks, a pile of silks and piece goods, a thousand or so of small glass lamps, or a dessert of sweetmeats for some wedding feast. Marvellous is the skill and caution with which the women in charge of such hazardous loads thread their way through the legion of nondescript boats of all sorts and sizes which meet them in their course. Now and then a shriek of alarm from one of them warns the heedless Chinaman or too zealous Malay, to give the fair owner a wide berth; but the warning is almost always in time, and with a bright smile and graceful inclination of the head her thanks are rendered as she gets her boat's nose straight again and looks ahead for a fresh danger. Good-humor and mutual forbearance are the universal rule: and the Asiatic who allowed his temper to be ruffled, or his rough-and-ready courtesy to give way, would be looked upon as a disgusting barbarian beyond the pale of decent society. With such instincts as kind-heartedness and consideration for others, which are real instincts among the Siamese, life on the water, even in a *sampan*, becomes pleasant and happy. What an extraordinary difference between these people and the creatures who disport themselves on holidays on the Thames in and round London!

Lastly there are the canoes—more picturesque, perhaps, than anything else which floats. Take a specimen or two, such as may be seen any day in almost any number. Here is a quartette of priests in their saffron colored robes and with bare close-shaven heads. In the middle of them the oldest of the party reclining with much dignity, cigarette in mouth and fan in hand. In front, two younger men with half a forearm emerging from the thick folds of the robe, and paddles, one on each side, plunging quickly but steadily into the dark-brown water. At the stern a middle-aged ecclesiastic squatting in the same attitude, but attending also to the steering of the small vessel, and not unfrequently "easing" for a few strokes, so as not to lower his dignity quite to a par with the younger men. Just behind, perhaps, will come a whole crew of Siamese maidens, their close-cropped hair sticking up like black clothes-brushes on their heads, white linen jackets with long

sleeves covering their bodies, and showing off the light pink and green scarfs deftly thrown over their shoulders, while a more inquisitive glance will discover their well-shaped feet, and legs bare to the knee, curled up Turkish-wise on the floor. Very speedily and neatly they dash the blade of their short paddles into the stream, keeping up an almost incessant chatter as they go along, and chaffing unmercifully any well-looking man whom they may pass on the shore or in a boat; peals of laughter breaking from them as often as a good repartee is given on either side. Then you will have a stolid Chinaman alone in his rather heavy canoe, urging it on with laborious strokes, and occasionally yelling some demoniacal cry, which, being interpreted, means that he wants a customer for the blocks of fat white pork lying in the fore part of his ship.

It is in the morning early—that is early for the Siamese—at seven or eight o'clock in the big river just outside the Palace gates that you may see the finest collection of canoes. Here is held every morning a sort of water market. Some hundreds of canoes, mostly handled by young and old women, are packed in serried ranks, like a large flock of ducks on a pond. Oranges, limes, betel-nuts, bananas of thirty different kinds, cakes, fritters, sweetmeats, sugar-sticks—every sort of light refreshment dear to Siamese *gourmets*—come piled up in the canoe to this busy *rendezvous*; offering and bidding, haggling and trafficking, joking and mock quarrelling, is the order of the day. A hundred gay colors, besides those of the fruit and flowers, are blended together in a moving kaleidoscope, as you look from a short distance upon the flotilla of market-women. Gradually the bright noisy group dissolves away, and the little bare-headed dealers, retreating before the growing tyranny of the rising sun, flit like water-flies to the shaded nook where they are to eat their simple but savory breakfast.

A far more imposing sort of paddle-worked boat remains to be noted. For some days before any royal ceremony on the river is to be held, you may see occasionally passing up it an enormous canoe looking like a gigantic tree scooped out. As a matter of fact some of these monsters are no more than gigantic teak-trees, bulged out in their middle by the slow action of fire, and turned up slightly at the two

ends. Upon narrow cross-benches in them will be ranged a hundred or more paddlers, with a steersman, a lookout man, and a sort of bandmaster or orchestra leader, who gives the time to the whole crew. In unison these dusky boatmen raise their paddles in the air overhead, and in unison they plunge them into the stream—an equal number on each side—dashing them quickly through a short stroke and then raising them aloft again. These men are being coached up to form the crew for a royal barge; and on the day of the ceremony they will appear in very different get-up. A royal barge in Siam is a portentous structure. Its lower part is an immensely long and rather flat boat, turning up at the ends, so that these are reared many feet above the water. Strangely and weirdly fashioned are these towering ends, presenting to view such wonders as a colossal dolphin covered with gilding, a multi colored crocodile, or glittering dragon, all red, green and gold. Along the benches fore and aft are packed the paddlers, dressed in gorgeous costumes of the brightest colors, a royal red predominating; and from the middle of the hull rises the pavilion of state, a sort of pagoda with four corners, richly covered or inlaid with colored bits of porcelain and gilding and tinsel, hung with bright curtains, festooned with real and artificial flowers, and surmounted with one or more of the peaked emblems of royalty. Inside is a sort of chamber in which are placed old-fashioned weapons, some Palace guards in gala dress, and perhaps some courtiers or officers of state. One of these monsters will carry a towering structure with a throne at the top, upon which His Majesty will sit if he comes out to honor the procession with his presence. Other less pretentious royal barges will carry only a large awning draped with the royal standard, and looking at a distance rather like a howdah taken off the back of some gigantic elephant and lifted into the canoe. In spite of the great size of these leviathans and the smallness of the paddles, they travel at a very good pace, driven by the short sharp strokes of multitudinous men on each side. A procession of half-a-dozen such giants following one another, and followed in their turn by smaller but still capacious barges, belonging to the chief princes and nobles, makes a grand spectacle on this noble river, and rivals probably the

greatest glories attained on our own river by the water pageants of mediæval London.

Let us look away from the big river and up one of the big "khlongs," or canals which run into it here and there. In these the tide is less strong, but the crowd of small boats is greater; and just as much care is needed to avoid being run down, or run into, or wrecked on any of the numerous projecting obstacles which jut out into the stream in all sorts of unexpected places. Here you see the advantage of the Siamese style of rowing, where the oarsman faces his work and can look ahead without turning round. If the tide is against you, it is very bad policy to go up the middle of the canal, where you meet the full force of the current; and your proper plan is to sniggle along close to the bank, or rather close to the fringe of floating houses and moored boats and landing-stages, which project from the real bank into the water. And as no two of these obstacles project to an equal distance, or form a flat continuous frontage, there is at almost every boat's length a new chance of fouling some corner, or at least striking an our against some post or platform, or other stumbling-block. An almost greater variety of small boats seems to be collected in the *khlongs* than in the main river—lighters loaded with bricks or earthenware pots, or rice, or paddy ash; house-boats occupied by fat Chinamen; canoes and *sampans* innumerable, going at all sorts of paces up and down, across and along; rice-boats with their immensely long oars sweeping almost the whole width of the canal, and bearing down upon the more frail craft which meet them, with a threatening force and weight that soon clears them out of the way like leaves before a gust of wind.

As the *khlong* narrows and the houses grow more scarce along the bank, a European in his own boat begins to attract more attention. The children run out to the top of their landing-ladders, timid but curious, and calling to their mothers to come and look at the "Farang." Tied to each one of these ladders will be at least one or two light canoes—the habitual and indeed only mode of transport for the family. Still further up, a mile or more from the mouth of the canal, the long succession of wharfs, shops, and houses is at length broken, and you get a short reach

of real country, where the plantains and oranges and mangoes, interspersed with tall betel-nut palms, have it all their own way, and except at full high-water it is difficult or impossible to land on either side, by reason of the broad strip of slippery brown mud which defends the crown of the bank. In these long narrow canals, which extend sometimes for many leagues into the country, the tide falls with varying rapidity and with an insidious quietness. Imagine the position of a European party which, starting for a few hours to explore one of these waterways, is left stranded at 9 A.M. on its muddy bed in the scorching sun. Without food or drink, or even perhaps a pack of cards or a novel, the situation of such unfortunates is awful to contemplate. To wade through mud about three feet deep and climb the bank, would only be one short step on the road to escape. They would have to drag their wet and mired clothes through a tangle of fruit-trees and fences hardly less impenetrable than real jungle, risking sunstroke as well as the off chance of a bite from some deadly snake. On the other hand, no rescue by boat is possible, for every five minutes makes it more and more hopeless that anything should come past except the lightest canoes. A native crew forced into such a position, as thousands are every day, feels no discomfort at all. The rice-boat journeying across country by way of tidal *khlongs* takes full advantage of the flood, be it by night or by day, struggles along gallantly at a rate of some five miles an hour as long as there is water to float the ship, and then puts into the bank under some friendly tree-shade to wait till the next flood. Here the thick shelter of the bamboo-plaited domed roof serves as a protection from sun by day or dew by night, and the tired oarsmen and oarswomen, stretched at length on the mat-covered planks, sleep heavily without caring even for mosquitoes or flies, until the first welcome movement of the floor as the barge floats rouses them to "kin-kow," or meal time, and a fresh bout of labor.

Only one cause stops their onward course for a few minutes. At some commodious landing-ladder, at a suitable time of the tide, the wherry is brought to, and the whole family, father, mother and children, besides perhaps a spare aunt or two, all jump into the uninviting brown water, the

elders having first exchanged the *panung* or knickerbocker of ordinary wear, for a *sarong* or girding of common cloth. Very bashful the women are, hiding up to their chins if a "farang" or European is in sight, and seizing upon a moment when he is looking the other way to trip up the ladder and escape behind cover of the boat side. But the children enjoy more than anything in the day their free swim in the thick water, larking about, chasing and splashing one another, and playing like amphibious creatures, as they are, in water, which in the afternoon of a day in the sunny season is rather to be called hot than warm. In the more crowded *khlongs* at about 5 o'clock, especially if the tide is then high, it is quite a sight to see the multitude of human heads bobbing about on the surface, as men, women and children turn in for their daily bath. As you row up such a canal you must take great care where you dip your oar or sculls; and how you bring them forward between the strokes. Otherwise you will hear a shrill cry from one or more of the little bathers dabbling about on each side, and if a hand is not put up to seize and avert the threatening blade, you may find that you have cut open one of the round black-thatched heads with it.

In the narrower canals where there is much traffic a "block" is almost as common as in Fleet Street or the Strand. Sometimes there is a raft of teak, being floated up to some saw mill, and usurping more than half of the water-way. If it meets a good-sized rice boat which tries to pass it at a shallow spot, both may get stuck; and the accumulation of smaller boats coming up behind on each side wedges itself in so that the chance of getting clear is made still more difficult. It is in such a case that the inexhaustible good-humor of the Siamese waterman comes out. Instead of objurgations and grumblings, advice is given as to the best device for clearing a way. The *lambak*, or trouble, which has arisen, is attributed to the malign influence of chance or demons; and the stupid people who have caused it by their clumsiness are regarded rather as innocent victims, to be cheered up with sympathy, than as bunglers who should be reviled. No sooner is the obstacle removed, than an outburst of joyful exclamations seems to sweep away at a breath all the annoyance of the past few minutes, and the several

crews go on their way happier and more cheery, to all appearance, than if no difficulty or delay had occurred.

At nightfall, about 7 o'clock, most of the Siamese small craft have got home, and are safely chained up in a position where when the tide turns in the night they will not drift round and get in the way. But here and there you will see a small white light like a glow-worm flitting along over the dark water. Often this is the boat-lamp of a night huckster of comestibles going his round of the floating houses. From time to time you may hear from your window his hoarse cry, drawn out into a long musical cadence of several bars sometimes, as he runs through the list of cakes, sweetmeats, or other dainties which he has on board. But the chief collection of boats at night is round the river side theatres, several of which are always in working order. A broad glare of lamplight, reflected in the water, betrays from afar the situation of these palaces of delight, which are no more than broad floating platforms, extemporized into a stage and a "pit." Inside, the banging

of sticks and clanging of cymbals, and other noises of Siamese and Chinese drama excite the enthusiasm of a very motley audience. But all round the platform are ranged, in triple and quadruple tiers, the canoes of the theatre-goers, who at about midnight will be trooping off home again, scattering in all directions like a small swarm of water fire-flies pouring out from some fiery *rendezvous* on the bank.

Thus the boat-life of Siam includes almost all life. Business and pleasure, health and happiness, all centre in the river or its branches. A boat and a paddle are almost as natural and indispensable possessions to a Siamese as his arms or legs. He has no notion of travelling any distance except by boat; and the idea of living in a place inaccessible by water generally strikes him as absurd. Deprive him of his boat, and he will be like a bird docked of its wings, helpless, shiftless, and purposeless. Roads and railways may in time bring into existence a race of purely terrestrial Siamese. But for the present the population is, with few exceptions, amphibious.—*Murray's Magazine*.

A NEGLECTED PATH TO GREATNESS.

BY FRANCES RUSSELL.

It is a trite saying that the mothers of great men have always been notable women, and, for the better understanding of many of the problems that perplex us, it is to be regretted that so few particulars of their lives should have come down to us. Yet if the records are scanty they are often startling, if only for the way in which they leave no doubt as to the source whence certain mental proclivities have been derived, and this apparently more often from the female than the male progenitor. In the story of Esau and Jacob, there is to be found in the son of the intriguing Rebecca (who, by the way, might well have lived in the nineteenth century) a character so completely in accordance with her own that it seems a veritable reincarnation. The deceit and subtlety displayed by the mother, through which she succeeds in wresting from her blind husband the blessing which was the birthright of the elder son, are repeated in the craftiness of Jacob's dealings with his uncle

Laban in the matter of the ring-straked cattle, and again, at a later period of his life, when he seeks to deprecate the justly dreaded wrath of Esau. In the story of Zebedee's children, the name of whose mother has not even survived, we see an ambitious woman coming to beg for her two sons a place on the right hand and on the left of the Saviour of the World. Can we doubt that something of the heroic temperament that prompted this woman's act was transmitted to her two great sons, since their names are written in the list of those whom the world will not let die. The teaching of the Mother of the Gracchi, and in earlier times of the Spartan women, who inscribed upon the shields they handed to their soldier sons the legend, "With it, or upon it," brought forth abundant fruit, as is witnessed by the records of those ages. Coming down to our own day, we, who are familiar with the researches of Mr. Francis Galton, know that this truth may almost be regarded as

proven, so far as regards the transmission of talent, though genius can no more be made to order than the diamond can be manufactured.

In Mr. Edward Bellamy's book, *Looking Backward*, occur these words: "Our women have risen to the full height of their responsibilities as the wardens of the world to come, to whose keeping the keys of the future are confided. Their feeling of duty in this respect amounts to a sense of religious consecration. It is a cult in which they educate their daughters from childhood." And again: "Over the unborn our power is that of God, and our responsibilities like His toward us. As we acquit ourselves toward them, so let Him deal with us." In these days, when the institution of marriage bids fair to be shaken to its very foundations, it is, perhaps, well to call attention to the fact that, if its responsibilities were undertaken in a different spirit, the results might also be different. It is because these words of Mr. Bellamy's so entirely coincide with my own views, and because, if I may venture to say so, my own experiences and observations have to a large extent confirmed these views, that I have dared, though not, I hope, without the diffidence which a woman must feel, to write a few lines on this subject. The enormous value to future generations of our practice and precept in these matters may, perhaps, be accepted as a sufficient excuse for venturing upon delicate ground. The question is one of far greater importance than many which now engage the attention of thinking women, and though I entirely sympathize with every movement made toward their emancipation, which I regard as the most onward movement of the century, I desire to interest the mothers, and especially the young mothers, of the race in a question of mental evolution, where they may assist Nature almost as much perhaps as does the gardener in the development of his vegetable creations. It has lately been said that one of the features of the future may be an enormously improved morality, that our present views on morals are only as the stem to the full flower. One way of reaching so desirable a consummation would be by realizing the sense of a new relationship toward the children we bring into the world. They owe us life, but they ought to owe us in a far higher degree than they often do that

higher life which is the emanation of the spiritual among ourselves. For just as surely as we can trace the lineaments of past generations in our infant's face, so also we can not infrequently discern physiological or mental inheritances, the legacies of some forgotten ancestor that rise up to remind us of their past sins or sufferings. This is a truth we are too apt to overlook or put aside as one of the mysteries of creation far beyond our finite intelligence. But women must learn to think differently about the function of maternity. Instead of regarding it, as too many do, as a burden and a trouble to be avoided by every possible means, legitimate or otherwise, it should be considered as one of the most ennobling powers bestowed upon the sex. But just as no author can turn out good work consecutively and continuously, so no mother ought to be expected to bring a large family into the world. Quality should be regarded before quantity. Of course, in these matters, communities must be a law unto themselves, which is very difficult in the slow growth of public opinion—the only possible standard. Consider for one moment how differently women would view motherhood if they knew they would not be expected to go on bearing children all their lives. Then they would not be cross and weary, and irritable at a time when such states of feeling are likely to produce saddening results, because their nerves and physical powers would not be overwrought or unstrung. They would rightly regard their function as one of almost regal importance, of such high value to the race that they would not dare to imperil its future well-being by an impure thought, an angry word, a passionate impulse.

"Happy he with such a mother!
Faith in womankind beats with his blood,
and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him."

Have any of my readers ever studied those registered vibrations of sound exhibited by the Royal Society* at some of their conversations, and of which Mrs. Ward's voice-figures are further illustrations? If so, they will remember the gracefully curved convolutions of delicate thread-like lines which, while tracing out apparently endless labyrinths of form, final-

* Of N. S. Wales, where this article was written.

ly result in the presentation of a perfectly beautiful figure. Unknown, because unseen, these graceful shapes (more beautiful as the results of harmony than of discord) have floated through space for untold ages, but have now taken upon themselves form and outline, and been made palpable to the grossness of our understanding. Science acts the part of the magic ring of Gyges, and opens our eyes to revelations of whose existence we were ignorant. Again, by means of the phonograph we obtain a registration of sounds long passed away, but which may be reproduced at any future time. Our careless utterances, equally with our most solemn words, broken by deepest emotion, may rise up to confront us, or be reawakened in the ears of future generations. These marvels of science seem to indicate that things heretofore deemed too impalpable or too trivial for record may nevertheless preserve their identity through a series of ages. Can we doubt that the same sort of record is going on within ourselves, in the telegraphy that exists between our brains and all other parts of us, and which, impressed upon our being, makes us what we are.

What is the brain of the mother but a camera or phonograph, imprinting, as upon a sensitive plate, the vibrations that may help to form the intelligence yet unborn. But whereas the scientific apparatus can only reflect what is presented to it, the human mechanism has the power of transmitting into fresher loveliness or degrading to lower depths the visions of the seer. The organism which is quick to suffer, or slow to feel, registers its impressions, be they few or be they many, the result harmony or discord, according to the nature of the original impressions. The vibrations of the soul that quickens into new emotion at every aspect of the human experience must surely differ enormously from those of the stolid nature which suffers dumbly, or enjoys grossly, and knows not the inarticulate longings of the soul that struggles for expression in some outward form—it knows not why. The thoughts, the pleasures, the delights, that stir the mortal frame of the young mother, what are they but ministers in the sacred work of inspiring the uncreated mind? Who knows how her subtle fancy, brooding over the intellect of some master mind, or revelling in the wealth of imagination

which is the legacy of another, may not thus kindle the spark which shall leap to light in the career of some future Darwin, Faraday, Byron, or Goethe? Or when, with the sense of gladness that comes from the appreciation of all that is beautiful, she drinks in the loveliness of created Nature in some wild woodland scene, or stands before the canvas which the hand of a master has endowed with life, or “in the thoughts that breathe and words that burn” recognizes the hero of a bygone or a present age, with whose spirit she is conscious of intellectual kinship—who can say that in hours of exaltation such as these something of the heroic or the ideal is not again born into the world? Those who believe in the immortality of beauty and of goodness will have no difficulty in adding this seeming miracle to their creed.

The ancients, quicker than ourselves to recognize something of this truth, furnished the rooms of their women with beautiful statues and pictures; but this is only an outward and visible sign of the higher doctrine that I would here inculcate. For beauty of form may result from the harmony of an entire and perfect human love, but the beauty of the soul is in the woman's gift far more than she can imagine. And although none can predicate results, since sudden and unexpected reversions will sometimes develop themselves from finest issues, and across the bluest heaven of love and tenderness spread wide its clouds of doubt and fear, yet since Nature, always beneficent, shows clearly in the progress of the race her tendency to throw off deformities and disease, be it ours to become fellow helpers with her in her great work. If women would, at a time when physical exertion is more or less distasteful to them, make a rule of cultivating their mental powers to their fullest capacity, they would attain results beyond their wildest hopes. Besides this the development of any special gift should be attended to with increased care. Music, reading, writing, drawing, and painting will not do half the damage to health that is caused by dancing, or excitement, or temper. The former, too, can be pursued without fatigue, and can be attended to better when there are fewer social distractions to be enjoyed. Why should not these periods be made seasons of retreat in the seclusion of our own homes, where, instead of cultivating, as our religious sis-

ters do, one form of emotion, we might regard the highest possible development of our powers as a sacred duty, the neglect or fulfilment of which involved the most tremendous issues. For, after all, what greater boon can we desire than to know that we have, in some measure, contributed toward the happiness or success of those who come after us, and who may be able to make the world brighter or better for those with whom they live. To help "to grow a soul" is surely as great a work as to save it; but for the thousands who regard the one as the highest form of duty, who thinks for a moment of the other? It is recorded that on the tomb of Martha Washington are only inscribed these few words: "Here lies the mother of George Washington." It was her title to fame, and worth more in her eyes than a patent of nobility. Few women are without ambition, and that of the most sacred kind, the ambition which is content to merge itself in another's gain or greatness. "Who rocks the cradle rules the world" is an old saying, but we would read it in a new light, and not only rule the future generations by ties of love and respect, but by the stronger link that binds together those whose ideals are the same and who strive together to the same ends. There have been writers who deem this form of immortality the only one in consonance with known possibilities, a saddening creed, no doubt, yet at least such immortality is within the reach of all. And while cultivating the mental faculties, we must not forget that those of the moral nature must be equally regarded. Be sure that the abnegation of self will meet its due reward, as well as will purity, loyalty, and truth.

"Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, any praise, think on these things." It is a law of Nature, never to be forgotten, that nowhere in her domains can we receive without giving. The most fertile soil will refuse its yield without a corresponding return of water or manure. Equally true is the converse that we cannot give without receiving, often far more than our due. Can we conceive of a richer reward for self-denial or study, than to watch the unfolding of a young life which turns toward morality, and virtue, and culture, as the flowers do toward the sun—a life which is not handicapped, as too many are, by the inheritance of the accumulated vices of past ancestors? In these days of crumbling creeds and partial truths, we may have to give up many of those props which have helped to sustain the faith and hope of past generations, because we dare not retain that which we cannot believe to be true. But that some are born into the world oppressed with the sins of their forefathers is theology as well as common sense, and the sins of the fathers are no less surely visited upon their children now than in those days when, "in the darkness and the clouds" of Mount Sinai, this truth was first revealed. The remedy lies in our own hands, and it rests with the mothers of the race to terminate, or at least to turn aside, some of the issues involved. It is a grander privilege than we know, to be able thus to contribute something toward the progress of mankind, by the evolution of the higher forms of humanity, and a severe repression of all that is lowest in the type.—*Westminster Review*.

HYPNOTISM IN RELATION TO CRIME AND THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

BY A. TAYLOR INNES.

THE scientific discussion of Hypnotism or Mesmerism, which has for some years passed in a full wave over the Continent, has at last broken on our shores. Among the many resulting suggestions, I observe one constantly put forward. It is said that hypnotism is full of risks, not only in the region of health, but in that of crime; that its practice should not be allowed to remain in the hands of persons who are ig-

norant and unauthorized; and that it should be at once placed under legal restrictions and confided to the medical profession alone. It is, perhaps, time that this proposal should be looked at critically; and rather from the side of another profession, though, as I hope, equally in the public interest.

That hypnotism opens many possibilities of crime is undoubted. It does so, in the

first place, as a mere state of passivity. If the human race had never known what it was to fall asleep, one could easily imagine (following the suggestion of Blanco White's sonnet on Night) with what well-founded alarm we should regard the first approach even of ordinary slumber—of sleep, with all its death-like helplessness and exposure to assault. Well, hypnotism presents us with a form of sleep, or of lethargy, or, at least, of passivity; and in all these forms it leaves the subject without defence against personal outrage. But the hypnotic sleep is characteristically the sleep, not of lethargy, but of somnambulism. It is active rather than passive; and though the activity is of the imaginative rather than of the reasoning faculties, it often reaches a high degree of exaltation. But the peculiarity of this form of somnambulism is that it is absolutely under the control of suggestion from without. The hypnotizer, or any other who puts himself into relation with the subject, can make him believe, or feel, or do, anything that is suggested to him. Everything presented to the subject's fancy becomes more or less a hallucination; and it is all inspired and guided from the outside. Here is a new danger, to which ordinary sleep, or even somnambulism, is not exposed; for I do not suppose that it would be easy to procure from a somnambulist a check for ten thousand francs, as a hypnotist, who was sentenced the other day to penal servitude in Paris, easily did from his patient. But a man in a completely hypnotic state at once obeys the suggestion to what thus injures himself, or even to what, if the actor was under his own control, we should all call a crime. And these risks are more alarming, because the patient does not usually remember on awakening what happened during the sleep. At all events, he forgets it when he is ordered to do so. The representatives of the best known foreign school of hypnotism, the Salpêtrière of Paris, tell us: * "The oblivion of what has occurred is complete when the experimenter has taken care to tell the subject that he will remember absolutely nothing. . . . A suggestion will destroy the subject's recollection of all that has happened to her during hypnosis." And not only does he or she forget what

has happened; they frequently remember, when ordered to do so, what has never happened at all. The hallucination impressed upon them while being hypnotized may thus be made permanent. The danger of this, even to third parties, is obvious, and is pointed out by the same authors. "If an unlawful or criminal act should be committed on the subject, or in her presence, an accusation might be made against an innocent person, and it would be maintained with the deepest conviction." The criminal possibilities of hypnotism, therefore, affect not only the accuser and the accused, the person upon whom or by whom the criminal act is alleged, but they attack the witness-box too. And all this has come more to the front in consequence of the universal acceptance in recent years of what is called *post-hypnotism*. Not only is it possible to make a man feel or do, while in the hypnotic sleep, whatever is suggested to him; it is possible to suggest or order him, while he is in that condition, to feel or do something after he has come out of it, and is in his ordinary state. "It is possible to suggest to a subject in a state of somnambulism, fixed ideas, irresistible impulses, which he will obey on awaking with mathematical precision. The danger of criminal suggestions is increased by the fact that, at the will of the experimenter, the act may be accomplished several hours, and even several days, after the date of suggestion." Dr. Albert Moll, of Berlin, in his very careful book recently translated,* says that "the longest post-hypnotic suggestion I have seen was executed at the end of four months; no hint had been given to the subject in the meantime." But he mentions another case, given on excellent medical authority, which was after exactly a year. Some of these were no doubt startling cases, like one recently reported in our newspapers. Dr. Charcot is said to have enjoined upon a gendarme to go to a certain corner of the garden and assassinate the President of the Republic. The man glided away to the spot indicated, made his stab in the bosom of an old tree growing there, and coming back, pale and trembling, confessed the crime. And Dr. Charcot's pupils tell also how they suggested to a subject when asleep that she

* "Animal Magnetism." By Binet and Féré. London. 1887. Pp. 366, 367.

* "Hypnotism." By Albert Moll. London. 1890.

should poison X. with a glass of pure water, which was said to contain poison. The patient woke, and without delay offered the glass to X., and invited him to drink by saying, "Is it not a hot day?" "We ordered another subject to steal a pocket-handkerchief from one of the persons present. The subject was hardly awake when she feigned dizziness, and staggering toward X., she fell against him, and hastily snatched his handkerchief." Some day M. X. will be found dead in earnest, and it will be pleaded for the hand which carried the poison or the knife that the act was done under hypnotic influence, and that the unknown inspirer of the deed and not the actor is responsible. When that defence is made, or when one of the many other accusations which hypnotism renders possible is made, a number of difficult questions will arise. But they will arise on a broad basis of well-ascertained facts, common to theorists of half a dozen different schools in Europe, and with which by this time we are or ought to be familiar.

We ought to have been so very long ago. I remember the occasion when this was first made plain to me. I was in a little town in the North of Scotland during the college vacation of 1851. The hall was filled with some two hundred people of both sexes and of every age, but all known to each other from childhood. The only stranger was the mesmerist, H. E. Lewis, a graduate of Edinburgh and a pupil of Professor Gregory there. Before he had been in the hall an hour he brought out all the ordinary phenomena. That is, he showed that a large proportion of those present were quite easily put into a state between sleeping and waking, in which every suggestion made to them was accepted as real by the imagination and senses, so as for the time absolutely to control the will. But on this Saturday night he went farther. Among the sensitive part of the audience was a young lad, named J. M. He was not only in perfect health, but, with his brilliant complexion and golden hair, a model of the Apollo type of youth. All the more astonishing was the contrast when Lewis, after making other suggestions which were instantly obeyed, put a staff into the young fellow's hand and whispered to him that he was an old man. He turned from Apollo into Tithonus before our eyes, the very muscles of his

cheeks falling in, and the hue of age overspreading his face as he tottered amid the wondering crowd. But this, too, was in the familiar order of experiment. What followed was new. Just before J. M. wakened, Lewis repeated to him twice over: "At twelve o'clock on Monday—on Monday at midday—wherever you happen to be, you shall go with my compliments to Mr. Kenneth Murray at the bank." The other murmured an assent, but when awakened the next moment he started away in bashful surprise to find himself the centre of so many gazers. As usual in such cases, he had not the least recollection of what had happened before he woke; and when told of his promise he made it very plain that he did not intend to make a fool of himself again on Monday at twelve. I had determined to see out the play, and at that hour I found myself behind some windows which commanded the shop where J. M. was doing his daily work. Several men were in it, but with no serious expectation of seeing the result, as to which some of them were chaffing him. Twelve struck, and before the strokes ended the young fellow seemed to get confused and abstracted. As the last sound ceased he vaulted over his counter and came out into the street, bareheaded and blushing, and evidently exquisitely uncomfortable. Yet in this state of bashful torture (and not in the least asleep, as he had been on the Saturday night) he walked in the required direction through the assembled gazers of his native town; and when some of them, failing to turn him back by strong words, went in front and formed a chain with their arms linked together, he suddenly burst through them, broke into a run, and never slackened his pace till he had delivered the message entrusted to him at the place prescribed.

Incidents of this kind have recently come to be accepted as among the regular phenomena. But at that time they were new, and only to be received where there were exceptional opportunities for scrutiny. And the opportunities for scrutiny into this kind of thing are perhaps greater in a quiet rural district, where every one is known to every one, than in the crowded meetings and platforms of a great city. Another such opportunity happened about the same time to a friend of mine, who is now Principal Miller, of Madras, a C.I.E., and well known as the centre of great ed-

ucational influences in Southern India. He also was then a young student come home from college, not to Ross-shire, but to hyperborean Thurso,

"Where upon the rocky Caithness strand,
Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began."

Lewis had gone north there also, and, finding a fellow-student of Miller's among his most sensitive subjects, had ordered him to go at a particular hour on the following day with the same sort of message to a house in Thurso. The student, when awakened, was indignant at having been made a subject of exhibition, and, while treating with scorn the idea of his obeying the injunction, he quietly arranged with his friend to put it out of the question by taking a long walk together, before the hour named, into the country. Accordingly, they were then four miles out of town, and deep in a metaphysical or literary discussion. Suddenly the student friend stopped, hesitated, apologized, struggled on again, and finally declared that he felt he *must* return. Dr. Miller tried reasoning, ridicule, entreaty; and at last resorted to friendly violence to tide over the bad minute. But the result was other than he had expected, for his friend (whose name I do not know or am willing to forget) first quietly deposited his mentor in the ditch by the road-side, and then taking to his heels ran the four miles into town, delivered his message, and was laid up for days thereafter in bed from fatigue or collapse.

Now such things as these called for careful inquiry, apart altogether from the theory which was presented along with them. Lewis's theory was that of his master, Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, who had translated Baron Reichenbach's book on *odic* force. This was a supposed vital force, which the will of the mesmerizer could direct and concentrate upon the mesmerized. Master and pupil fully believed in it; and when the hour came at which he had ordered one of his subjects to go and do anything, Lewis was in the habit of sitting down and deliberately *willing* him to carry it out. His volition, he asserted, was equally effective whether he was distant one mile, or ten, or a hundred, from the man to be influenced by it. I have no doubt it was. For with regard to this, and to nearly all the other mesmeric phenomena then attracting attention, some

of us, who then studied the matter as amateurs at a very early age, came to the conclusion that the state of mind or will of the magnetizer had nothing to do with it. It was altogether, in our view, a question of the state of mind—the will, or the want of will—of the magnetized. In short, we gave in our adhesion substantially to the view which had already been put forward by Mr. James Braid, of Manchester, and which has since become famous under the name of hypnotism. The leading idea of Braid was that the mesmerizer was of no consequence—you could dispense with him and mesmerize yourself, if need be; the main characteristic of this extraordinary and hitherto unrecognized state being the absolute subjection of the subject to every suggestion which reached the patient from the outside—a subjection which sometimes prolonged itself, as we had ourselves seen, after the sleep proper was over: All this was even then abundantly and superfluously proved, and it was enough for science. There might perhaps be more. There was a fringe of further phenomena not quite proved or accounted for, but all in the direction of hyperaesthesia, exaltation of faculty, will force, clairvoyance, magnetic influence, etc. To facts that looked in such directions, we, in those days of youth, kept an open mind—greatly assisted by men like Sir William Hamilton and Sir James Simpson, who were then our guides in the Scottish capital and its University. But even then it would have required far more evidence than I at least possessed to make me ascribe the phenomena we saw either to a magnetic force, with Mesmer and Reichenbach; or to a will-force, with our novelists and poets; or to a spirit-force, with Western seers and Eastern theosophists. Nor did we need to go farther than what was already proved in order to excite intense interest in the subject. The territory even then opened to science was vast enough. It was full of magnificent promise, and it at least called for exploration.

It had to wait for it thirty years, and when it came the result was in one sense most honorable for England; in another, not so much so. What is flattering is, that all over Europe Mr. Braid is now regarded as the founder of the modern science. There is now an active school of hypnotic observation, not only in France and Germany, but in Italy, Greece, Swit-

zerland, and Spain ; in Russia, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway ; in the South of America, as well as in the North. But everywhere its cultivators look back to the Manchester surgeon. "At the time when the Paris Academy of Medicine was condemning animal magnetism, Dr. James Braid directed the question into its proper field—that of observation and experiment. Braid must be regarded as the initiator of the scientific study of animal magnetism. For this reason, since it expresses the change of method which he effected, it is usual to substitute for that of animal magnetism the word hypnotism, by which he designated the artificial nervous sleep."* This testimony is conclusive, because it comes from the school which regards Braid's theory as insufficient, though fundamental, and which for itself prefers the term animal magnetism, as embracing additional phenomena than those which are universally recognized. The truest representatives of Braidism or hypnotism proper, however, seem to be, in France, the school of Nancy. Their conclusion that everything is done by mere suggestion or working upon the imagination, and nothing by a direct physical influence of hypnotizer on hypnotized, is supported with great vigor of reasoning† as well as a large range of experiment upon sane and healthful subjects. Of course such a negative conclusion must yield to positive observations, and those which are put forward by the Salpêtrière, as proving a direct physical influence also, are admirably recorded, and would have great weight if the subjects were not in almost every case girl-graduates who have taken a high degree in hysteria. The attitude of Germany and the rest of Europe seems to be very fairly reflected in the book already mentioned, by Dr. Moll. The Berlin writer thinks that nothing more than hypnotic suggestion has yet been proved, but that the alleged evidence for direct physical influence, though inconclusive in the meantime, deserves investigation. This is not unlike Braid's own attitude to clairvoyance and similar phenomena, for which he did not make himself responsible, while inquiring into them ; and it is satisfactory that a

common-sense method of investigation should have been once more derived by other countries from the country of Bacon.

What is less satisfactory is that in that investigation our country has, during the intermediate time, taken scarcely any share. There have been exceptions in our philosophical literature, notably that of Dr. Carpenter. There have been exceptions in our medical literature, as in the case of Dr. Laycock. When this was last a fashionable subject of inquiry—about the year 1850—at least two leading men in Edinburgh, Sir James Simpson and Dr. Bennett, took an active part in its cultivation. But the British medical faculty as a whole* has then and ever since ignored it. And this raises a question. We who live near the University of Edinburgh have all an admiration for that Faculty. And now that it has been proposed to hand over this whole matter to it exclusively, I cannot but recall the reasons repeatedly given by very representative members for not taking any interest in the subject in the past. The reasons were not always consistent. Sometimes it was said the thing was not grave enough ; that it might be fit for quacks and platforms, but not for a responsible profession. Sometimes, on the other hand, the experiments were deprecated as involving serious risks to the minds and bodies of those concerned. Plainly these two positions could not well stand together. Both reasons could not be true. But both might be worthless. That every showman could produce on a platform these hitherto unclassified and unverified phenomena, and that scores of schoolboys passed every evening under their hands into a physical or nervous condition not yet recognized by science or admitted into the books—all this was no reason for science closing its eyes against the thing, but very much to the contrary. And the well founded surmise that, behind all this wealth of facile experiment, there might be serious risks, was a still stronger reason against ignoring it. Every power for evil is also a power for good, but not until it is studied and brought into its proper place in science. Every medicine is a poison, and, for all I know, every poison may be a medicine. But that is no reason for ex-

* Binet and Féré, p. 67.

† "Suggestive Therapeutics." By H. Bernheim, M.D., Professor in the Faculty of Medicine at Nancy. Second edition. New York and London : Putnam. 1889.

* I quite acknowledge individual exceptions : Brown Séquard, etc.

cluding poisons from the study of the medical faculty. Nor is it a reason for confiding poisons exclusively to its care, unless and until it has first made a study of their nature and uses. Now the positions I have mentioned were taken up expressly as reasons against undertaking such study in this particular department. And until that attitude is altered, and indeed reversed, I foresee extreme difficulty in persuading an English Legislature to abdicate in favor of any profession, however learned. Why should it hand over the key of knowledge to those of whom it might for so many years be said: "They enter not in themselves, and those that would enter in they hinder?"

Has that attitude been altered? I am sure that to some extent it has; and symptoms like the appearance during last winter of the able papers of Dr. Felkin in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal** are reassuring. But I wish to propose a test case. Suppose a grave inquiry arising in our courts into a murder or personal outrage, with hypnotic agency as the main ground of accusation on the one hand, or defence on the other. As things stand at present, it would be a sensational trial; and the mere fact that it was coming on would strengthen the demand for handing over to responsible guardians a region with such hideous possibilities. But suppose the day of trial actually come. You cannot try such a case without skilled witnesses. Are the witnesses skilled in this particular matter to be those habitually and professionally occupied with it, or are they to be medical men? And if medical men, are they to be men who have made a special study of this region; or men of eminence generally, who may be supposed to have all the regions more or less before them? If we get the latter, as in so many respects is desirable, is it quite certain that the results of examination and cross-examination would be satisfactory to a jury, or to the public outside? The facts have, no doubt, been before this country for forty years at least; and they have been so common and notorious that their notoriety and commonness have been pleaded against the profession inquiring into them. But could we depend on the leading men of the profession even now agreeing (apart

from theories to account for them) on the great mass of unquestionable facts? Are they as skilled witnesses prepared, with a decent measure of unanimity, to separate these facts, accepted throughout Europe, from those others on which the most zealous schools are not agreed? That is, of course, one of the first things which a witness professing knowledge would be invited to do. And the attempt to discriminate between facts ascertained, and facts more or less doubtful, would lead to the region of theories, in steering amid which the witness would have the usual opportunities of shipwrecking his credibility. Let us hope that he will not think it necessary to commit himself, as the *Quarterly Review* of July is disposed to do, to Mesmer and his universal magnetic fluid. That sort of eccentricity, at the recurring periods when this discussion becomes fashionable in England, is the pendant of the equally unscientific neglect of the facts for the twenty-five years or so between. We will believe rather that our coming witness, after overawing the jury by his height of professional attainment, proceeds to fascinate them by his common-sense use of it; that he discriminates the hypnotic state from madness, hysteria, and somnambulism on the one side, and from sleep and lethargy on the other; that he informs us what proportion of healthful persons in every room are capable of passing into it, if not by what test we may beforehand distinguish such persons from their neighbors;* that he goes on to testify to the control which one *en rapport* with the subject, even for the first time in the latter's life, may have first over his imagination, and then over his will, and lastly over his memory—and not only his memory of the past, but, if I may use the expression, his memory of the future—for the phenomena of post-hypnotism, however they are to be explained, must often be the central facts in the evidence; that, after speaking of those who are susceptible generally, he gives the result of his observation of the individual (for each subject has his hypnotic peculiarities and specialties, and the question for the jury is not whether a man might be influenced, but whether this man was so influenced, in point of fact, as on the one side or the other is alleged); and

* Since published as "Hypnotism; or, Psycho-Therapeutics," by R. W. Felkin, M.D. Edinburgh.

* The former question is comparatively easy, the proportion being undoubtedly large; but the latter I have never seen answered.

lastly, that, passing from experience and observation to experiment, he enables justice to use tests like that "memory-bridge"* by which truth, which in this matter dwells so near the bottom of her well, sometimes leaps out of it.

Well, all this may happen. And sooner or later it will happen. But until something of the sort does turn up, I do not believe that the larger jury outside, which elects our Legislature, will be persuaded to pass a law restricting experiment in the vast region around psycho-therapeutics, even to a recognized and privileged and highly cultured profession. The suggestion that it should do so was made by medical men forty years ago, when the subject was last under discussion, and it is always one deserving consideration. But before handing over the key of knowledge, the public desires to know whether it is to be used in order to open or to shut. And there is too much foundation for the criticism that if this transfer had been made forty years ago, the whole region would have been still under lock and key. It is quite certain, indeed, that the blame of the neglect of this subject in Great Britain during the last four decades does not fall on the medical profession exclusively. During all that time experiment has been free. It has been carried on largely for the amusement of the idle and the curious, but it was open to the members of any profession—say, to that of law—to take it up more intelligently and persistently. They have not done so, and must bear their share of the blame. But, on the other hand, the medical is the only profession for which the claim has been made that this region belongs to it—belongs to it properly and perhaps exclusively. There is a sense in which I believe that claim to be well founded. Experience, I think, shows that until this great section of our educated men have taken up such a subject as this for persistent study, there is not likely to be real advance in it. But they must take it up, before they can exclude others. They must annex the region professionally, or at least scientifically, before

they can be allowed to evict from it the whole human race. That they have now, however, begun to explore it, though after long delay, and after letting other countries get too much in advance of us, the original and translated works which have been cited bear witness. The first steps have been taken,* and we may look forward to the public being satisfied—perhaps not in the dramatic way that I have suggested—that the whole subject is now being explored with the explorer's passion, and can at any moment be explained with

* The British Medical Association held its meeting this autumn at Birmingham, and its Psychological Section, on August 1, unanimously passed the following twofold resolution:

"That the subject of hypnotism should be considered by a committee of medical men, with the object of endeavoring to ascertain the true nature of its phenomena, and the value of its use in the treatment of disease, and that the Council of the Association be requested to sanction the appointment of a committee for that purpose."

"That this section protests in the strongest manner against the public exhibition, for unscientific and miscellaneous objects, and for purposes of gain or amusement, of the phenomena of hypnotism, as being a practice antagonistic to public morality."

The first part of this characteristic utterance is excellent, except that a committee, if it had been appointed half a century ago, might have perhaps not been one exclusively "of medical men." It was proposed by Professor Gairdner, of Glasgow, who went on also to move the second clause, but at the same time intimated that he "did not trust much to the legal restrictions" it demands. This also is wise. The dangers of hypnotism to "morality," if any, are connected with the secret practice of it within walls through which justice and the public cannot look to arrest what is wrong; not with "public exhibitions," which are under effective restraint from both powers. Some of these exhibitions seem to me repulsive (though not so much so as the morbid cases cultivated by certain distinguished specialists). But others during the last three decades, though open to any observer who paid a couple of shillings, have been conducted with skill and good taste, and with a liberality of mind which the educated observers did not always share. Professor Gairdner, himself a man of distinguished and discursive intelligence, stated in his speech that he had recently attended a demonstration of hypnotism, "for the first time for twenty years," and "a change in the attitude of his mind on the subject had been produced by what he had witnessed." Let us hope that even if the Association refuses the desired committee, the Psychological Section will not think it necessary to wait another twenty years before commencing their investigations.

* "Erinnerungsbrücke": a man who when awake has forgotten what he did, or experienced, in the hypnotic state, when put back into that state instantly recalls it. There is a double consciousness, and each consciousness has its own memory, but—it must be added—its own lapses of memory.

an enthusiasm at once professional and scientific.

But when that happens, another question may arise. The light of the investigating lantern will then have been turned on this hitherto obscure corner of human affairs. It will reveal among other things crime and the appliances of crime. But it will necessarily reveal at the same time the means of its prevention, of its detection, of its proof, and of its punishment—or, if it does not reveal them all at once, it will point in the direction in which that may be done by further investigation. Are we likely to take the opportunity, just when we have gained so much by the use of our lantern of publicity, to shut up the slide? Or, are we likely to hand over, even to a profession which has proved itself willing and worthy to deal with such matters, the power to slip the slide in or out at its pleasure? No one would have proposed this in the old days, when the relation of the profession to this subject was that of alternate denunciation and ridicule. Few would propose it now, when that is changed so much for the better. But even in the days fast coming, when that relation is to be at its healthiest and best, there will still be difficulties about restrictive legislation.

The first objection will be in the general interest of science. The practical or therapeutic aspect of hypnotism is only a part, perhaps a small part, of the whole. Up to the present moment, its very existence has been doubted or denied. The psychological and scientific interest of all parts of the field, on the other hand, is undoubted, and the whole must not be sacrificed to a part. There is a kind of utilitarianism which has always been the reproach of England, a tendency like that of the child, which, whatever you give it, puts it at once into its mouth. But that a thing is good is no reason why it should disappear into the professional maw. It is true that up to the present time the therapeutic side of this subject has been neglected by the faculty as much as the scientific. That, however, will be no longer the case; the risk already is that, in professional minds inside, as in vulgar minds of all kinds without, the practical or technical interest may swallow up the rest. That it should do so would be a great misfortune, even for the study of hypnotism in its restricted sense. The few but distinguished

medical men—from Scotland rather than England—who committed themselves to this inquiry at Birmingham, must not imagine that the harvest of theory has been already reaped abroad. We look for sheaves to them also—not, I will add, as a committee, but as individual observers. Two facts alone seem to me to show that we are entitled to do so. It has, in the first place, never been quite settled whether hypnotism is an active or transitive phenomenon, or a merely passive one—whether, that is, it is in any sense an animal magnetism (a certain influence of one organism upon another), or a mere susceptibility which any one can excite in those who are susceptible. And secondly, supposing this last to be the case (as must be assumed till the other is proved), there has been no answer as yet to the obvious question, Who are the susceptible? What are the qualities, characteristics, habit of mind, habit of body, “temperament” (or whatever is the present medical equivalent of that useful old word), which determine that one man or woman shall be susceptible, or more than commonly susceptible, to hypnotism? A field with fundamental questions like these unsolved is full of invitation. But I must not rest my case for freedom on this or that bribe. The main ground is that science is wider than art; and in the interest of art itself it is needful that science shall be free. Above all, it must not be restricted in the interest of one particular art founded upon it, however legitimate. The world is wider than the Salpêtrière; and psychology demands other than morbid subjects to experiment upon. But even psychology does not exhaust the range of the speculative relations of hypnotism; nor is medicine the only profession whose instinct it is to say: “You must investigate through us, or you shall not investigate at all.” The authorities of one ancient church some time ago attempted, in vain, to arrest the inquiries which Europe has now again taken up. The authorities of more novel and nebulous churches, Psychical and Spiritualistic, struggle against the same tendency. They, too, are tempted to restrict the conclusions, and even the methods, of this science according to their own more special views. To all such pretensions, from whatever quarter, the answer seems to me to be the same. It may be desirable to have priests of every science, as of every art.

But it is very undesirable to give any of them exclusive or authoritative powers. To do so would be in the first place to surrender what it is not ours to give. And our treason to truth would soon find its appropriate punishment; for exclusive powers, demanded for investigation, will come almost certainly to be used rather for repression.

And I conclude by putting the same general objection in its legal form. It rests upon that fundamental principle of legislation for adhering to which England, though reproached by a few, has on the whole been the envy of the wise and good. This is not a matter on which we are at all likely to follow precedents from abroad. In France, Charcot approves of the practice of hypnotism being restricted to medical men, and perhaps to its being exercised only on that class of patients which he cul-

tivates. In Prussia, public exhibitions of hypnotism have already been forbidden, and Moll, though hesitatingly, approves. But in those countries, where human life moves under the sanction at every step of police authorization, there is no such presumption against the institution of restrictive or preventive or *préalable* legislation as there is, and I hope will long continue, in our own. Our principle rather is, that every one shall have freedom to investigate all the secrets, and to exercise all the powers, of nature and of mind—reserving to law the right *ex post facto* to punish the abuses of the liberty which it concedes. It may well happen that in the case of hypnotism it shall never be found necessary to depart from this most healthful general rule. It is at all events far too early to do it now.—*Contemporary Review*.

A UNIQUE TOWN.

BY P. HORDERN.

FIFTY miles from Charing Cross there lies an English town which resembles nothing so much as some picturesque old stump in which a swarm of bees has taken up its abode, filling the quiet time-worn hollows with young and vigorous life.

It is a town which, from many points of view, holds a unique position, and which seems to live a life altogether apart from that of any sister English city. With no slavery of manufactures, no blare of furnaces, no many-storied mills, no ceaseless roar of wheel-traffic, this city is nevertheless more full of human souls, and its streets more brimful of life, than any hive of Lancashire industry. There are hours of each day when the tramp of human feet echoes through the streets like the tramp of armed men; yet it is neither to war nor to labor that they march; for the tramp is of tender feet, and the city is a city of children. Five thousand little ones throng its streets, where grown men show like corks on a stream, and hundreds of tenderest years dot every pathway through its length and breadth. Children are the arbiters of its progress and the directors of its social life, and to their imperious will man bows of his own free choice in obsequious loyalty. It is the simple truth, and there is no enigma in the statement.

The history of the place is stamped on its outward aspect. The peaceful High Street of quaint irregular houses, with its "Lion" and "George" and "Swan;" the broad slow-flowing river, with its stately stone bridge, its trim embankment, its seats under shady trees; the old market-square, the gray school buildings and churches;—all this is eloquent of the past, of days when the life of a country town was self-contained and full of repose; when a man took his ease at his inn; when news travelled slowly, and men lived and moved and thought and wrote with none of our modern feverish haste; when pious founders laid beneficent plans for generations which, in distant years, should rise up and call them blessed.

And the story of to day is no less plainly told by outward and visible signs. Out-side and around the old nucleus of city life, the survival of centuries, there stretches on every side an ever widening fringe of modern roads and *boulevards*, broad and clean, and flanked on either side by comely houses in every design, simple and fantastic, of modern picturesqueness.

In trim gardens or on miniature lawns they stand in orderly succession, not one without at least its border of bright flowers

relieving the monotony of street and architecture. Tall rows of elm and lime and chestnut border every road. The foliage is fresh and untainted by smoke, and about the well-kept avenues and terraces there reigns an atmosphere of repose such as befits a student city. An atmosphere of health too; for in the faces of young and old, and notably in the well-developed forms of the young, may be read the truth of statistics which tell that here men and women live to a green old age, and children grow up strong and vigorous in mind and body.

We are all familiar with the peculiarly English features which characterize a town in which one or other of our great public schools has taken root—how the school and its surroundings absorb the chief interest of the place, and give to all its associations their special color and tone and direction.

On the other hand, it must have been often noticed that in hardly any instance are the fortunes of the quiet country town itself materially affected by connection with the school. It remains the same humdrum country town it has always been, and its fairs and markets and cattle-shows, and all its petty local concerns, are undisturbed by the close juxtaposition of one of the great nurseries of English intellectual life.

The place of which I speak is of the nature of a public-school town, and seems at first sight to hold a position analogous to the rest. But a closer acquaintance shows that there is something altogether exceptional in the circumstances under which a veritable Sleepy Hollow has been suddenly aroused from the torpor of centuries, and which have brought it to pass that within a few years the whole life of a venerable city, after flowing for ages in one unbroken current, calm and slow as that of its own river, has been merged in the development of a modern scheme of educational endowment—owing to this a material expansion, a growing prosperity, and even a specific character for which there seems to be no exact parallel.

There is much more here than an example of conspicuous success achieved by accomplished teachers and administrators. All the elements of the case are of an unusual character, and it is in their combined influence, and in the resulting example of a new and healthy growth of English social

life, that the interest of the story is to be found.

The causes which have worked so curious a transformation are immediately obvious, and are in themselves not a little remarkable. It is the history of an ancient endowment rescued from centuries of mismanagement, and at last placed under such conditions as to bring forth in unforeseen abundance the rich fruits for which it was destined by its old-world founder.

When in 1556 a successful Lord Mayor of London presented to his native town a gift of buildings erected for use by school and hospital and almshouse, and added, for the better maintenance of his charity, "13 acres of meadow-land in or near the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn," the wildest dreams of the donor never pictured the rich and far-reaching nature of his deed. Unfortunately the very comprehensiveness of the founder's charity served to counteract the benevolence of his intentions. In the largeness of his heart he sought to provide not only for the "nourishing and informing of poor children," but for the "marriage of poor maidens," for the apprenticing of youths taught in his schools, for asylums for the old and infirm, and for "doles of alms" to the poor.

Of the misdirection which for hundreds of years turned this munificent stream of charity to the pauperizing of the town which the donor sought to benefit, may be read in the official report which ultimately led to the revolution which forms the basis of our present theme. "The charity," says the report of the Schools Enquiry Commission of 1868, "colors and determines the whole life of many. It bribes the father to marry for the sake of his wife's small portion; it takes the child from infancy, and educates him in a set form; settles the course of his life by an apprentice fee; pauperizes him by doles; and takes away a chief object of industry by the prospect of an almshouse."

From the revelation thus made dates the beginning of a new era in the history of the town; but it was not till fifteen years ago, when the final shape was given to the reform of the great endowment—one of the richest of the kind in England—that the full force of the impulse to local prosperity was felt. The effect of the

change has been by no means confined to the schools and charities concerned. While it has brought within easy reach of all comers the advantages of the highest development of the public-school system, it has served to revolutionize an important town, to give new growth and new channels to its trade, and to cause an incredibly rapid extension of its area and population—converting it, in fact, into a loadstone of attraction to one of the largest and most influential classes of the community, and moulding into harmonious working elements of society often the most incongruous, gathered from the ends of the earth.

It is when we come to regard the latest scenes of this local drama, as enacted in the by-play of daily life, that we are confronted by the novel phenomena which are the subject of the present record, and of which the explanation is not at first sight obvious.

Here is a large and growing society strangely free from the sharp social distinctions which elsewhere give to English life its characteristic stamp—a population among whom, if poverty is not conspicuous, wealth is almost unknown, and of whom hundreds owe to the saddest bereavement their choice of domicile. In the streets of this town may be seen more of sombre draperies and of the pale faces of widows, more poor gentry whose most obvious blessings are the olive-branches round about their table, than in any city of equal size.

And when we turn to consider the business of their lives, the common attractions by which they are assembled, their social existence, their status in a money-loving nation—the irresistible conclusion is forced upon the casual observer that every element of dulness and checrelessness must combine to render their life an anxious, pleasureless struggle.

If you would know something of the nature of that life, take your stand at almost any hour of the day at the corner of one of the main thoroughfares, and, if you can keep your footing for the crowd, take note of what passes there. As far as the eye can reach, youthful life is rampant to an extent elsewhere unknown. Flying columns of well-dressed boys are skirmishing from end to end of the thoroughfare; regiment after regiment of fresh young girls marches past with quick

step and in rapid succession. Swarms of young learners of the humbler classes swell the stream, so that it is difficult to make head against it. In despair you leave the pavement for the less crowded carriage-way, but it is at the risk of your life, as bicycle and tricycle bear down upon you, driven at reckless speed and too often steered by inexperienced hands.

And if such is the panorama of the streets, the interior of the houses is but a reflection of the same. In this town it is not too much to say that every house is full of children as a cage is full of birds.

School-hours are short and broken; play-hours seem long and unending. If you call on your friends in an afternoon, it is to find a paper-chase in full career from roof to basement, or a football match on every landing. And when at sunset the lively troops gather round the tables into knots, every inmate of every house has a share in the serious business of "preparation" for the morrow's work.

Second childhood it may be truly called, for you have come where the domination of children is absolute and complete. There are other towns where schools and school-children form a conspicuous element of the population, but here only in the known world do the children swamp and rule the entire community.

Your day must be mapped out by a time-table from which no divergence is possible on pain of suffering to them; and throughout the day you must be punctual as to the regimental bugle. The hours of meals must be regulated by their convenience, and if you would not seem a monster of selfishness, you will have to suit even your jaded appetite to the simpler and wholesomer tastes of childhood. You must be ready with answers to a never-ending cross-fire of questions, which, asked in all simplicity, are often in substance such as have tried the wisest heads from all ages. Even to formulate an answer to the simplest of these, so as to satisfy the inquirer, usually needs not only a rare sympathy, but a still rarer command of language.

You must come down from your lofty pedestal of permanent freedom from school and its restraints, and cease to thank heaven you have done with examinations, for you have got to begin them again, and that with a keener anxiety than you ever felt before;—to brush up your

rusty Latin and arithmetic, and to take no credit to yourself when you have done so.

For, among other surprises, you must be prepared to be taught by your stripling sons and daughters, in the intervals of school hours, new ways of learning better than your own, in rule and method, and sequence and pronunciation. Nay, if you would know order and repose in your own life, you must even go back to nursery rules, and learn again to put away your playthings, to have "a place for everything, and everything in its place."

In a word, it is you, the long-emanipated man of the world, the despotic father of a family, who are become the fag and the slave of the youngsters, who in theory obey your orders, but whose yoke is in practice laid on your unaccustomed neck. For you no less than for them is the clock-work round of duty to the sound of the school-bell, the early breakfast, the early dinner, the everlasting presence of children, the eternal babble of schools and classes.

Is not the picture one of awful warning? For the lover of pleasant places, as most men count pleasure, could dreadfulness farther go? Yet, strange to say, there is in all England no town of cheerier or more thriving aspect. Nowhere do the groups of young and old wear a happier or more prosperous look; nowhere are the signs of material comfort and of well-to-do life more marked or more general.

By what power of paradox, by what mysterious spell of magic has it come to pass that, under such conditions, men live a contented, even a happy life? It is not that the region can boast any special charm of soil, or climate, or scenery, any wealth of art or architecture, any bait of exciting sport. There are men in abundance with no paid duties to perform, but in no city are there so few real idlers. It would go hard with the professional idler or sportsman who should be relegated to a place where the central and paramount interest of every house is no more exciting than the daily school-work of boys and girls, where the rule of the pedagogue and the discipline of class-room and playground are carried into and accepted by every household, and where the loyalty of

parents is assumed even in the school regulations, fixing for all alike the hours of study and sleep and recreation.

And the whole social life of the place is in accord with the same spirit. Here the "rivalry of wasteful luxury" is an unknown cry, neither is there any sign of pinching poverty. It is no pauper-town of which I write, nor is there any shame of narrow means. It is not in crowded *salons* or heated assemblies that men take their pleasure. In this republic of babes, it is in the garden and the playground, in country rambles, at the evening tea-table, and on the reaches of the river, that friends and acquaintances meet and enjoy a health-giving life, without show, without restraint, without weariness.

One might indeed imagine an intelligible charm for some *blasé* spirit, weary of the vain pursuit of the phantoms of pleasure and fame, in a retreat where no man is *blasé*, and where the popular life is before all things "purposeful."

But the truth is that, beyond and beneath all surface attractions, this city keeps a secret which is known only to a chosen few. A potent secret it is, for it has power to rob the poor man's cares of their sting, to fill the idler's life with absorbing interest, and even to cause the widow to take heart in her loneliness. In its fulness it is revealed only to those who, with something of the child-spirit in themselves, have come to be loyal to the child-*régime*, to sit at the feet of children, learning while they seem to teach, whose reward is found in watching and guiding day by day the unfolding of form and faculty and character in the freshest fruit of the foremost race by which the earth is peopled, and to whom for material estate has been assigned that station midway between poverty and riches which, from all time, has been counted the happiest human lot.

It is a new and not unenviable fame which has in these latter days overtaken the quiet city by the willowy Ouse, where the only public monuments are of the most unobtrusive of English worthies—of Bunyan, the humble author of happy hours and wholesome lessons for countless generations; and of Harpur, the generous benefactor of thousands of unborn poor.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

SOME ASPECTS OF NEWMAN'S INFLUENCE.

BY WILFRID WARD.

It has probably struck many persons that the general feeling of enthusiasm displayed on the occasion of Cardinal Newman's death has been quite out of proportion to the extent to which he or his writings are known. The thought that a great man has passed away, a high example of unworldliness been taken from us, has possessed many who felt and knew little more than this. It used to be said that the great Duke of Wellington's influence for good while he lived was immense, even on those who knew nothing of him except that a great example of English courage and English sense of duty was still among us. And in the sphere of spiritual life Newman had a similar influence.

The consequence has been, however, in the case of Cardinal Newman, that many who have written and spoken of him with genuine feeling—to whom the knowledge that the author of *Lead, kindly Light*, still lived and prayed at Birmingham was a real source of spiritual strength—have given a very imperfect account of the man himself. There have indeed been not a few beautiful sketches by personal friends and admirers. But he has also been described, both in print and in conversation, by epithets which have struck those who knew anything of his writings or himself with a sense of their incompleteness and unsatisfactoriness. "Mystic," "giant controversialist," "learned theologian," "recluse"—such descriptions have seemed little nearer the mark than the discoveries of the few who have found fault, and have noted that he lacked imagination, and that his style was in some respects inferior to that of Mr. Stevenson.

And yet perhaps the failure to characterize him rightly has arisen, in some cases, from the difficulty of the task—from the complexity of his nature. "Prose-poet" gives a fair description of Carlyle; "A great thinker in verse" is the true account of Browning by an able critic; but a many-sided genius like Newman's refuses to be explained or even suggested in a few words. And when we ask ourselves *why* we are dissatisfied with the epithets in question, it is not easy in a moment to give

the reasons. The descriptions contain some truth. There was in him something of the mystic. He was full of power in controversy. His mind had been absorbed in patristic theology. His life was one of seclusion. Yet these epithets, singly or collectively, quite fail to give any idea of him, or of the nature of his influence. We remember the story of the Buddhist who was asked to describe "Nirvana." "Was it annihilation?" "No," he answered impatiently. "Was it the beatific vision of the great unknown?" "No," with equal impatience, and so on with further queries. "What was it then?" "How can you ask what is so plain! . . . Nirvan is . . . Nirvana." And so in the present case. "Not a theologian, not a mystic, not a controversialist. Newman was Newman."

However, as many have succeeded in bringing out *some* at least of those distinctive elements which are felt in their combination by the majority of his readers, it may be worth while for each, according to his lights, to put his mite in contribution. Let us look through the phrases I have cited and attempt to limit their "connotation" as applied to Newman.

"Mystic!" Yes; he had a keen hold on the unseen world, on the mysterious teachings of conscience, on the shadow of God's presence in the human heart, and of God's wrath in the world at large. But the typical mystic lives in the clouds. He is not in touch with things around him. He is little interested in the microscopic inspection of the play of life about him. And what is to be said of the Cardinal from this point of view? He loved to talk on current topics of the day. "He was interested," says J. A. Froude, speaking of his Oxford days, "in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature." He could throw himself into spheres of action far removed from his own. "What do you think," a friend asked, "of Gurwood's *Despatches of the Duke of Wellington*?" "Think!" he replied; "they make one burn to have been a soldier!" His senses were keenly alive to the small things of earth. How delicately he weighs in *Loss and Gain* the

respective attractions of sights, scents, and sounds! Ascetic though he was, he chose the wines for his college cellar at Oriel. Vivid and real as was the world of religious mystery to him, he could give the closest attention to matters of secular detail. He could, in a moment, pass from the greatest matters to the smallest. Gregory the Great left his audience with ambassadors to teach the Roman choristers the notes of the "plain song;" and so, too, Newman would leave the atmosphere of religious thought and meditation and betake himself to his violin. He is still remembered by the villagers at Littlemore as teaching them hymn tunes in their boyhood.* It was a recreation to him in later life to coach the Oratory boys for the *Pincerna*† or the *Aulularia*. He delighted in Miss Austen and Anthony Trollope. He enjoyed a good story from *Pickwick*. All this limits very much the popular idea of the word "mystic;" and yet all this is true of the man whose sense of religious mystery was surpassed by few.

"Giant controversialist!" Certainly the original edition of the *Apologia*, the *Letter* in answer to Pusey's *Eirenicon*, and the *Lectures on Anglican Difficulties* are masterpieces of religious controversy; and yet we can fancy the Cardinal smiling quietly if he heard himself spoken of as a "giant controversialist." "Tell me what books to read on such a subject," an old pupil asked him. "Why do you ask me?" was the answer; "I know nothing about books." How—we can see it in every page of his works—he hated the pedantry and parade of controversy! He would help inquirers, but he cared not to do the work of sledge-hammer argument. If it was done it was done for the sake of his friends and of anxious seekers after truth, and not for the sake of opponents whom he had no hope of convincing. He believed in the proverb, "He who is convinced against his will is of the same opinion still." He said fifty years ago that if views were clearly stated and candidly recognized, all controversy would be either superfluous or useless—superfluous to those whose first principles agreed, useless to those who differed fundamentally.‡ With him, controversy was chiefly exposition

and the pointing out of mis-statements. There was little of direct argument. "Giant controversialist!" One can fancy the fate—there are stories on record as to the fate—of the pompous man who went to talk to him of controversy, as one great controversialist to another. One specimen of the class comes with notes, and books, and points for discussion on problems of education, but finds the Cardinal so absorbed with news about the "barley crop" in Norfolk that no other subject seems to interest him. Another presses him for a refutation of one of Mr. Gladstone's arguments against the Vatican decrees, but only succeeds in eliciting the reply that Mr. Gladstone is an old Oxford acquaintance, and has been very kind to him. Or, if the subject is insisted on, the conversation suddenly passes—his visitor knows not how—to the oaks of Hawarden and the exercise of cutting down trees. A third visitor finds himself engaged *in limine* in a discussion as to the number of stoppages in the 1.30 train as contrasted with the 3.40, and has unexpectedly to employ his conversational talent in explaining his cross-country route, and the lines by which he came. And then there is the Oxford story of Newman's guest who introduces the "origin of evil" at dinner, and at once produces a dissertation—full of exact knowledge, and apparently delivered with earnest interest—as to the different ways of treating hot-house grapes, and the history of the particular grapes on the table before him. Such are the stories, partly legends perhaps, which are current. Not that really anxious inquirers who approached him with tact could ever have such a tale to tell; with them he took infinite pains. But where the pomp of controversy was invoked by tactless or self-sufficient persons, he remembered the proverb, "Answer a fool according to his folly."

And what of "learned theologian"? An unquestionable truth; yet we cannot help seeing the Cardinal's smile again. Who that has read it can forget the irony of his description of the typical learned man, the historian, or archaeologist, or theologian, whose learning has overgrown and stiffened the freedom of his mind? It expresses the half-restrained irritation—half irritation, half amusement—of Cardinal Newman himself after a two hours' walk and talk with Mr. Casaubon. It may

* *Guardian*, Sept. 3, p. 1,358.

† The *Pincerna* was Newman's expurgated version of the *Eunuchus*.

‡ Cf. *University Sermons*, pp. 200, 201.

be read in a lecture delivered at Dublin, and is, perhaps, so little known as to be worth writing down here.

Such readers are only possessed by their knowledge, not possessed of it; nay, in matter of fact they are often even carried away by it, without any volition of their own. Recollect, the memory can tyrannize as well as the imagination. Derangement, I believe, has been considered as a loss of control over the sequence of ideas. The mind, once set in motion, is henceforth deprived of the power of initiation, and becomes the victim of a train of associations, one thought suggesting another, in the way of cause and effect, as if by a mechanical process, or some physical necessity. No one who has had experience of men of studious habits but must recognize the existence of a parallel phenomenon in the case of those who have over-stimulated the memory. In such persons reason acts almost as feebly and as impotently as in the madman; once fairly started on any subject whatever, they have no power of self-control; they passively endure the succession of impulses which are evolved out of the original exciting cause; they are passed on from one idea to another, and go steadily forward, plodding along one line of thought in spite of the amplest concessions of the hearer, or wandering from it in endless digression in spite of his remonstrances. Now, if, as is very certain, no one would envy the madman the glow and originality of his conceptions, why must we extol the cultivation of that intellect which is the prey, not indeed of barren fancies, but of barren facts, of random intrusions from without, though not of morbid imaginations from within? And, in thus speaking, I am not denying that a strong and ready memory is in itself a real treasure; I am not disparaging a well-stored mind, though it be nothing besides, so that it be sober, any more than I would despise a bookseller's shop—it is of great value to others even when not so to the owner. Nor am I banishing—far from it—the possessors of deep and multifarious learning from my ideal university; they adorn it in the eyes of men: I do but say that they constitute no type of the results at which it aims; that it is no great gain to the intellect to have enlarged the memory at the expense of faculties which are indisputably higher.

Once more—"recluse!" He lived in the Oratory and saw little or nothing of the world. But where were the gloominess, the sternness, the unsociableness which the word suggests? As has been well said by a recent writer, his need of loneliness was fully balanced by his need of friendship. *Cor ad cor loquitur* was his motto, and it expressed the man. He loved to unbend among familiar friends. His sense of humor was of the keenest. His life-long habit, formed at Oxford, of living in intimacy with those whose ob-

jects were his objects, and who loved and understood him, had become to him a second nature. True, he despised the vanity of society. He felt the heartlessness of the world and withdrew from it. But he withdrew from the world only to give himself more fully to his friends. With his brilliancy and fastidiousness it might have been expected that the ideal of the best society, its exclusiveness and its refinement, would in early days have had some attraction for him (so at least the late Canon Mozley seems to hint); but there was in him a far deeper force which made him shun all that approached to dissipation of mind, and put away all that savored of ambition. But it was not in the spirit of a hermit. The sternness of a recluse, the austerity of his demeanor, the marked protest against the rest of the world which the conception conveys, were uncongenial to him. He was like his own St. Philip Neri. An intimate friend of his has lately written on his "naturalness," on the simplicity with which he laughed at his own failures—"his floors," as he called them. Though his natural refinement was intense, there was no trace of anything artificial or of unreal reserve. "A. B. is a man one can't talk to in one's shirt sleeves," he would complain. Just as the abstraction of the mystic was not his, nor the pedantry of the controversialist, so the pronounced rôle of a recluse was foreign to his nature. He loved to be as other men. His prayer for himself and his friends was, he said, not for those heavy trials some saints have asked for—persecution, calumny, reproach—but simply that they might be overlooked, passed over as members of the crowd.*

And thus we get from the limits which must be placed on the meaning of "mystic," "controversialist," "learned theologian," "recluse," as applied to Newman, a glimpse of one aspect of his distinctive charm—a kind of social charm rare in all classes, especially rare in one whose life-work is greatly that of the student. Men of letters and men of science are often known to men of the world as "bookworms," or regarded with distaste and some alarm as "very learned." And with a certain amount of ignorance implied in the tone of such unsympathetic judgments there is a bit of truth in them.

* *Sermons on Various Occasions*, p. 241.

Such men are often eccentric, and are wanting in the sense of humor which should teach them to avoid talking "shop," and to find common ground of converse with the rest of the world. Newman was the antithesis to the "book-worm" or the "learned man" as conceived by the man of the world. Full though he was of knowledge gained by observation and reading, he could and did put it entirely aside on occasion. He valued intercourse with his fellows more than mere study as a means of improvement. "Given the alternative," he once said, "in a University, of social life without study, or study without social life, I should unhesitatingly declare for the former not the latter."* Life was for action, and action was determined by character. All his intellectual efforts were guided and limited by this thought. His sermons, his lectures, his philosophy at Oxford were all designed to meet the practical difficulties of those to whom he was a spiritual father. There was no rhetoric for rhetoric's sake; he never preached abstract dogma except as helping the spiritual life, nor philosophy as a speculative science, but solely as a practical help to those in doubt.

And this brings me to another point which I can only touch on briefly. The word "philosopher" has been used of him less often than the epithets I have referred to. It has been used by some of the best critics; yet it has been, by implication, denied by men who were in close contact with him. Dean Stanley in his well-known estimate of the Oxford movement never once refers to the Oxford University sermons which were at that time the embodiment of Newman's philosophy. And one who opens these sermons will find nothing in the form of a philosophical treatise; nothing about the origin of ideas, about the categories, about the distinction between the pure and the practical reason. Yet those men of acute and religious mind who went to hear him, in doubt and trouble as to man's right to confident belief in the very being of a God and in the hope of immortality, came away reassured. Does philosophy require a formal and technical treatise, completely elaborated, on the human faculties and on metaphysics? If so,

Newman was no philosopher. Is he a philosopher who takes in at a glance the root-problems as to what practical beliefs are reasonable in matters of deepest moment to each individual; who treats these problems in such a way as to help those in need, the deepest thinkers if so be; who treats them informally, suggestively, incompletely, seldom using technical language; who almost professes that he is not philosophizing but only reminding us of the asseverations of sober common sense; who refrains from entering on questions which cannot help the action of practical life, but who gives to more systematic writers the groundwork, if they care to build on it, of a philosophy of faith, unsurpassed for breadth and depth, which he refrains from fully elaborating himself? If such a man is a philosopher—a religious philosopher—Newman was a great philosopher. His philosophy was like the rest of his work, the expression of his personality. It was the expression of his own deep reflections, as they came to him; of answers almost as he would have given them in conversation. When a conclusion was obvious he had not the pedantry to draw it. Where it would offend some and help others, again he would not draw it. He gave the materials for it which would be of service to the one class; he refrained from making the statement which would scare the other. Where a professional philosopher would press for a logical explanation, he would perhaps suddenly "shut up," and break off an argument which had really done its work, and pass on to something else instead of engaging in fruitless logomachy. When he had shown in the *Grammar of Assent* some of the strongest instances of clear and confident religious conclusions, which certain minds attain to without recognizing more than mere suggestions of their real premises, he foresaw the indignant objections of the incurable logician. But he had really said enough for his purpose, which was to show that such inferences in untrained minds may be practically reliable, and that was sufficient. He did not want to argue with the logician, he wanted to satisfy the simple mind that it was on the right road. So instead of an elaborate answer we find the following words: "Should it be objected that this is an illogical exercise of reason, I answer that since it actually brings them to a right

* This sentiment is also expressed in the *Idea of a University*, 2nd edition, p. 205.

conclusion, and was intended to bring them to it, if logic finds fault with it so much the worse for logic."*

In a similar spirit—though this is not an instance from his philosophy—when years ago he had strung together a *catena* of Catholic doctrines from Bull, Andrewes, and other Anglican divines, old Oxford men relate how he foresaw the objection, "But other passages from them tell a different tale." This opens an endless argument on Anglican inconsistency—endless and hopeless. It was enough for him to have got a rough *catena*—enough for the past, as much as could possibly be expected. He had never thought, as more sanguine men had, that Anglican tradition could be proved consistent: all he hoped was to show a tradition feeble enough at times, damaged by Protestant influences, yet never actually broken. Let the future be consistent. Let the dead past bury its dead. But he could not say all this in hearing of the Puseys and Palmers who thought otherwise. He must not break up his party by his own pessimism. So he gave this characteristic reply: "To say this is to accuse them of inconsistency, which I leave it for their enemies to do."

And so on throughout. What Döllinger styled Newman's "subjectivity" in philosophy, though the present writer does not believe that it diminishes the real objective value of his thought, was, in the sense of personal element, most marked. A recent critic has spoken of the *Grammar of Assent* as a treatise showing how things may be taken for granted. There cannot be a greater mistake, though the subjective mode of expression in some passages partly accounts for it. Newman shows that all begin with first principles which cannot be logically proven. He sees in himself religious first principles of which his nature assures him. He sees that those who cry out "You are taking them for granted" are themselves assuming a number of other first principles. A man who denies that human nature is normally Christian assumes it to be something different. He starts with one conception of human nature as the Christian starts with another. A man who denies that conscience reveals sin, in the Christian sense of the word, starts with his own different impression of what conscience conveys, and proceeds to

account for his impression as being due to an offence against society, or against law, or to an inherited feeling resulting from past experiences of general utility. Cardinal Newman's conclusion is not "We all assume unwarrantably," but rather, "You say I assume; I can at once retort *you* assume, but in fact I do *not* assume; I see with certainty."* Or, as he expressed it in a letter to myself written during his last years, "The religious mind must always master much which is *unseen* to the non-religious. . . . I can't allow that a religious man has no more evidence necessarily than a non-religious."†

The contrast between the arbitrary assumptions of the Agnostic and the first principles which a religious mind adopts rightly and with certainty, and the tests whereby they may be distinguished, were subjects which exercised his mind, as we see from his last publication in 1885, on *The Development of Religious Error*, to the very evening of life. But it would carry me too far to attempt here an analysis of that essay.

The personal element, then, both in style and in matter, is most prominent. In the former it is the result of his object and his method, of helping others by his own personal influence, and by putting *himself* before them. In the latter it is on the principle which he maintains, that "egotism is true modesty." A strong man in fully revealing his own mind—its struggles and its victories—aids weaker minds in time of trial and difficulty.

Briefly it may be said that two points give the key to much of his work and influence, whether in philosophy, or in preaching, or in religious controversy, or in the guidance of individual consciences:—the power over others of his personality, and the exercise of that power with absolute simplicity to make men better than he found them. And as the peculiar power of his personality was that it appealed to such different minds, so, according to the bent and genius of each, his influence as a whole was most various. His was not simply a spiritual influence, as John Wesley's; not merely that of the dry light of philosophy, as Kant's, or Coleridge's in

* Cf. *Development of Religious Error*, p. 459.

† The Cardinal gave me permission in 1885 to make public use of any part of this letter, which is mostly a discussion on the nature of religious knowledge.

* *Grammar of Assent*, 5th edition, p. 403.

our own country ; nor of a brilliant converser and critic, as Johnson's ; nor of intellectual and imaginative power, as Carlyle's ; nor of the religious poet, as Keble's ; nor of the Christian counsellor to the men and women of the world, as Fénelon's or St. Francis of Sales'. It was to each man one or more of these kinds of influence ; and thus it was to all a combination of them.

Some of the most remarkable published testimonies to his early power over others come from men as different from each other as Mr. J. A. Froude, Principal Shairp, Dean Church, and Mr. Mark Pattison. While he influenced intellectualists like Pattison and Froude, and men of high mental gifts like Church, intellect was not in the least a necessary qualification for the most intimate friendship with him. This fact, which aroused Mark Pattison's supercilious contempt, was part of Newman's peculiar strength. Little more was no assemblage of intellectual lights ; it was a community of religious and devoted friends—some, as Dalgairns, men of special mental gifts, others not so. Men living in the great world also, taking part in politics or public life, leant on him and appealed to him, as well as those whose life was in abstract thought or religious seclusion. To mention only a few and lifelong friends, Lord Blachford, Lord Emly, and Mr. Hope Scott were as thorough in their personal allegiance to him as Dr. Pusey or the present Dean of St. Paul's. He himself has described that assemblage of qualities which constitute the perfection of University refinement, which make up the idea of a "gentleman," if not exactly in the popular English sense, still in the highest sense of the perfection of the intellectual and social nature.* He tells us that men may have those qualities and yet not be Christians ; or they may have them and use the attractiveness they give simply for good. "They may subvert the education," he writes, "of a St. Francis of Sales or a Cardinal Pole ; they may be the limits of the virtue of a Shaftesbury or a Gibbon. Basil and Julian were fellow students at the schools of Athens ; and one became a Saint and Doctor of the Church, the other her scoffing and relent-

less foe." Newman had the qualities he describes—they were a great part of his magnetism ; they pervaded his writing and his conversation ; and he used the influence they gave as St. Francis or Basil would have used them, but with greater variety of gifts than either, and over a more heterogeneous collection of disciples.

Beginning, then, at Oxford among young men, his equals in age many of them, passing into the comparative obscurity of the Birmingham Oratory, living there unseen by the world at large, holding for many years no position of official importance, his personality, in a manner so subtle that it is hard fully to account for it, made itself felt over the whole country. Leading the simple consistent life of a priest, ever ready to help those who came to him or wrote to him for advice, shunning the crowd, welcoming each individual, helping each according to his character to love God and to realize the true end of life, never seeking influence for his own sake, thinking only of those he was helping, grateful for their trust, but deeply feeling its sacredness before God and his responsibility for the use he made of it, throwing himself into the position of each of those who consulted him as if each were the only one, he gained steadily in immediate influence as life went on ; while the power of good done, and of a devoted life, as a witness to the unseen world, made its way to the crowds who form public opinion. It would be hard to estimate the number of those who have sought his help, during the last forty years, on their road to the Catholic Church ; and many more have been guided by him in other matters. In his measure, and allowing for the difference of gifts and circumstances, he carried out the kind of work done by his own St. Philip, which early in his Catholic life he had spoken of as the only work he had a call to do. The Cardinal's chief instruments were writing and correspondence, the Saint chose direct conversation ; but the spirit of the work was the same in both cases. As St. Philip, by his love for those who leant upon him, and by his personal character, drew all men to him for guidance and advice, winning respect and esteem from Jews and Infidels as well as members of the Church, so did Newman, by the power of his personality, find himself the centre of influ-

* The well-known description I refer to comes in *Idea of a University*, 2nd edition, pp. 305-9.

ence among vast numbers, priests and laymen, non-Catholics as well as Catholics. The simple priest was by the popular voice called Apostle of Rome; the English Oratorian was, as a representative critic has expressed it, canonized at his death by the voice of the English people.

"Whether or not," he wrote early in his Catholic life, "I can do anything at all in St. Philip's way, at least I can do nothing in any other. Neither by my habits of life, nor by vigor of age, am I fitted for the task of authority, or of rule, or of initiation." And what was St. Philip's way? Let us read his own beautiful account of it. It describes his aspiration in 1852; it describes the spirit of his work done in the Catholic Church forty years later.

He lived in an age as traitorous to the interests of Catholicism as any that preceded it, or can follow it. He lived at a time when pride mounted high, and the senses held rule; a time when kings and nobles never had more of state and homage, and never less of personal responsibility and peril; when mediæval winter was receding, and the summer sun of civilization was bringing into leaf and flower a thousand forms of luxurious enjoyment; when a new world of thought and beauty had opened upon the human mind, in the discovery of the treasures of classic literature and art. He saw the great and the gifted, dazzled by the Enchantress, and drinking in the magic of her song; he saw the high and the wise, the student and the artist, painting, and poetry, and sculpture, and music, and architecture, drawn within her range and circling round the abyss; he saw heathen foms mounting thence, and forming in the thick air:—all this he saw, and he perceived that the mischief was to be met, not with argument, not with science, not with protests and warnings, not by the recluse or the preacher, but by means of the great counter-fascination of purity and truth.

He was raised up to do a work almost peculiar in the Church: not to be a Jerome Savonarola, though Philip had a true devotion toward him and a tender memory of his Florentine house; not to be a St. Carlo, though in his beaming countenance Philip had recognized the aureole of a saint; not to be a St. Ignatius, wrestling with the foe, though Philip was termed the Society's bell of call, so many subjects did he send to it; not to be a St. Francis Xavier, though Philip had longed to shed his blood for Christ in India with him; not to be a St. Caetan, or hunter of souls, for Philip preferred, as he expressed it, tranquilly to cast in his net to gain them; he preferred to yield to the stream, and direct the current—which he could not stop—of science, literature, art, and fashion, and to sweeten and to sanctify what God had made very good and man had spoilt.

And so he contemplated as the idea of his mission, not the propagation of the faith, nor the exposition of doctrine, nor the catechetical schools: whatever was exact and systematic pleased him not; he put from him monastic rule and authoritative speech, as David refused the armor of his king. No; he would be but an ordinary individual priest as others, and his weapons should be but unaffected humility and unpretending love. All he did was to be done by the light, and fervor, and convincing eloquence of his personal character and his easy conversation. He came to the Eternal City and he sat himself down there, and his home and his family gradually grew up around him, by the spontaneous accession of materials from without. He did not so much seek his own as draw them to him. He sat in his small room, and they in their gay worldly dresses, the rich and well-born as well as the simple and illiterate, crowded into it. In the midheats of summer, in the frosts of winter, still was he in that low and narrow cell at San Girolamo, reading the hearts of those who came to him, and curing their souls' maladies by the very touch of his hand. . . .

In the words of his biographer, "he was all things to all men. He suited himself to noble and ignoble, young and old, subjects and prelates, learned and ignorant, and received those who were strangers to him with singular benignity, and embraced them with as much love and charity as if he had been a long while expecting them. When he was called upon to be merry he was so: if there was a demand upon his sympathy he was equally ready. He gave the same welcome to all, caressing the poor equally with the rich, and wearying himself to assist all to the utmost limits of his power. In consequence of his being so accessible and willing to receive all comers many went to him every day, and some continued for the space of thirty, nay, forty years, to visit him very often both morning and evening, so that his room went by the agreeable nickname of the Home of Christian mirth. Nay, people came to him not only from all parts of Italy, but from France, Spain, Germany, and all Christendom; and even the Infidels and Jews who had ever any communication with him revered him as a holy man." The first families of Rome, the Massimi, the Aldobrandini, the Colonna, the Altieri, the Vitelleschi, were his friends and his penitents. Nobles of Poland, grandees of Spain, knights of Malta, could not leave Rome without coming to him. Cardinals, archbishops and bishops were his intimates: Federigo Borromeo haunted his room and got the name of "Father Philip's soul." The Cardinal-Archbishops of Verona and Bologna wrote books in his honor. Pope Pius the Fourth died in his arms. Lawyers, painters, musicians, physicians, it was the same too with them. Baronius, Zazzara, and Ricci left the law at his bidding and joined his congregation, to do its work, to write the annals of the Church, and to die in the odor of sanctity. Palestrina had Father Philip's ministrations in his last moments. Animaccia hung about him during life, sent him a message after

death, and was conducted by him through Purgatory to Heaven. And who was he, I say, all the while, but an humble priest, a stranger in Rome, with no distinction of family or letters, no claim of station or of office, great simply in the attraction with which a Divine Power had gifted him? And yet thus humble, thus un-ennobled, thus empty-handed, he has achieved the glorious title of Apostle of Rome.

And, in drawing to a conclusion, the present writer feels how much he has not even touched on which was essential to the Cardinal's influence. That unique gift which made one who was no orator the greatest preacher of his age; his faithfulness to his friends—"faithful and true," as he loved to say of Our Lord; his power of resentment of injury done to those he loved, or to his cause; the attractiveness which came of his sensitiveness, even of

over sensitiveness; the combination of far-seeing and dispassionate wisdom with keen and quickly-roused emotion; his tenderness for and sympathy with the distressed in faith, which made others even fear, at times, lest, in meeting them half-way, he was losing sight of the very principles he was in reality protecting; the very "defects of his qualities," which his closest friends loved almost as they did his virtues—which made him so truly human amid his greatness; these were all part of him; though this is not the time or place to speak of them fully. But the thought of them makes me fall back upon the description with which I began as the only true one, that as Nirvana is Nirvana, so Newman was Newman.—*Nineteenth Century*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE MAN OF BLOOD AND IRON.

BISMARCK IN PRIVATE LIFE. (Bismarck Intime.)

By a Fellow-Student. Translated by James Hayward. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

So much has been written about the great ex-Chancellor of Germany, who was so recently displaced from his official pedestal by the young Emperor, that one would fancy there was little left to be said. The biography by Dr. Busch alone was almost exhaustive, especially in the delineation of the man himself. But books continue to be printed, and seemingly with no diminution in public demand. It is more than probable that his enforced resignation has had much to do with reviving keen interest in the man, who has not only filled one of the biggest places in the political history of the century, but is marked withal by so many unique characteristics. The volume before us is little more than gossip, Bismarckiana, but it is very racy gossip, and the anecdotes, though many of them are retold for the twentieth time, are on the whole sufficiently entertaining. The book is nominally written by one who knew Bismarck well, but one can't help suspecting that this is fictitious. There would have been a finer flavor of individual study and characterization, a more ripe and subtle quality in the estimate, a narrative marked by incident and anecdote fresher in tone, less discursiveness, and less use of the compiler's rake. But however this may be, there is enough to interest the general reader, who is not over-critical, and always

takes pleasure in a fresh rehearsal of the things which have packed the life of Bismarck so full of dramatic, as well as of political fascination. The author confines himself to a study of the man mostly, and has but little to say of the statesman.

Prince Otto von Bismarck was the son of an officer of hussars and a young lady living at Potsdam, the daughter of a cabinet councillor. The garden of her home was noted for its beauty, and thither came frequently the two royal princes with their tutor (one of them the future Emperor William). Prince William became very fond of Louise Wilhelmine von M—, and it was in this garden that a very remarkable thing is said to have occurred. "One fine summer evening the young prince, then about five or six years of age, was in the garden with his tall lady friend, and the latter, seated on a bench, was telling him some interesting stories. Suddenly the garden bell rang, announcing a visitor; the servant in attendance on the prince went to see who it was, and returned to tell Fräulein M— that a young gypsy girl wished to speak to her.

"The young prince was curious to know all about this gypsy, and Wilhelmine told him with a smile that no doubt she was coming to tell them their fortunes, and her heart beat quickly at the thought, for young ladies of that age are all generally more or less superstitious.

"The gypsy girl was ushered in to see her, and a very handsome specimen she was. She commenced by addressing a solemn little compliment to Fräulein M—, and then, after having studied the lines on her hands, said:

"You will become the wife of an officer wearing a tiger-skin covered with gilt ornaments, and golden shoulder-knots and tags. But you won't be married just yet, for the trophies at the Brandenburg Gate [at Berlin] will first be carried away during the night, and there will be a war with unlucky consequences for Prussia."

"At the first words of the gypsy, Fräulein Wilhelmine blushed crimson, for there did happen to be a young officer of Hussars who, for some time previously, had been very assiduous in his visits to the house. The gypsy continued:

"Your first son will become a great man, and will be entitled Prince."

"Wilhelmine burst out laughing at these words; the astonished little prince, however, did not budge, and the gypsy girl went on with her fortune-telling.

"He who will bestow all these dignities upon your son will be a mighty Emperor. And this future Emperor—here he is!"

"Fräulein Wilhelmine laughed still more heartily at this; but the servant, who was present at the whole scene, afterward told the story with all its details; what is still more strange, he saw the fulfilment of all these prophecies, and died just after the proclamation of the Empire at Versailles."

The anecdotes of Bismarck the Student are very characteristic. On one occasion, at the university, he threw a bottle through the window at a student dinner, and was cited to appear before the rector by the bandle, where he went in dressing-gown and slippers and accompanied by his big dog (his taste for big dogs began early). Says our raconteur:

"The rector was awaiting the culprit in his study. What was his astonishment at seeing an enormous dog bound into the room, with an air which inspired but little confidence! His first care was to enounce himself behind a barricade of chairs, after which, trying to assume a demeanor suited to the occasion, he asked Bismarck what he wanted.

"Me! I want nothing," was the reply. "It is you, it appears, who have something to say to me, seeing that you have sent me this 'Dominus de Bismarck citatus est.'"

"The rector, whose bearing had been anything but dignified since the entry of the mastiff, now began to recover his self-possession.

"Sir," he said, "in the first place I condemn you to pay a fine of five thalers for having brought that animal here; and, secondly will you be good enough to explain how it was that bottle came to be thrown through the window of the 'Golden Crown' Hotel last evening, of which I have the pieces here?"

"Mein Gott, sir! The bottle probably flew out of the window of itself."

"You know very well that a bottle cannot fly of itself, and that some one must have thrown it."

"Perhaps so, sir."

"There is no perhaps about it. Please to be more explicit."

"Well, then; it probably happened somewhat in this way." And, seizing a burly inkstand standing on the desk, Bismarck made as if he would hurl it at the poor rector's head.

"The latter, however, fearing to see the projectile fly

from the young man's hand, hastened to disarm him, and the fine, it would appear, was never paid."

On leaving the university he settled down on his father's estate for a while, and was noted for his innumerable wild pranks which set the whole country talking. During his short career in the cavalry of the Landwehr and his earlier diplomatic experience the same recklessness and love of practical joking abounded in his life, and his name got to be a by-word. When a delegate to the Federal Diet at Frankfurt, his landlord refused to provide a bell communicating with his servant's room. The young delegate's resources were equal to the situation.

A few days later the whole house was turned topsyturvy. A loud report of firearms was heard to proceed from the delegate's room. The landlord, frightened to death, rushed up to his lodger's apartments, and bursting, all out of breath, into Bismarck's study, found him seated at his desk before a great pile of documents and calmly smoking his big pipe. There was a pistol lying on the table, still smoking at the barrel.

"For the love of Heaven, what has happened?" asked the frightened landlord, more dead than alive.

"Nothing, nothing," answered Bismarck quietly. "Don't disturb yourself; I was only calling my servant. It is a very harmless signal, to which you will have to accustom yourself, for no doubt I shall want oftentimes to use it again."

The bell was fixed up next day.

Bismarck always had a premonition of his coming greatness. A Swedish officer, Count Rodolph Tornerhjelm, with whom he was intimate in his younger days, is responsible for this story. Conversing on German politics, he dilated on the weak condition of a fragmentary Germany. Bismarck dwelt upon the weak constitution of the country, and explained what grand results would be achieved if it could only be united. All at once he was carried away by a burst of enthusiasm, and with hair bristling (he had some at that time!) and eyes lit up with a strange fire, he exclaimed:

"But I will be the saviour of my country; from all these fragments I will make a harmonious whole; and one day Germany will be a great and powerful empire."

Now that the thing has been accomplished, one might very well doubt the truth of this story, if it were not that it comes in a direct line from the mouth of Rodolph Tornerhjelm, who is not a German.

Bismarck's bold and aggressive nature was shown in his wooing of Fräulein von Puttkammer. He had known her but a very brief period when he proceeded to take the fortress by storm, as the young lady showed she was not averse to his attentions. "The good people

were naturally much surprised at a direct attack like this; they were very simple folk, leading a very quiet life, and they were rather frightened at the reputation for high living which the candidate enjoyed.

"As, however, their daughter intimated in discreet terms that she did not look upon the young gentleman with an unfavorable eye, and as there was no doubt that the young man's parents had a reputation as good as their son's, Herr von Puttkammer decided not to hurry matters, either in one direction or the other. Consequently he wrote to young Bismarck, inviting him to come and see them.

"Every one did their best at Reinfeld to give the visitor a suitable reception; Fräulein von Puttkammer's parents put on an air of grave solemnity, and the young lady stood with eyes modestly bent upon the ground, when Bismarck, on alighting, threw his arms round his sweetheart's neck and embraced her vigorously before anybody had time to tell him that his conduct was hardly proper and correct. The result was, however, an immediate betrothal.

"Prince Bismarck is very fond of telling this tale, and he is careful always to finish the story by this reflection: 'And you have no idea what this lady has made of me.'"

His tremendous power of work began early in life, and though he could play with equal vim, it took a large number of secretaries to keep up with his great brain and iron constitution. "Rarely was he in bed before two o'clock in the morning. Even at Kissingen, when he was undergoing treatment for reducing his corpulence, he was at his desk until two and sometimes three o'clock in the morning, going through his state documents—busying himself, in short, about the affairs of the state—reading and answering his correspondence. At Berlin he always kept his subordinates up till two in the morning, both the high functionaries and the subalterns, and on Sundays they had to be in attendance up to seven o'clock in the evening. This rule was especially applicable to those of his assistants who were employed in writing or deciphering despatches.

"When working through the night like this it was Bismarck's custom to swallow occasional mouthfuls of a broth made of green wheat, and now and then a glass of champagne; and he would lie in bed till ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, thus securing from eight and a half hours to nine hours of sleep.

"Four detectives were in constant attendance on the great Chancellor; and when he travelled he was always accompanied by eight men and

an inspector, who never lost sight of him. During his last stay at Kissingen these men, who were always in private clothes, were quartered in two lodges close to the castle."

However reckless and impetuous in other personal matters, Prince Bismarck appears to have been a model husband and father, and his private life has been full of the purest felicity. When away from home, his letters to his wife were full of the deepest tenderness and longing to return, and some of them which have been published are exquisite expressions of conjugal devotion.

There are many anecdotes of the great Chancellor's brusqueness and impatience, his haughty superiority to all those of lower and often equal rank. His reception of Dr. Schweninger, whom he had called in to treat him for growing corpulence which threatened his life, is a good sample, but in this case he caught a Tartar:

"Having heard of the marvellous cures which Dr. Schweninger had effected, he sent for the famous practitioner. This stirred up a great hubbub in Prussia, where this Bavarian doctor was regarded with a jealous eye. But this will be referred to farther on. At all events, Schweninger waited upon Prince Bismarck, and he listened to the account which the patient had to give of his malady. The doctor, however, was not sufficiently enlightened by the sick man's account of himself, and he plied him with question after question. At first Bismarck answered with the best grace possible, but as the doctor's interrogations were multiplied he lost his patience entirely, and broke out with:

"Come, now! haven't you nearly done cross-examining me? You are beginning to irritate me with all these questions, which appear to me to have no end."

"Just as your Highness pleases," replied the doctor. "But I must inform you that if you want to be cured without having to answer questions you would do better to go to a horse doctor. Those people are accustomed to treat their patients without putting any questions to them."

"At these words the Chancellor jumped up from his chair in a rage, and almost annihilated his interrogator with his furious glances. Schweninger remarked afterward that 'if his eyes had been pistols I should have been shot dead upon the spot.' But the doctor knew his man, and did not flinch; he met the savage glances of his patient with a steady eye, until the prince grew gradually calmer, and presently the latter reassured himself, and said in the quietest tone imaginable:

"Very well, question me then if you must, but get it over as soon as you can. I may venture, however, to hope that your talent as a physician will be at least as remarkable as the rudeness which you have just shown me."

"Schweninger then continued his examination, and the treatment he prescribed for his patient was a complete success."

Apropos of the battle of Sadowa, which settled the relative preponderance of Prussia and Austria in Germanic affairs, Bismarck was terribly agitated during the fight, and he wandered

about in agony, oblivious to bullets. "Certain historians have gone so far as to say that he kept a loaded revolver in his holster for the express purpose of blowing his brains out if the Austrians had won the day. Presently he fell in with Von Moltke, who was quietly looking on at the fight. Being anxious to arrive at an idea of the exact state of affairs, he pulled out his cigar-case, in which only two 'londres' were left—one of them extra good, and the other of very inferior quality. He handed the case to Von Moltke, who, after examining the cigars for a long time, silently helped himself to the best.

"That was enough for the Chancellor, and he remarked to some one at hand :

" 'When I saw Von Moltke use such deliberation in choosing his cigar, and above all when he chose the best, I knew that was a sign that things were going well with us.' "

The imperial enemy who owed to Bismarck more than to any other man his humiliation and downfall seems to have inspired in the German statesman a strangely commingled feeling of pity, disdain, and aversion. When Ambassador at Paris, he was much underrated by Napoleon, who did not see the profound astuteness and daring which lay behind his blunt, careless manner, a manner believed by intimates to have been in part assumed as a mask. But the Empress Eugenie saw more shrewdly and warned her husband of the power which was hidden underneath. The present compiler tells us :

"Bismarck was one of the first to hear of the death of Napoleon III.; he even knew of it before the Emperor William. The following is the conversation he had with his wife on the subject, in the presence of a German merchant who had a house of business at Melbourne, and who was taking breakfast with them at the time.

"The meal was nearly over when a messenger arrived with a dispatch, addressed to the Chancellor by the German Ambassador in London. Bismarck took the message, laid it on the table, put on his eye-glasses, and again took up the telegram and read it attentively. After having got through it, he turned to his wife and said :

" 'I told you Napoleon would not get over the operation. He died this morning.'

"And then addressing the messenger, he asked him whether the telegram had been communicated to his Majesty.

" 'No, your Highness, it has not.'

" 'Very well, then. You will take it to him at once.'

"When the man had gone out the princess said to her husband :

" 'I suppose you will wear mourning for Napoleon, Otto ?'

"Bismarck replied that Napoleon was a worthy man enough, but too weak ; that he was incapable of forgetting a service rendered him ; and that he had only deceived him (Bismarck) once—that was on a certain

day in 1866, after the battle of Königgratz, when he telegraphed that if the Prussians entered Vienna he would declare war against them.

" 'I have never forgiven him for that,' added Bismarck ; 'but, at any rate, he has been cruelly punished in his turn.' "

Our author has much to say about Bismarck in the Reichstag, where he fought many a battle of intellectual "give and take," which seems to have worried him as much as any of the vicissitudes of Sadowa or Sedan, at least for the moment. Herr Richter, one of the opponents whom Bismarck dreaded the most, seems to have been a thorn in his side. The following description of one of these oratorical duels is amusing :

"While Richter is speaking, Bismarck appears to be the victim of lively emotion. His face changes color—from very pale at first it becomes crimson—his eyes seem to be starting from his head, and they shine with a melancholy lustre. He then clutches his pencil convulsively, and jots down hurried notes upon his paper. Sometimes he tries to join in the general hilarity, but his laugh has something forced and harsh about it. Suddenly he jumps up in the midst of the uproar caused by Richter's speech, and pulls down the skirts of his tunic with the air of a man who is preparing himself for a severe tussle, and his chest heaves and expands with violent throbs, as if he had the greatest difficulty in fetching his breath. But while he is looking at the audience and taking the measure of his opponent, he regains the mastery of himself, and his temper changes suddenly. His gay humor gets the upper hand again, and a smile lights up his countenance : he is cool and self-possessed once more, and he replies to his adversary in a jocular style, doing all he can to make fun of him and turn the laugh against him. He begins by scoffing, in a pleasant way, at Herr Richter's political ideas—every arrow is well aimed, and every stroke tells ; and the gayer Bismarck grows, so much the more does Richter get gloomy and cross. From time to time the latter is heard to mutter in a low voice, 'That's all nonsense !' and he throws himself back in his chair and directs furious glances toward the Ministerial bench. Then when he has worked himself up to a good pitch of excitement, his neighbor (Traeger, the poet of the *Gartenlaube*) says a word to him, and he lapses into a smile."

One of the most amusing anecdotes in this collection of gossip is apropos of Victor Hugo, and it argues an excess of frank egotism, which even the great French poet and novelist, lofty as he was in conceit, would not otherwise have been suspected of. It is exceedingly characteristic of the author of "Les Misérables." Hugo is said to have sent the Iron Chancellor a congratulatory address on the latter having attained his seventieth birthday. The address was, "Victor Hugo to Otto Bismarck," and it was as follows :

"The giant salutes the giant ! the enemy salutes the enemy ! the friend sends his greeting to the friend ! I hate you cruelly, for you have humiliated France. I love you, because I am greater than you. You kept silence when my eighty years sounded from the belfry

of my glory ; but I speak now, because the stolen clock which stands upon your desk refuses to announce to you that your seventieth year has come. I am eighty, you are seventy ; eight for me and seven for you, and humanity in shape of a zero behind us !

"If you and I were united in one person, the history of the world would be ended. You the body, I the mind, you the cloud, I the lightning; you the power, I the glory !

"Which is the greatest of the two—the conqueror or the conquered ? Neither is greatest.

"The poet is greater than either, because he sings of both. Great men are nothing but what the poet makes them ; they only seem to be what they really are.

"But you, you are great, for you know not what fear is. Therefore I, the poet, offer my hand to you, the great man.

"France trembles, Germany trembles, Europe trembles, all the world trembles. And we two only are great. Nod your head, and I will do the same, and the great union of the peoples, the everlasting peace will be an accomplished fact.

HUGO."

"Bismarck countersigned this letter as follows :

"OTTO : ADIEU!"

Among the characteristics of one many-sided in his greatness is said to be his great capacity for drinking. The stories of his potations are Gargantuan, worthy of Rabelais. A drinker who would often mix champagne, brandy, claret, Burgundy, and beer in a mighty goblet and toss it off at a breath is to be looked on with awe. An achievement of the bibulous sort is told as follows :

"Bismarck's promotion to the grade of honorary colonel of the 7th Regiment of Cuirassiers gave currency to a story far too interesting to be overlooked.

"Following the custom in vogue in the German army, as soon as he was promoted he went to inspect his regiment, and the officers invited him to the traditional 'dinner of welcome,' a meal which usually wound up with an enormous consumption of liquor.

"The officers of the regiment, every one of them giants, all promised themselves a rare bit of fun at the figure their new colonel would cut on receiving the huge tankard filled with champagne, which had to be drained to the last drop to the health of the regiment. They said among themselves that Bismarck, a diplomatist and no military man, would never be able to accomplish this feat. 'And we,' they added, 'will show him how to do it.'

"But they reckoned without their host.

"When the cloth was removed the servants brought the glasses, several bottles of champagne, and the said tankard, which they filled to the brim and placed with some ceremony in front of the illustrious guest.

"Put on his guard by some roguish glances which he saw directed toward him, Bismarck began to see that he would have to maintain the reputation which he gained as a student. Rising, then, at a given moment, he proposed a warm toast to the welfare of the regiment, and—presto!—he emptied the tankard at a single draught, although it contained almost as much as two bottles of champagne. He then resumed his seat and began conversing in the quietest possible manner, as if nothing out of the ordinary way had happened. But his hosts could not take their eyes off him now, for he had grown considerably in their estimation. What was their astonishment, a few minutes

later, when in the calmest voice he requested that his little jug might be refilled. The excitement increased to delirium."

Some of the stories told are at first sight a little apocryphal, but on the whole they hang very well together, and are consistent with the received characteristics of the great German statesman. Certainly they constitute amusing reading. An appendix, apparently added by the translator, gives evidence of careless editing, as some of the Bismarckiana given are the same anecdotes retold in different language. Such a blunder is worse than careless, it is stupid.

NEW NOVELS.

THE RAJAH'S HEIR. A Novel. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Co.

BLIND FATE. A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander, author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," etc. New York : Henry Holt & Co.

In spite of the fact that the Indian Mutiny occurred nearly thirty-five years ago, and that innumerable books have been written based on its remarkable episodes, the incidents of that great drama do not lose their interest. It is estimated that more than two hundred novels have been written based in some degree on the events of the Mutiny, and still they come. "The Rajah's Heir" is one of the latest of the brood, and by no means one of the worst, though certainly not one of the best. The story is told with some skill, and the knowledge of Indian life displayed indicates personal contact with the wonderful phases of both Anglo-Indian and native society in the great viceroyalty of the British Empire. The hero of the fiction is presumed at the outset to be a young Englishman (for he is trained as such), but turns out to be the son and heir of an Indian rajah, to whose rule he succeeds. The wonderful series of incidents by which he is enabled to play an important part in holding an important section of Upper India loyal to the English, do not offend our sense of probability, for India is the land of wonders. Indian life permits a wide range of the fancy. The characters appear to be well conceived and true to the lines marked out for them, whether Hindu or English, and many of the descriptions are vivid and taking. But after all such novels are stories of adventure and not of character, and we do not expect quite the same sense of people as individualities which we look for in stories of English or Continental life. The anonymous writer has made a readable book, beyond which it is not needful to discuss her art or method.

"Blind Fate" is not one of the best things from the pen of a very clever and deservedly popular writer, but it is assuredly worthy of a reputation. Mrs. Alexander is one of the fiction-mongers who knows how to use incidents sensational in themselves with a quiet and easy art which subdues the crude and ragged edge of things. The story turns on a very mysterious murder, and the manner in which it is unravelled is far more natural and less a strain on credulity than that familiar to the novel-reader in Gaborian and Boigobey. Mabel Collender, the wife of an English colonel, is found dead in her bed, and suspicion, though it falls on a certain Randal Egerton, who had compromised her by his attentions, and on rude sailors who had visited the port, is never directed till the very last to the real slayer, her own husband. We shall not attempt to indicate to the reader the causes for the murder, or the natural chain of influences which induced a good though somewhat narrow-minded man to kill a good though weak-minded woman. The reader will find in the nexus of causes, however, a good deal of human nature and sufficient inherent probability. The *mise en scène* of the narrative is arranged with marked skill, and the different personages are simple every-day people, with a few exceptions, homely and sympathetic in their traits. The character of the detective, Luke Dillon, is quite a little masterpiece in its way.

A TYPICAL MODERN SCHOOL BOOK.

AN EASY METHOD FOR BEGINNERS IN LATIN.
By Albert Harkness, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor
in Brown University. New York, Cincinnati,
Chicago: American Book Company. From
the press of D. Appleton & Co.

Professor Harkness is one of the best known Latinists of this country, and his name is of wide repute in connection with various classical texts. He has pursued in this manual for beginners the modern method with some modifications. It is designed as a practical guide in reading, writing, and speaking Latin, and approaches the language on the familiar side, somewhat after the Ollendorf plan. The very first lesson introduces the young student with complete sentences, and he is familiarized with grammar and vocabulary in the easiest possible way. The exercises are colloquies, with translations from English into Latin and *vice versa*. The progress from simple to more complex construction is admirably carried out, and while the pupil at no time has unnecessary strain laid

on him, he is put on his mettle to master each stage thoroughly as he goes. The reading lessons in the latter part of the book are taken from Cæsar, while the earlier exercises are colloquial and use words such as come up in every-day use. In plan and execution one can hardly fancy a better book for beginners in Latin. Perhaps, indeed, following the new methods of making the road to learning as easy as possible, it does not sufficiently call on energy and work in the pupil. But this fault is one that the mass of teachers and scholars will not be disposed to exaggerate. The text is elaborately illustrated with cuts, plain and colored, showing celebrated persons, places, social scenes, houses and temples, etc., in ancient Rome and Greece. These are not, in most cases, specially related to the text, but they serve to interest the eye and attention of the student. The book is beautifully done typographically, and a credit to the Appleton press. It is a good specimen of the high art applied to the making and execution of modern school-books.

THE PHANTOM RIVAL.

John Walter sat in his library one afternoon in the early summer, lost in thought, which had nothing to do with the winged Assyrian bull that stared at him in bronze from the other side of the book heaped table. Nor did the arrow-heads of the plaster cast before him on an easel, the replica of a rare Babylonian find sent him by his friend, the great archaeologist Heinrichs, meet more than a vacant look. The thousands of volumes that made the costly burden of his bookcases had become dumb to one of the most active minded scholars of his time—a chaos of parchment and paper, of ink and paper and leather. What was it to him that he was master of a dozen languages, living and dead; that learned societies in all parts of the civilized world were proud to bear his name on their rolls of membership. He was now suffering that from which no glory and honor could save him, the poignant anguish of knowing that the heart of the woman who was his before the world was a sealed book which would never open its sweet pages. The serene student, to whom riches had come by heritage, to whom fame had come by virtue of the intellectual passion that during forty years had made his toil a labor of love, had fallen from his airy heights and been made to kiss the dust, where myriads before him, from prince to peasant, had rent their garments. That which he craved most was utterly beyond his reach.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE forthcoming number of the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* contains an article by Mr. Hyde Clarke on the diplomatic history of what is now called the Behring Sea question from 1790, including the proceedings of Pitt, Canning, and Wellington. It also refers to the new policy affecting our Indian and Australian empires consequent on the opening up of the Northern Pacific. In the same journal Mr. H. H. Risley has an article on German colonial aspirations, under the title of "The Idea of a Greater Germany," the result of a special study of the subject and interviews with leading German statesmen and others.

IN the forthcoming volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography," which extends from Hailes to Harriott, Mr. J. M. Rigg writes on Sir Matthew Hale and on Count Anthony Hamilton; the Rev. Alexander Gordon on the "ever memorable" John Hales and Robert Hall, the Baptist preacher; Mr. Francis Darwin, F.R.S., on Stephen Hales, the naturalist; Canon Perry on Bishop Joseph Hall; Mr. G. T. Bettany on Marshall Hall, the physiologist; Mr. Leslie Stephen on Henry Hallam and Sir William Hamilton, the metaphysician; Mr. R. L. Poole on Robert Hallam, Bishop of Salisbury; Miss A. M. Clerke on Edmund Halley; Mr. Sidney Lee on J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps; Professor J. K. Laughton on Emma, Lady Hamilton; Mr. S. Rawson Gardiner on James Hamilton, Duke of Hamilton; Mr. T. G. Law on John Hamilton, Archbishop of St Andrews; Dr. Æneas Mackay on Patrick Hamilton, the Scottish martyr; Dr. W. A. Greenhill on Bishop Hamilton, of Salisbury; Mr. R. E. Anderson on Sir William Rowan Hamilton, the mathematician; the Rev. Richard Hooper on Dr. Henry Hammond; Mr. C. H. Firth on John Hampden; Mr. Fuller Maitland and Mr. Barclay Squire on Handel; Canon Overton on Archdeacon Hannah; the Rev. Dr. Thomas Hamilton on Bishop Hannington; Mr. G. F. Russell Barker on Jonas Hanway, Lord Chancellor Harcourt, and Robert Harley, first Earl of Oxford; the Rev. William Hunt on Hardecapote and Harold; Mr. H. Manners Chichester on Viscount Hardinge, of Lahore; Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare on Augustus William and Julius Charles Hare; Mr. Francis Espinasse on Hargreaves, inventor of the spinning jenny; and the Rev. Professor Creighton on Sir John Harington.

SOME American friends and admirers of

Theodore Parker, together with several in England, have raised a fund for placing a more suitable memorial over his grave in the Protestant Cemetery at Florence. The memorial has been designed by Mr. W. W. Story, who contributes to it a portrait of the famous preacher and author, sculptured by himself.

DR. THOMAS MUIR has published in pamphlet form (Glasgow: Robert Anderson) the address which he lately delivered before the Philosophical Society of Glasgow as president of the geographical and ethnological section. The subject is "The Territorial Expansion of the British Empire during the past Ten Years." Unfortunately, at the date when he wrote, he was unable to include the results of the latest treaties with Germany, France, and Portugal, though these are duly recorded on the large-scale map, by Messrs. George Philip & Son, which accompanies the address. But, even so, Mr. Muir calculates that, during the ten years ending with 1889, the British Empire was increased by an aggregate of about 1,250,000 square miles. His method is to take each year separately, and describe the territorial aggrandisements it witnessed, together with the circumstances that led to each. We are not acquainted with any similar survey alike so comprehensive and so exact. It must have taken great pains to compile, and it deserves to be widely known.

"FIVE YEARS WITH THE CONGO CANNIBALS," the publication of which, by special arrangement with Mr. H. M. Stanley, was delayed until October 15th, is the first attempt at describing the domestic and daily life of the savages of the far interior of Western Equatorial Africa. This work is the pen and pencil result of a stay in their midst by Mr. Herbert Ward, one of the survivors of Mr. Stanley's ill-fated rear-guard. Mr. Ward's experiences in Africa commenced in 1884, when he received an appointment in the service of the Congo Government. Subsequently, in 1887, he volunteered and became a member of Mr. Stanley's Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. The numerous illustrations are reproduced from Mr. Ward's own drawings and photographs.

MESSES. LONGMANS announce for publication in the spring "Persia and the Persian Question," in two volumes, by the Hon. George Curzon, author of "Russia in Central Asia and the Anglo-Russian Question." This book will be both a description of the travels of the author in all parts of Persia in 1889-90, and

also an attempt to supply the want of an authoritative work upon Persia as a nation, and as a factor in the politics of the East. In the former aspect, it will contain an account of the principal provinces, cities, ancient ruins, and post or caravan routes in the country. In the latter, it will contain chapters upon Persian government, administration, resources, revenue, trade, the Persian army, British relations with Persia in the past and present, British and Russian policy in Persia as affecting the Central Asian problem, the future development of Persia, etc. Tables of distance and dates will be added, as well as a bibliography of all the principal works upon Persia in the chief European languages. The volumes will contain a large number of illustrations, chiefly from photographs and sketches made by the author.

THE success of the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke's proposal to purchase Dove Cottage as a national memorial to Wordsworth may now be regarded as certain. About £660 has already been paid or promised toward the total sum of £1000 which is required to purchase the cottage and garden, and to put the place in good repair. The honorable treasurer is Mr. George S. Craik, 29 Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

THE eighth meeting of the International Congress of Americanists will be held in Paris from October 14th to 18th. Questions relating to history and geography, archaeology, anthropology and ethnography, linguistics and palaeography, have been drawn up by the organizing committee for the consideration of the congress. Communications regarding the forthcoming meeting should be addressed to M. Désiré Pector, 184 Boulevard Saint-Germain, Paris.

A MEMORIAL tablet in honor of the Minnesinger Oswald von Wolfenstein has been affixed to the ruined castle of Hauenstein, in the neighborhood of Bozen, close to the boundary line of the German and Italian tongues. Oswald was formerly the Burgherr of Hauenstein. The inscription is:

1890.	Was hier von Treue und Minne Sang Oswald Wolfenstein, Mit ritterliche Sinne, Darf nie verklungen sehn.	1267-1445.
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The Bozen section of the German and Austrian Alpenverein, which erected the monument, entertained over three hundred invited guests at the unveiling. The festival oration was de-

livered by the well-known "Germanist" of Bozen, Professor Anzoletti, a Franciscan.

SEVERAL new memorial tablets have been placed upon historical houses in Zurich this year. The Berichthaus, now the printing-office of the *Tagblatt*, has a tablet in memory of Felix Hemmerlin ("Malleolus"), who lived there from 1430 to 1450. The Pfarrhaus of St. Peter has a tablet to the memory of the first Reformed Pfarrer, Leo Juda, 1523-42, and of J. C. Lavater, who resided in it from 1783 to 1801. A tablet has also been affixed to the house near the Polytechnikum where Bodmer entertained Klopstock in 1750, and was visited by Goethe, Duke Karl August, and the Stolbergs in 1775, and again by Goethe in 1779. A new tablet on the Fraumünster states that the abbey was founded by "Ludwig the German" in 853.

THE Order of Cîteaux is about to celebrate in the year 1891 the eighth centenary of the birth of St. Bernard of Clairvaux. On this occasion the abbey of the Austro-Hungarian province of the order propose to issue more publications, the editing of which is to be entrusted to Dr. Leopold Janauschek, Professor of Theology at Baden. Among other things he will publish a "Bibliographia Bernardina," which will enumerate all editions and translations into foreign languages of the products of the great abbey of the Cistercians.

At a recent congress of students at Olmütz, in Moravia, it was unanimously decided to urge the Slavonic deputies of that province to promote the foundation of a Slavonic university in Moravia.

THE long-expected catalogue of the Greek MSS. of Patmos, edited by the Keeper of the MSS. in the Athenian National Library, Mr. J. Sakellion, has lately appeared at Athens under the title of Πατριαρχὸν Βιβλιοθήκη.

THE son of Aristotle Valaoritis, one of the greatest poets of modern Greece, is preparing a new edition of his father's works. Many hitherto unpublished poems will appear in it, the most important being an epic, "Gratianos Zorzi," on the subject of the resistance of the Leucadians to the domination of Venice in the Middle Ages.

THE Empress of Austria is reported to have visited, during her recent stay at Paris, Heine's grave at Montmartre, depositing there a wreath. It is gratifying to know that, although the Empress was obliged to retract

under moral compulsion her promise of a munificent contribution to a monument of the poet, she does not hesitate to pay a reverential tribute to his memory.

Messrs. TILLOTSON & SON announce the forthcoming publication of an English story by the Queen of Roumania ("*Carmen Sylvia*"), who is on a visit to England. Messrs. Tillotson have also secured stories by Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. Robert Buchanan, Mr. Bret Harte, the Marquis of Lorne, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. James Payn, Mr. Clark Russell, and Mr. Hawley Smart, original publication of which will take place in the newspaper press of both hemispheres.

THE well-known publishing firm of W. & R. Chambers, of Edinburgh and London, has been turned into a limited liability company, the capital being £100,000. The shares are not being offered to the public, but are to be divided among the Chambers family and the employes.

THE eleventh volume of the new edition of De Quincey's collected writings (Edinburgh: A. & C. Black) continues and concludes the essays in literary theory and criticism. They may be said to deal with three periods of literature: (1) English writers of the eighteenth century, from Swift to Junius; (2) the modern Germans—Lessing, Goethe, and Jean Paul Richter; and (3) some of De Quincey's own contemporaries, including Shelley, Keats, and Landor. We observe that the editor, Professor David Masson, refuses to reprint De Quincey's early review of Carlyle's translation of "*Wilhelm Meister*," on the ground that De Quincey had deliberately omitted it from his Collected Writings.

A COLLECTION of all the existing Copyright Laws and Treaties is being prepared by Mr. G. Hedeler, of Leipzig; and the first part, containing Germany, Austria, Switzerland, France, Italy, Great Britain, and the United States, will be published in a few days. This collection differs from all previous works of the kind on the one hand in containing the exact text of the enactments, and on the other in the omission of all obsolete matter.

THE well-known "*Lutherforscher*," Dr. Buchwald, has had the good fortune to make two interesting discoveries in the Municipal Library at Zwickau. He has found two books

with marginalia in Luther's handwriting. The first of these, printed probably in 1493 or 1494, is "*Johannis de Trittenhem abbatis Spanhemensis, ordinis sancti Benedicti de observantia Burasfeldensi Liber lugubris de statu et ruina monastici ordinis; omnibus religiosus ac devotis viris non minus utilis quam jucundus.*" The manuscript remarks in Luther's writing show that he read this book while he was still an Augustinian monk. The book itself is rich in suggestions on the need of reforming the monastic system, and doubtless had a considerable effect on the reformer's mind, and represented his own early standpoint. The other book, "*Opuscula Anselmi Archiepiscopi Cantuariensis ordinis Sancti Benedicti*," also contains numerous remarks upon the margin from Luther's pen. A book-mark was found within this latter volume, containing the words, in Luther's handwriting, "*Ve vobis qui ridetis, quia flebitis olim. At vos nunc qui fletis certe gaudebitis olim.*" Out of the nine books of the Rector Daum'schen Bibliothek which were formerly in Luther's possession, seven have now been found.

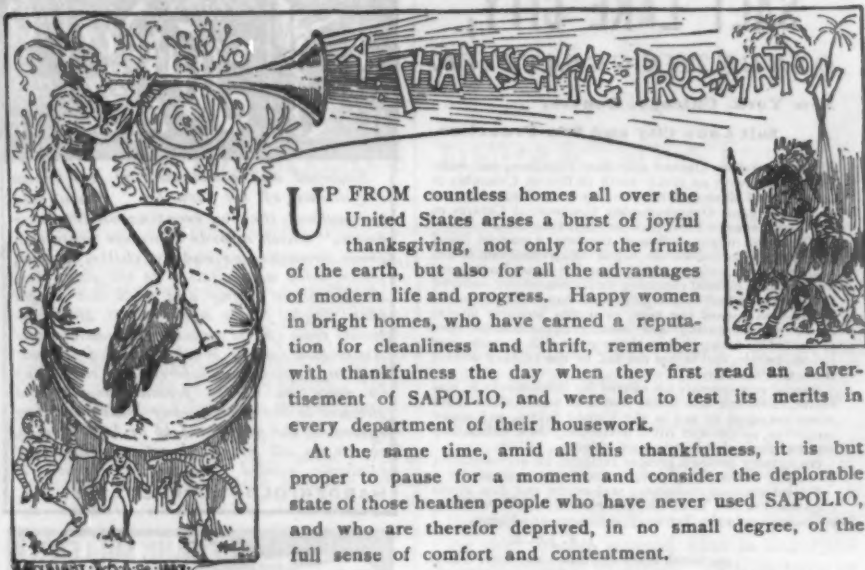
STUDENTS of English mediæval literature will be gratified to learn that an exact reprint of "*The Golden Legend*" as originally set forth by William Caxton is in preparation, under the joint editorship of Mr. William Morris and Mr. F. S. Ellis. If it is found practicable to obtain the use of a copy of the first edition it is proposed to reproduce that text with scrupulous accuracy, supplementing it with a glossary and index. In place of the black letter, to the use of which there are manifold objections, a fount of types newly designed by Mr. Morris after the fashion of those employed by Nicholas Jenson will be substituted. In view of the extreme value of the original, it will be necessary to make a complete transcript of the whole work, amounting to about a thousand closely printed folio pages, and where absolute accuracy is aimed at this must be done by the editor himself or carried on under his own eye. Some time must necessarily elapse, therefore, before the work can go to press, though it will be proceeded with immediately. The editors have agreed to give their labors gratuitously in consideration of Mr. Quaritch bearing all expenses of production. As the impression will be a limited one, subscribers would do well to send their names to the publisher forthwith.

In Gustav zu Putlitz, born in 1820 of an aristocratic family, Germany has just lost a writer of considerable merit, who distinguished himself as novelist, poet, and dramatist. He first made for himself a name by his charming idyllic fairy tales, "*Was sich der Wald erzählt*," which enjoyed great popularity in Germany and other countries forty years ago. Several of his comedies and dramas were very successful on the stage, more particularly his "*Testament des Grossen Kurfürsten*," which is a dramatic vindication of the Princess Electress Dorothea, who was accused of having induced her husband, the Prince Elector Frederick William, to make a will to the detriment of the unity of Brandenburg. Putlitz, who was active as Hofmarschall in 1867-68 to the late Emperor Frederick when Crown Prince, and subsequently as Intendant of the Karlsruhe Theatre, was a noble-minded character, and enjoyed the esteem of all political parties.

MISCELLANY.

RUSSIAN MORALITY.—A more robust faith in humanity and a more intimate acquaintance with Russians make one hope rather than believe that their truly rich nature may be endowed with some irrepressibly recuperative force, to enable it to assume its original form under more auspicious circumstances, to impel their many latent qualities to work their way onward and upward through the hard crust of ages, till they burst into the light of day and fertilize the field of European civilization. The genuine Russian gentleman and the ideal Russian lady—both exist, and are to be found among sectarian peasants as well as in certain exclusive salons of St. Petersburg—are among the noblest specimens of civilized humanity; the refreshing unconventionality of thought and expression, the graceful simplicity of manner, the wonderful delicacy of feeling, the generous aspirations and noble yearnings—might, if they grew to be the characteristics of the nation, effect great things. But is there any serious hope of this? Let the Archbishop of Kherson and Odessa reply, who, himself sprung from the people, has spent a long life in their midst working for their weal, like a solitary swallow hopelessly coming to make spring before the sap stirs within the trees, the frail blossoms are hung out on the branches, or even the snowdrop has

looked up at the sun. "On the whole," he said last year, on a very solemn occasion, "the state of things in Russia is sad. The people's minds are woefully dark, and *there is no sign of the coming dawn*." Nor is it likely that day will break for many generations yet to come. Under a Government that systematically refuses to allow the people intellectual or moral instruction, that closes up elementary schools, appoints profligates to teach in higher educational establishments, banishes forever devoted apostles who, like Colonel Pashkoff, of the Horse Guards, were vigorously and successfully cleansing the Augean stables of moral filth—under such a Government there can be but faint hope of better things. English readers cannot realize the profound bitterness of heart with which a Russian who loves his country discusses these things with his fellow-countrymen. It is gall and wormwood to him to have to write of them to foreigners. But there is no other way of influencing rulers who are impervious to shame. The Government is responsible for a state of things which every honest Russian admits to be a scandalous disgrace to the civilized world. The side on which man comes into contact with the fathomless depths of spiritual nature is closed up in the Russian, made inaccessible to the waves and surges of the spiritual ocean. There is no ideal. The *video meliora proboque*, productive in most men of a salutary dissatisfaction with themselves and nerving them to the performance of higher things, is here completely lacking. The ordinary Russian knows no better than he does, and it is forbidden to teach him. His falls are not, like that of Antæus, a source of increased strength. There is no honest effort to make the dead of to-day the rung of a Jacob's ladder, by which to ascend to a higher level to-morrow, and so onward to perfection. No matter how deep he may sink in the well of vice he descries no loadstar in the artificial night above him, no faintest glimmer or twinkle to suggest that high over his head arches an infinite starry heaven, and not a mere amalgam of clouds, mist, and fog. His eyes are not lighted up by even a stray gleam of that transcendental reason which is of all ages and most men. They are murky, sad, blinded, as it were, by the smoke of extinguished spiritual fire. In a word, the life of a Russian is not a progress; it is a station, a filthy hovel, magnified into an abiding mansion by vision as distorted as that of Titania when she mistook Bottom the joiner for Adonis.—*Fortnightly Review*.



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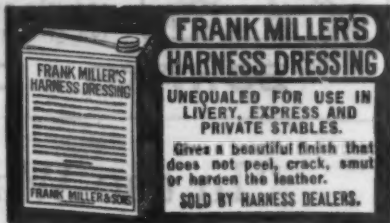
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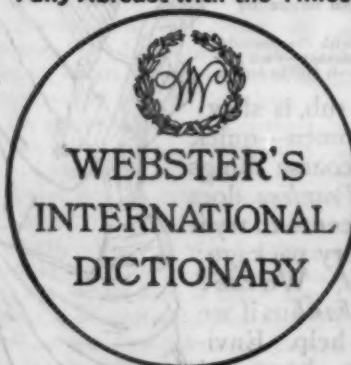
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HOW SUICIDES ARE MADE.—It is commonly believed that the tendency to suicide, like the tendency to madness, runs in families, and that is no doubt true. But the strongest-minded and clearest-headed man in the world has the possibility of suicide in him. On the other hand, the disposition to madness and suicide, which is so decided a characteristic of some families, is, in many cases, easily to be kept at bay by resolution and intelligence on the part of particular individuals. So that, in most cases, if the story of a suicide be read, from the very beginning, the full responsibility must be placed upon the victim himself. In our own time the pressure of highly civilized environment urges men in the direction of brain weariness and so of disgust with life. But it is to be borne in mind that no man is compelled to enter into the keenest competitions of his age. The brain is fairly mature before the age of twenty-five; and before that age few educated men are married, and fewer still are irrevocably committed to a particular calling or way of life. A young man of average intelligence is then quite able to judge his own intellectual force and staying power, and he is also able to take into consideration the history of his family and his own inherited tendencies. It is incumbent upon him at that stage to take stock of his mental and physical resources exactly as he takes stock of his capital. If his available money amount to no more than one or two thousand pounds, he would consider himself a madman were he to embark in a business requiring a capital of half a million. But is he not just as much a madman if, with a mind of merely average powers, he enters upon a line of life requiring an intellect of the strongest and clearest order and mental endurance of the most persistent kind? A young man acting thus invites brain worry, invites chronic dyspepsia, invites sleeplessness; throws the door wide open for the entrance of all the physiological foes that destroy health and drive sanity out of the home.—*Hospital*;

THE RISE AND FALL OF BOOKS.—There were 6067 books published in England last year, including new editions. Of these already the greater number are forgotten. Most of them come under the head of fiction. It does not follow that all these short-lived works are silly and useless. There is a more charitable view. A good many serve a current purpose, discussing subjects of the day that lose their interest when the question is settled. But every year has a very big literary rubbish heap. Out of the above number of publications the *Revue des deux Mondes* selected nine as important contributions to literature. Such statistics as these are dismal reading for the budding author. Unfortunately for most people who write books, the pleasure of production is their only recompense. But authors have ever been a sanguine race, and are not likely to be scared into silence by any figures the publishers have to show.—*European Mail*.

SALT PEAK.—A mass of 90,000,000 tons of pure and compact rock salt, located on an island 185 feet high, which rises from a miserable sea-marsh on the route from Brashear to New Iberia, up the river Teche, Louisiana, is one of the wonders of the world. How this island, which contains over three hundred acres of excellent land, ever came into existence in such a locality is a matter of conjecture. Vegetation is prolific, and the scenery is beautiful and varied. In the centre of the island, which is the only solid spot in the vast expanse of sea-marsh for miles around, rises Salt Peak, the largest body of exposed rock salt in the world. Having never been surveyed, its exact extent is, as yet, unknown. An engineer who has but recently visited it estimates that there are not less than 90,000,000 tons of pure crystal salt in sight. The dazzling clearness of Salt Peak forms a striking contrast to sombre lagoons, bayous, and salt-marshes which surround it on all sides.—*Iron*.

THE STATE OF METHODIST MEMBERSHIP.—The *Methodist Recorder* publishes a return of

the present membership of the Methodist body. The total increase during the year is stated to have been nearly 3,000, or more than 2,000 less than the increase reported last year. There has also been a considerable falling off in the number on trial for Church membership, nor is the increase in the junior society classes a sufficient explanation or counterpoise. These figures do not include, except to a very small extent, the fruit of the large number of revival missions held since the beginning of this year. In 447 circuits there has been an increase, in 308 a decrease. "Where are we to look for increases, and where for decreases? Strange to say, the former, speaking generally, are in the south and the latter in the north. Taking the Connection by districts, a straight line drawn from Lincoln to the Mersey includes only three decreases—Devonport, the Channel Islands, and Nottingham and Derby. Excluding Scotland and the Isle of Man, there are but three districts north of the same line which shows an increase—namely, Manchester, Bolton, and Halifax. The tendency of Methodism in large centres seems to be upward; in scattered and rural populations downward." These statistics lead the *Methodist Recorder* to a very definite conclusion with reference to the present Forward Movement, "There can be no doubt," it admits, "that it has saved Methodism from the disgrace of a serious decrease."

A LARGE TREE.—The *Victoria Colonist* says: "Among a boom of logs at Leamy & Kyle's mill, on False Creek, Vancouver, is a tree cut into four 24-foot logs taken from one tree, which is one of the largest specimens of the Douglas fir that has ever been cut in this province, whose record for giants of the forest is world-wide. These four logs were respectively 84 inches, 76 inches, 70 inches, and 60 inches, and in none of them was there a knot or other defect. The total number of feet of lumber that can be cut out of this tree is 28,614."

HOW DRYDEN AND POPE WERE PAID.—Dryden published his works by subscription. At first he had difficulty in obtaining money for his manuscripts. He offered his "*Troilus and Cressida*" to Tonson for £50, but the bookseller could not raise the money. Dryden then applied to Lavallo, another bookseller, for a portion of the copy money, and the two booksellers published the work conjointly. Dry-

den, like his fellows, prepared plays for the stage which were more remunerative than his poems and translations published as books. Dryden's "*Translation of Virgil*" was one of his most successful enterprises. It was published by subscription, and Dryden received about £1,200 for the translation. He was less successful with his "*Fables*" which contained about twelve thousand lines. The work included "*Alexander's Feast*," one of the noblest odes in our language. Tonson gave him 250 guineas for it, and offered to make up the amount to £300 when a second edition was called for. Dryden dedicated the book to the beautiful Duchess of Ormonde, and received for his incense a present of £500—a donation worthy of that noble house. The book, however, went off slowly; fifteen years elapsed before a second edition was called for, and the poet was by that time in his grave. Tonson paid the agreed surplus to Lady Sylvester, daughter of one of Lady Dryden's daughters, for the benefit of his widow, then in a state of lunacy. Pope was much more successful than Dryden. As the success of Tonson had been founded on the reputation of Dryden, that of Lintot was established by his connection with Pope. Three thousand copies of the "*Rape of the Lock*" were sold in four days, while a new edition was in the press. Pope was even more fortunate with his translations from the Greek. Lintot published for him, by subscription, the translation of Homer's "*Iliad*," by which Pope realized the sum of £5,320. The translation of the "*Odyssey*" was not so successful, yet it realized £2,885, the largest sums earned at that time for this description of literary work, and perhaps not since exceeded. "I find subscribing," said Pope, "much superior to writing, and there is a literary epigram I more especially delight in, after the manner of *rondeaux*, which begins and ends in the same words 'Received: A. Pope.' These epigrams end smartly, and are each of them tagged with two guineas," Dr. Conyers Middleton's "*Life of Cicero*" was equally successful. It was originally published in two volumes, quarto, and was subscribed for by 3,000 persons. Middleton realized sufficient profit from his work to enable him to purchase the estate of Hilderham, about six miles from Cambridge, where he chiefly resided during the remainder of his life, a thoroughly beneficial result of the fruits of literature.—*Murray's Magazine*.



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